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THE NEW YORKER

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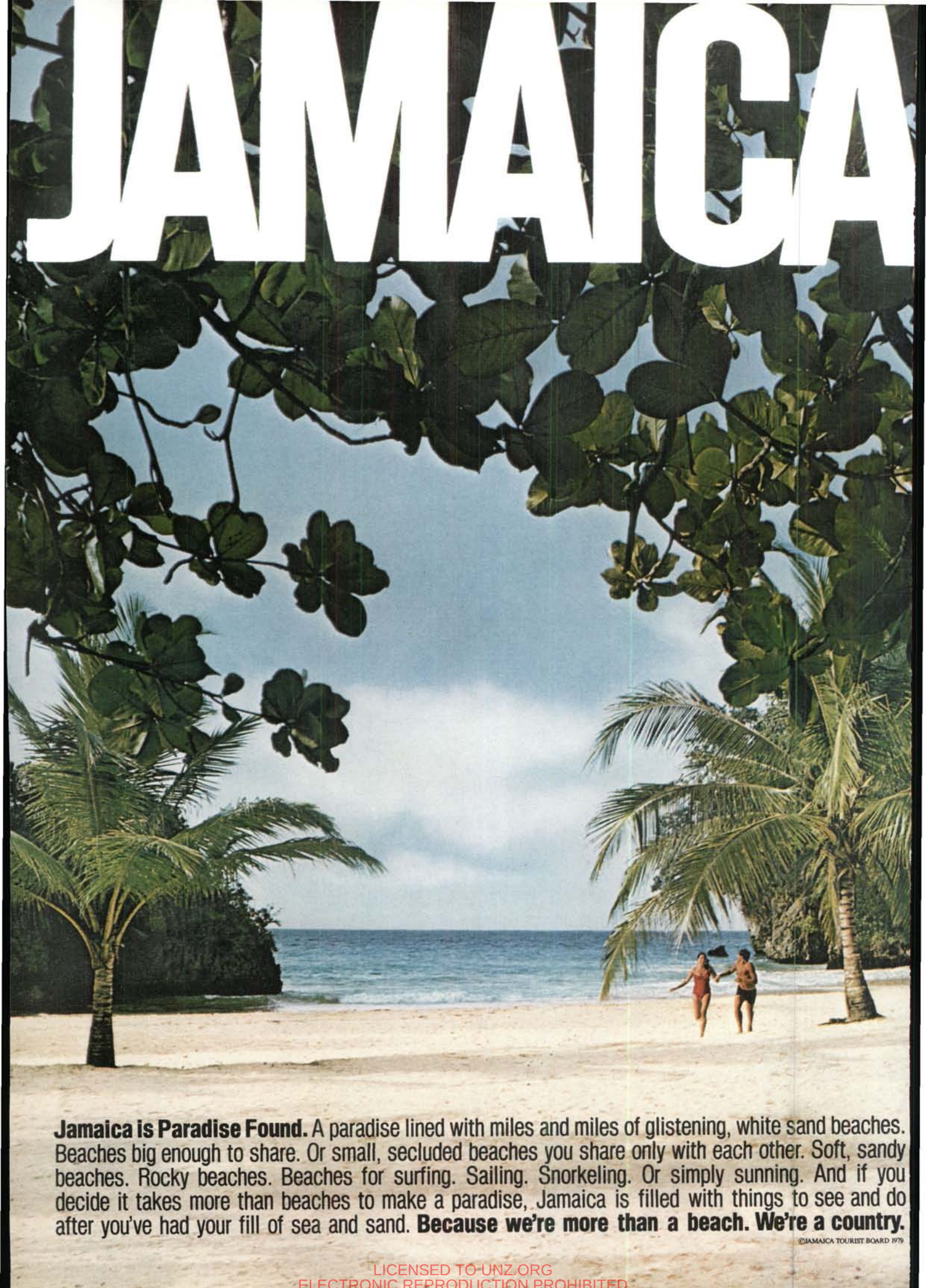

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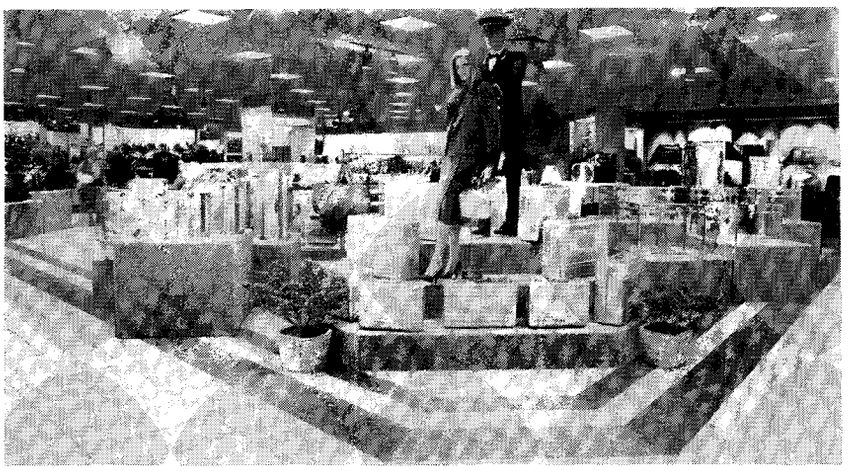

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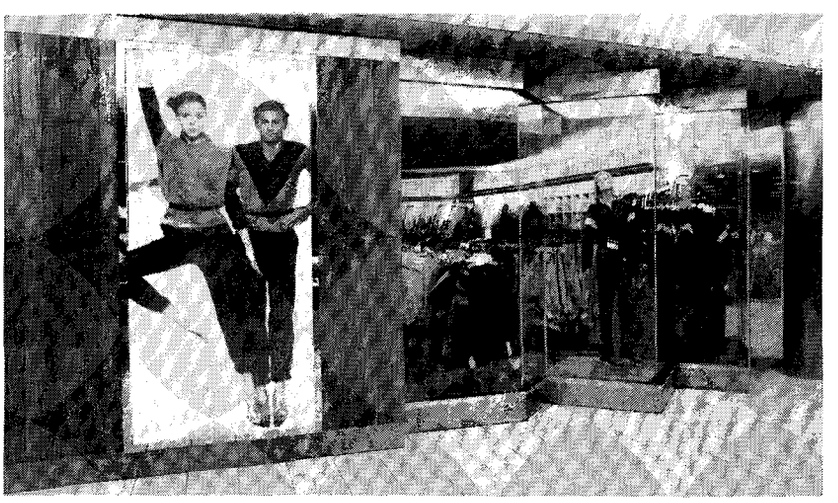

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

(This week and next, some theatres, as indicated below, are rearranging their schedules because of Christmas and New Year's Day. There may be further changes, so it would be wise to check with the newspapers before making plans.)

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

THE BALCONY—Genet's exquisite little play is given a thorough shaking up by Richard Schechner, one of whose guiding principles is never to leave well enough alone. (Reviewed in our issue of 11/26/79.) (Performing Garage, 33 Wooster St. 966-3651. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8.)

BENT—Richard Gere and David Dukes give superb performances in an exceptionally well-written play by Martin Sherman. The time is the nineteen-thirties, the setting is the concentration camp at Dachau, and the subject matter is homosexual love. (12/17/79) (New Apollo, 234 W. 43rd St. 921-8558. Mondays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

BETRAYAL—A play by Harold Pinter, with Blythe Danner, Raul Julia, and Roy Scheider. Directed by Peter Hall. Previews through Saturday matinée, Jan. 5, and opens officially that same evening at 7. (Trafalgar, 208 W. 41st St. 921-8000. Wednesdays through Saturdays and New Year's Eve at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2; special matinées Thursday, Dec. 27, at 2, and New Year's Day at 3.)

BETTE! DIVINE MADNESS—Bette Midler in eruption is worth travelling many a mile to see. (12/17/79) (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Nightly, except New Year's Day, at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2. Through Sunday, Jan. 6.)

A CHRISTMAS CAROL—Charles Ludlam stars in his version of the Dickens classic, presented by his Ridiculous Theatrical Company. Fine for children. (One Sheridan Square. 260-7137. Thursday and Friday, Dec. 27-28, at 8; Saturday, Dec. 29, at 7 and 10; Sunday, Dec. 30, and New Year's Eve at 8; and final performance New Year's Day at 5.)

CIRCLE REPERTORY COMPANY—Two plays in repertory through Sunday, Feb. 3. Shakespeare's **HAMLET**, with William Hurt, Beatrice Straight, Douglass Watson, Lindsay Crouse, and Michael Ayr: Wednesday, Dec. 26, and Friday, Dec. 28, at 8; Saturday, Dec. 29, at 2 and 8; and Wednesday and Thursday, Jan. 2-3, at 8. ...¶Friedrich Schiller's **MARY STUART**, with Stephanie Gordon and Tanya Berezin: Thursday, Dec. 27, at 8; Sunday, Dec. 30, at 2 and 8; New Year's Day at 8; Friday, Jan. 4, at 8; and Saturday, Jan. 5, at 2 and 8. (Circle Repertory Company Theatre, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 924-7100.)

CLASS ENEMY—Six apparently ineducable young toughs in a high school somewhere in London. The author, Nigel Williams, makes their plight a touching one. Tony Tanner is the director. (12/3/79) (Players, 115 Macdougal St. 254-5076. Tuesdays through Fridays, except Dec. 28, at 8, plus Saturdays; Friday, Dec. 28; and New Year's Eve at 7 and 10.)

COMIN' UPTOWN—Gregory Hines heads the cast of an all-black musical loosely based on Dickens' "A Christmas Carol." Philip Rose (who also directed) and Peter Udell wrote the book, Mr. Udell did the lyrics, and Garry Sherman is responsible for the jazz, gospel, and disco music. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Nightly, except Sundays and New Year's Day, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Thursday, Dec. 27, at 2.)

THE DARK AT THE TOP OF THE STAIRS—A revival of William Inge's play. (Roundabout Stage Two, 307 W. 26th St. 242-7800. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2. Closes Sunday, Jan. 13.)

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EVITA—A sung version of the life of Eva Perón. Three first-rate performances, by Patti LuPone, Mandy Patinkin, and Bob Gunton. (10/8/79) (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-3600. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

FUGUE IN A NURSERY—A comedy by Harvey Fierstein (who is also in the cast). (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 260-8480. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8; Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30.)

GERTRUDE STEIN GERTRUDE STEIN GERTRUDE STEIN—Pat Carroll's one-woman show. (Provincetown, 133 Macdougal St. 777-2571. Wednesdays through Saturdays and New Year's Eve at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3; special matinée Saturday, Dec. 29, at 2.)

THE INVITATIONAL—The Ensemble Studio Theatre is putting on an excellent program of one-act plays by Tennessee Williams, David Mamet, Christopher Durang, and Marsha Norman. (12/24/79) (Ensemble Studio Theatre, 549 W. 52nd St. 279-4200. Wednesday through Saturday at 7:30. Matinées Saturday at 2:30 and Sunday at 5:30. Closes Sunday, Dec. 30.)

KING OF SCHNORRERS—A musical with a book, music, and lyrics by Judd Woldin. (Playhouse, 359 W. 48th St. 541-9820. Wednesdays through Saturdays, except Thursday, Jan. 3, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Special performances New Year's Eve at 8 and New Year's Day at 3.)

A KURT WEILL CABARET—A pleasing assortment of Weill songs, ably presented by Martha Schlamme and Alvin Epstein. Reopens Wednesday, Dec. 26. (11/19/79) (Bijou, 209 W. 45th St. 221-8500. Nightly, except Tuesday through Thursday, Jan. 1-3, at 10:30.)

LIGHT OPERA OF MANHATTAN—Through Sunday, Dec. 30: Victor Herbert's **BABES IN TOYLAND**. ...¶Wednesday through Sunday, Jan. 2-6: Gilbert and Sullivan's **THE PIRATES OF PENZANCE**. (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 4.)

LOOSE ENDS—Michael Weller's entertaining study of young folk in the nineteen-seventies: how they have accepted (or rejected) the burdens of adulthood, including the burden of making good in a society they mostly dislike. Brilliant performances by Roxanne Hart and

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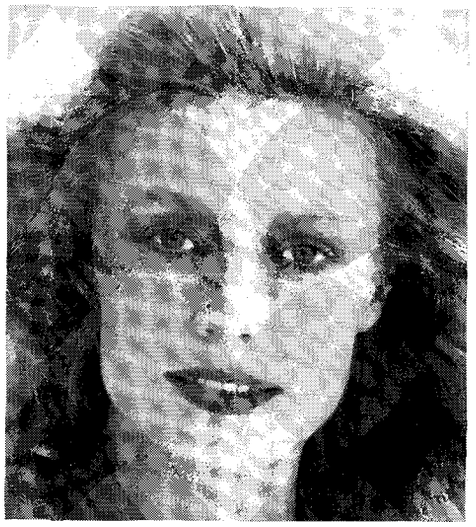

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Kevin Kline, under the direction of Alan Schneider. Starting Tuesday, Jan. 1, Christine Lahti will replace Miss Hart. (6/18/79) (Circle in the Square, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Modigliani—A sad, implausible, carefully written play about a few days in the life of the celebrated painter. Jeffrey De Munn takes the leading role. (11/26/79) (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Mondays through Fridays, except New Year's Day, at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3; special matinée Wednesday, Dec. 26.)

A Month in the Country—An admirable production of Turgenev's marvellous comedy, with Tammy Grimes, Farley Granger, Philip Bosco, and Amanda Plummer. (12/24/79) (Roundabout Stage One, 333 W. 23rd St. 242-7800. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

Negro Ensemble Company—The second in this season's series of four productions is **home**, by Samm-Art Williams. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. 674-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 8:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 3:30 and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Jan. 6.)

Night and Day—An uncharacteristically down-to-earth melodrama by Tom Stoppard. There are many funny lines in the solemn presence of death. Maggie Smith is the star. (12/10/79) (ANTA Theatre, 245 W. 52nd St. 246-6270. Nightly, except Sundays and New Year's Day, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays, at 2; special matinées Friday, Dec. 28, at 2, and New Year's Day at 3.)

The 1940's Radio Hour—How things were in a busy radio studio on a certain evening in December, 1942. A good-natured, implausible musical, with a book by Walton Jones (who also directed) and an able cast singing many marvellous old songs. (10/15/79) (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 398-0280. Wednesdays through Saturdays, except Thursday, Jan. 3, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Special performances New Year's Eve at 8 and New Year's Day at 3.)

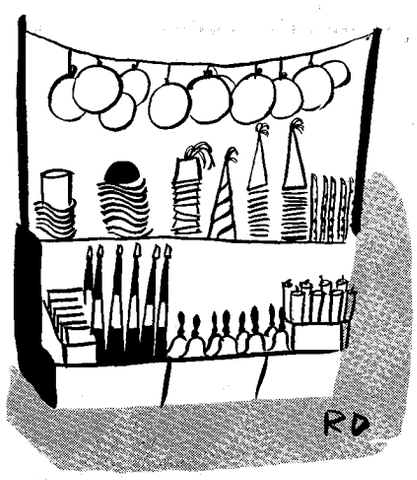
Oklahoma!—Song after song after song, with a cast of young people whose high spirits seem unforced and who hurl themselves happily into this initial collaboration of Rodgers and Hammerstein. (12/24/79) (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Nightly, except Sundays and New Year's Day, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Thursday, Dec. 27, at 2.)

One Mo' Time—A sunny salute to the good old days of black vaudeville, in good old N'Orleans. Vernel Bagneris is the clever inventor of this oddity, and he has a leading role. Good old Jabbo Smith plays trumpet in the accompanying jazz band. (11/19/79) (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 473-7270. Mondays through Fridays, except Wednesday, Jan. 2, at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

On Golden Pond—Ernest Thompson's funny, sympathetic play about an old couple spending the summer in Maine is excellently performed by Frances Sternhagen and Tom Aldredge in the leading roles. Craig Anderson is the admirable director. (9/25/78) (Century, 235 W. 46th St. 354-6644. Wednesdays through Saturdays—except Thursday, Jan. 3—and New Year's Eve at 8. Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinées Thursday, Dec. 27, and New Year's Day at 3.)

Paris Was Yesterday—Celeste Holm portrays Janet Flanner in a one-woman show based on Miss Flanner's writings for this magazine. Paul Shyre did the adaptation and directed as well. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Harold Clurman, 412 W. 42nd St. 594-2370. Wednesday through Saturday, Dec. 26-29, at 2:30 and 8; Sunday, Dec. 30, at 3 and 8; New Year's Eve at 7 and 10; New Year's Day at 3; Saturday, Jan. 5, at 2:30 and 8; and final performances Sunday, Jan. 6, at 3 and 8.)

Peter Pan—A cheerful revival of a twenty-five-year-old musical version of a play that is as



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sturdy and (at bottom) as gloomy as "Hamlet." (9/17/79) (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 586-5555. Wednesdays through Saturdays, except Thursday, Jan. 3, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Special performances Thursday, Dec. 27, at 2, and New Year's Eve at 8.)

Rebecca—The Rabbi's Daughter—Mary Soreanu in a Yiddish musical, with an English narration by David Ellin. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 921-9442. Wednesdays at 8 and Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Tuesdays through Thursdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 2 and 5:30. Closes Sunday, Jan. 6.)

Romantic Comedy—A lifeless exercise in sitcom, starring Mia Farrow and Anthony Perkins. The author is Bernard Slade. (11/19/79) (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 246-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Thursday, Dec. 27.)

Say Goodnight, Gracie—Ralph Pape's funny comedy about the sadness of three young men who are facing their high-school reunion. Adroitly directed by Austin Pendleton. (4/2/79) (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 691-6226. Mondays through Fridays, except Thursday, Jan. 3, at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3 and 6.)

Scrambled Feet—The cheerfulness and occasional ingenuity of this little revue about life in the theatre sporadically compensate for its lack of wit, but not often. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-9292. Mondays through Fridays, except Wednesday, Jan. 2, at 8; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3. Special performances Wednesday, Dec. 26, at 3, and Friday, Dec. 28, at 10:30.)

Smart Aleck-Alexander Woollcott at 8:40—The critic and radio personality Alexander Woollcott, who died in 1943, had many famous friends; Howard Teichmann has woven Woollcott's life and his friends' names into an amusing tapestry of the twenties and thirties. Peter Boyden skillfully impersonates Woollcott. (12/3/79) (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 247-0393. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

Sorrows of Stephen—A very funny new comedy by Peter Parnell, about pairings among the young. The setting, by Stuart Wurtzel, is as witty as the play. (12/10/79) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Strider: The Story of a Horse—The recollections of a piebald gelding. The show, a musical adaptation of a short story by Tolstoy, has been dramatized (after a fashion) by Mark Rozovsky, and needless to say, the gelding, as performed by Gerald Hiken, embodies any number of Tolstoy's ideas on any number of matters. Most of the actors, who do well, double as horses and people, and the results are sometimes effective, sometimes humorous, and often painfully cute. The music (originally composed by Mr. Rozovsky and S. Vetkin and arranged by Norman L. Berman) is consistently delightful. Robert Kalfin was both co-translator and co-director. (Helen Hayes, 210 W. 46th St. 246-6380. Wednesdays through Saturdays, except Thursday, Jan. 3, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Special performances New Year's Eve at 8 and New Year's Day at 3.)

Sugar Babies—The heroic Mickey Rooney and his co-star, Ann Miller, pay tribute to what they pretend were the great days of burlesque. A marvellous show, with old-fashioned chorus girls and with beautiful costumes and settings by Raoul Pène du Bois. (10/22/79) (Mark Hellinger, 237 W. 51st St. 757-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Teibele and Her Demon—A beautiful young woman goes to bed with a demon, since demons are well known to be irresistible. Unfortunately, he is only a pretend demon, which leads to tragic consequences. The authors are Isaac Bashevis Singer and Eve Friedman, and the source of what they call their "fable" is a short story by Mr. Singer. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays and New Year's Day, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Tongues—Joseph Chaikin in a sort of scrapbook of mysterious musings by Sam Shepard and himself, with musical accompaniment. (12/17/79) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Saturday and Sunday, Dec. 29-30; New Year's Eve; and Wednesday through Saturday, Jan. 2-5, all at 8.)

Watch on the Rhine—Lillian Hellman's play, as done by the Long Wharf Theatre, of New Haven. The director is Arvin Brown. Previews through Wednesday, Jan. 2. Opens officially on Thursday, Jan. 3. (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 246-6740. Nightly, except Sundays and New Year's Day, at 8; opening-night curtain at 6. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Woody Guthrie—Tom Taylor in a one-man show adapted by Mr. Taylor, George Boyd, and Michael Diamond from Guthrie's writings and songs. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—ain't misbehavin': A rip-roaring musical tribute to Fats Waller, by a superb small company whose energy would suffice to light Manhattan. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 730-1760. Nightly, except New Year's Day and Thursday, Jan. 3, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée New Year's Day at 3.)... **annie**: Daddy Warbucks is transformed into a benign New Dealer, and Little Orphan Annie is not very waiflike in this pleasant but uninspired musical. (Alvin, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Nightly, except Sundays and New Year's Day, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **the best little whorehouse in texas**: A cheerful, cheering, and foolish musical about a bordello called the Chicken Ranch. Tommy Tune was the choreographer, Carol Hall wrote the score, and Larry L. King and Peter Masterson wrote the libretto. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-0246. Nightly, except Sundays and New Year's Day, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinées Friday, Dec. 28, at 2, and New Year's Day at 3.)... **a chorus line**: A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Friday, Dec. 28, at 3.)... **da**: In Hugh Leonard's entertaining play, a dramatist, back in Ireland for the funeral of his father, is persistently haunted by the stubborn, funny corpse. David Leary is the dramatist, and Brian Keith his late Da. (Morosco, 217 W. 45th St. 246-6230. Wednesday,

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Dec. 26, at 2 and 8; Thursday, Dec. 27, at 8; Friday, Dec. 28, at 3 and 8; Saturday, Dec. 29, at 2 and 8; and final performance New Year's Day at 3.)... DANCIN': An assortment of vivid production numbers on unrelated themes. Bob Fosse is the choreographer, and his company of dancers is dazzling. The music is by Bach, Sousa, George M. Cohan, and other classic composers. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 247-0472. Nightly, except Sundays and New Year's Day, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) ... DEATHTRAP: A stunning cast, headed by John Cullum, in a thriller whose clever anfractuosities of plot are just frightening enough and just funny enough. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Wednesdays through Saturdays, except Thursday, Jan. 3, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Special performances Thursday, Dec. 27, at 2:30; New Year's Eve at 8; and New Year's Day at 2:30.)... DRACULA: The five-hundred-year-old count from Transylvania never looked rosier. Jean LeClerc heads a competent cast, and the lovely, creepy sets and costumes are by Edward Gorey. (Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 246-6363. Wednesdays through Saturdays, except Thursday, Jan. 3, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Special performances Friday, Dec. 28, at 2; New Year's Eve at 8; and New Year's Day at 3. Closes Sunday, Jan. 6.)... THE ELEPHANT MAN: This absorbing play by Bernard Pomerance is based on an actual episode. A freak too repulsive even for display at street fairs finds refuge in a London hospital in Whitechapel from 1886 until his death in 1890. Jack Wetherall is the Elephant Man, Donal Donnelly is his attending surgeon, and Patricia Elliott is the actress Mrs. Kendal. Jack Hofsiss directed. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 246-5969. Nightly, except Sundays and New Year's Day, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2; special matinées Friday, Dec. 28, at 2, and New Year's Day at 3.)... THE FANTASTICKS: 8,176 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... GEMINI: In Albert Innaurato's delightful comedy, a Harvard undergraduate, son of an Italian-American laborer is paid a surprise visit by a pair of his classmates—a well-to-do brother and sister from Cambridge—and is thrown into a panic that at first appears to be social but is actually sexual. (Little Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. 221-6425. Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Thursday, Dec. 27, at 3.)... GREASE: A musical that parodies, by faithful imitation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Nightly, except Sundays and New Year's Day, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... I'M GETTING MY ACT TOGETHER AND TAKING IT ON THE ROAD: A night-club singer with strong feminist views celebrates her thirty-ninth

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birthday by auditioning her new act for her dismayed manager. This somewhat disappointing musical by Nancy Ford (score) and Gretchen Cryer (book and lyrics) was directed by Word Baker. (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Mondays through Fridays, except New Year's Day, at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3; special matinée Wednesday, Dec. 26.)... MUMMENSCHANZ: A merry evening of pantomime with three masked players. The masks are ingenious and surprising, and so are the ideas of this nimble troupe. (Bijou, 209 W. 45th St. 221-8500. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinées Thursday and Friday, Dec. 27-28; Monday, Dec. 31; and New Year's Day, all at 2.)... OH! CALCUTTA!: A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Fridays, except Thursday, Jan. 3, at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3; special matinée Wednesday, Dec. 26, at 2.)... SWEENEY TODD: A musical with a book by Hugh Wheeler and music and lyrics by Stephen Sondheim, taken from a nineteenth-century melodrama that has frightened and amused generations of impressionable theatregoers. Twenty-odd Sondheim songs, superlative performances by Len Cariou and Angela Lansbury, and expert direction by the young old fox, Harold Prince. (Uris, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Nightly, except Sundays and New Year's Day, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... THEY'RE PLAYING OUR SONG: A Neil Simon musical, different from a Simon play only in that the trip-hammer sound of gags is interrupted from time to time by the sound of music. The stars are Lucie Arnaz and Tony Roberts. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-4311. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... VANITIES: In three acts, three Southern high-school girl cheerleaders change from all but identical "best friends" (1963) into quite different and incompatible New Yorkers (1974), in this amusing and gently ironic comedy by Jack Heifner. (Downstairs at the Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Nightly, except Sundays and New Year's Day, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Friday, Dec. 28, at 2:30.)

MISCELLANY

RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL—A ninety-minute Christmas show that includes the Rockettes in a parade of wooden soldiers. (Radio City Music Hall. Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Daily, except Mondays, at 2:30 and 7:30. Extra performances Wednesday through Saturday, Dec. 26-29, at 11 A.M. Closes Sunday, Jan. 6.)

CHINESE ACROBATS & MAGICIANS OF TAIWAN—A cast of seventy-five acrobats, comedians, dancers, musicians, jugglers, magicians, and Kung Fu experts. (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 869-0550. Wednesday through Saturday at 8. Matinée Wednesday at 2. Closes Sunday, Dec. 30.)

THE BABES IN TOYLAND—A cast of sixteen and hundreds of puppets and toys in a musical loosely based on the Victor Herbert classic. (Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Wednesday through Friday, Dec. 26-28, at 2 and 7:30; Saturday, Dec. 29, at 11, 2, and 7:30; and Sunday through Tuesday, Dec. 30-Jan. 1, at 1 and 4:30.)

NEW YORK GILBERT AND SULLIVAN PLAYERS—Presenting "The Pirates of Penzance." (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. Friday and Saturday, Dec. 28-29, at 8; Sunday, Dec. 30, at 2; New Year's Eve at 9; Thursday through Saturday, Jan. 3-5, at 8; and Sunday, Jan. 6, at 2. For information about tickets, call 724-9159.)

DANCE

NEW YORK CITY BALLET—Tentative schedule—"The Nutcracker": Wednesday, Dec. 26, at 1 and 5; Thursday and Friday, Dec. 27-28, at 2; Saturday, Dec. 29, at 2 and 8; Sunday, Dec. 30, at 1 and 5; and Monday, Dec. 31, at 2.... ¶ Thursday, Jan. 3, at 8: "Apollo," "Pas de Deux," "In the Night," and "Stravinsky Violin Concerto."... ¶ Friday, Jan. 4, at 8: "Tchaikovsky Suite No. 2," "In the Night," and "The Concert."... ¶ Saturday, Jan. 5, at 2: "Stravinsky Violin Concerto," "Apollo," and "Symphony in C."... ¶ Saturday, Jan. 5, at 8: "In the Night," "The Steadfast Tin Soldier," "Duo Concertant," and "La Valse." (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. 877-4727. Through Sunday, Feb. 17.)

NIKOLAIS DANCE THEATRE—A ten-day engagement—Thursday evening, Dec. 27; Saturday evening, Dec. 29; and Thursday and Friday evenings, Jan. 3-4: "Aviary: A Ceremony for Bird People" (New York première), "Gallery," and "Sanctum Suite."... ¶ Friday evening, Dec. 28; Saturday and Sunday matinées, Dec. 29-30; and Saturday matinée, Jan. 5: "Divertissement I," "Scenario," and "Tent."... ¶ Monday evening, Dec. 31; Wednesday matinée and evening, Jan. 2; Saturday evening, Jan. 5; and Sunday matinée, Jan. 6: "Divertissement II," "Guignol," and "Count Down" (American première). (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Evenings at 8; on Thursday, Dec. 27, at 7:30. Matinées at 2.)

KRASNAYARSK DANCE COMPANY—Opening performances of an eight-day engagement by a company of eighty dancers, singers, and musicians from Russia. (Carnegie Hall. 247-7459. Saturday, Jan. 5, at 3 and 8.)

JOYCE TRISLER DANSCOMPANY—"Dance for Six," excerpts from "The Spirit of Denishawn," and "Rite of Spring." (Midtown Y, 344 E. 14th St. 673-2207. Saturday and Sunday, Dec. 29-30, at 8.)

STEPS IN TIME—A tap-dance festival, with the Nicholas Brothers, Leon Collins, Sandman Sims, and the Copasetics. Musical accompaniment by Dizzy Gillespie and Joe Carroll. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Saturday, Dec. 29, at 8, and Sunday, Dec. 30, at 2.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town.... ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

BOTTOM LINE, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—The lineup: rock-and-roller LOU REED Wednesday, Dec. 26; rock guitarist Roy Buchanan Friday and Saturday, Dec. 28-29; folk-rock baritone Tom Rush Sunday, Dec. 30; folk-rock, street-wise singer Garland Jeffreys Monday, Dec. 31; rock singer and gui-

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

tarist Rick Derringer Thursday, Jan. 3; and jazz-blues singer and pianist **MOSE ALLISON** Friday and Saturday, Jan. 4-5. Shows at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty Sundays through Thursdays, and at nine and midnight Fridays and Saturdays. On New Year's Eve, the shows begin at ten-fifteen and two. Dining.

BRADLEY'S, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—An admirable, dark-panelled New York bar and restaurant. **TOMMY FLANAGAN**, a fine bop pianist, composer, sideman, and accompanist, is here with bassist **RED MITCHELL** through Monday, Dec. 31. Music from nine-thirty. Dining.

CACHAÇA, 403 E. 62nd St. (688-8501)—A taste of authentic Brazilian pop music, which is very good pop music indeed, performed by a vocalist and a backup trio after eleven. Before eleven and between sets, there is recorded American and Brazilian disco music and Carnaval music. The club is open nightly from eight to four. Dining and dancing.

CAFÉ PIERRE, in the Pierre Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—**BUCKY PIZZARELLI**, who plays hot, rhythmic solos on his full-sounding seven-string guitar, leads a trio Tuesdays through Saturdays and on New Year's Eve from eight-thirty. Dining and dancing.

CARLYLE HOTEL, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—In the Café Carlyle, the exuberant **BOBBY SHORT** holds court through Monday, Dec. 31, at ten and midnight. Then, on Wednesday, Jan. 2, pianist **GEORGE SHEARING**, always a melodist and sometimes a breathy vocalist, too, will move in with bassist **BRIAN TORFF**. Closed Sundays. Dining. . . . ¶ Pianist **DICK WELLSTOOD** works in the Bemelmans Bar nightly, except Sundays, from nine-thirty to one, through Monday, Dec. 31. **BARBARA CARROLL** will reclaim the place on Wednesday, Jan. 2.

CARNEGIE TAVERN, 165 W. 56th St. (757-9522)—A bar and restaurant mostly brown in color, clean-lined in design, and a stone's throw from a famous Russian restaurant, one of the best movie-revival houses in the city, and Carnegie Hall. Pianist **ELLIS LARKINS**, a graceful, retiring accompanist—he's performed and recorded with Ella Fitzgerald, Joe Williams, Helen Humes, Sylvia Syms, and other singers—is just as graceful and retiring when he's the star. Larkins plays solo piano nightly, except Sundays, from eight until midnight. Dining.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—One of the clubs that gave the initial momentum to the reënergized New York rock scene. Multiple Exposure and the Lords Wednesday, Dec. 26; art-rocker **JOHN CALE** Thursday through Monday, Dec. 27-31, along with the The on Thursday, Friday, and Monday, Agriculture on Sunday and Monday, and Colors on Saturday. Music after nine-thirty.

CITY LIMITS, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (243-2242)—Hootin', hollerin', chicken-fried steaks, chili, the Texas Two-Step, and designer jeans. Various lively, well-miked bands are booked to play here for listening and dancing nightly, after ten. Dining. Closed New Year's Eve.

THE CONSERVATORY, in the Mayflower Hotel, Central Park W. at 61st St. (265-0060)—Debonair, straight-arrow baritone **RONNY WHYTE**, who knows ever so many tunes by just about every composer from Harry Ruby to Billy Joel, works in this redesigned corner bar with bassist **JACK SIX**. They're here Tuesdays through Saturdays and New Year's Eve from nine to one.

COOKERY, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (674-4450)—In a program that could easily be entitled the "Art of the Blues Lyric," **ALBERTA HUNTER** hips audiences to such stock-in-trade laments as "I never loved but three men in my life./My father, my brother, and the man that wrecked my life." Miss Hunter performs at eight-thirty and ten-thirty Tuesdays through Thursdays, and at eight-thirty, ten-thirty, and twelve-fifteen on Fridays and Saturdays. Singer Anne Marie Moss now claims the Sunday and Monday slot, and she appears at eight-thirty and ten-thirty. On New Year's Eve, Miss Hunter and Miss Moss will both perform, beginning at ten. Dining.

CRAWDADDY, Vanderbilt Ave. at 45th St. (687-1860)—The place comes very close to New

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Orleans authenticity, except that when one looks out the windows, one sees Vanderbilt Avenue, not the French Quarter, and occasional snow flurries instead of Spanish moss. Trombonist **VIC DICKENSON** presides over a trio through Friday, Dec. 28; and on Wednesday, Jan. 2, trumpeter **WARREN VACHÉ** will bring in a trio. Music during dinner Mondays through Fridays. Closed Saturday through Tuesday, Dec. 29-Jan. 1.

DOWNEY'S, 705 Eighth Ave., at 44th St. (757-0186)—In the green-tartan-carpeted back room of this steakhouse, composer, pianist, and singer **ARTHUR SIEGEL** has set up his own charming version of Show Tunes 101. He is a warm, intelligent performer without being self-indulgent or overbearing, and his arrangements are simple, unadorned, and straightforward. He's here nightly, except Sundays, at nine-thirty and eleven. Thursdays through Saturdays, he is joined by singer **SANDY STEWART**. Dining.

EDDIE CONDON'S, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—A dark, sleek, alternate hangout for traditional jazz (see also Jimmy Ryan's, below). A businesslike sextet occupies the bandstand from nine-thirty most nights. On Sunday, Dec. 30, **SCOTT HAMILTON**, a young tenor saxophonist influenced by the swing era, will lead a quintet that features **BUDDY TATE**, a tenor saxophonist who influenced the swing era. They'll start about eight-thirty. Dining. Closed New Year's Day.

FAT TUESDAY'S, 190 Third Ave. at 17th St. (533-7902)—A velvet-and-mirror-walled, below-stairs jazz room. The **HEATH BROTHERS**—saxophonist **JIMMY**, bassist **PERCY**, and some family friends (pianist **STANLEY COWELL**, guitarist **TONY PURRONE**, and drummer **AKIRA TANA**)—perform in it through Sunday, Dec. 30. Monday through Saturday, Dec. 31-Jan. 5, the master, **DIZZY GILLESPIE**, will inspire his quartet along with the audience. Sets begin after nine. Dining. Closed New Year's Day.

GREGORY'S, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Small enough to be a hamburger stand (it was) and musical enough to be a jazz landmark (it is). On Tuesdays, guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE** leads a trio. Guitarist **JOE PUMA** works with pianist **HOD O'BRIEN**, bassist Bob Bodley, and vocalist Alicia Sherman Wednesdays through Mondays. Sets from ten; on Sundays from nine. On Sundays, from five to nine, **BROOKS KERR** sings and plays piano. Nightly, except Sundays, from seven to ten are given over to pianist Loumell Morgan and bassist Morris Edwards.

HANRATTY'S, 1754 Second Ave., at 91st St. (289-3200)—A refurbished oaken bar and restaurant, which is in a neighborhood that appears to be in the process of being refurbished itself. The pianist one usually sees in the back room (beginning Tuesday, Jan. 1) is **DICK WELLSTOOD**, the professor of stride piano—he plays stride on "Like Someone in Love" and "You're the Top," and he could probably, if he hasn't already, work his way through an all-stride Stevie Wonder salute. His hours will be from ten to two. **DON COATES** is at the piano, from eight-thirty to one, until Saturday, Dec. 29. Dining.

HORS D'OEUVRERIE, at Windows on the World, 107th Floor, 1 World Trade Center. (938-1111)—Startling views of Governors Island, Ellis Island, Liberty Island, Upper New York Bay, the Hudson River, the East River, Union City, Jersey City, Bayonne, assorted Brooklyn-Manhattan bridges, and beautiful downtown Brooklyn. Swing pianist **DILL JONES** performs with guitarist **MARTY GROSZ** and bassist **BILL PEMBERTON** through Saturday, Dec. 29; on Wednesday, Jan. 2, pianist **MARTY NAPOLEON** will take charge with his trio. Music for listening and dancing from seven-thirty to twelve-thirty Tuesdays through Saturdays. Pianist Joe Albany alternates with the trio after nine-thirty.

HURRAH, 36 W. 62nd St. (541-4909)—Convenient to Avery Fisher Hall, the Metropolitan Opera, and the West Side Y, this second-floor loft space—next door to a jazz-dance studio—used to be a disco as in disco music, but now it's a disco as in rock disco. It is also one of the best places to hear new rock-and-roll bands performing live. The bands: Comateens and Science Fiction Wednesday, Dec. 26; Polyrock and Dance Thursday, Dec. 27; Fleshtones and Raybeats Friday, Dec. 28; Tinapeel and B-Girls Saturday, Dec. 29; and Slits, Nash and Slash, and 80's Monday, Dec. 31. Recorded rock and roll from nine and between sets; live music from elevenish. Closed New Year's Day.

JAZZMANIA SOCIETY, 14 E. 23rd St., on the fourth floor, and on the ground floor in the Shandon Tavern. (477-3077)—Upstairs, in the jazz living room, Mike Morgenstern's group will perform Friday and Saturday, Dec. 28-29; and trumpeter **HOWARD MC GHEE** and his quartet will work New Year's Eve. Sundays are jam sessions. Music from nine-thirty. Downstairs in the Shandon Tavern, saxophonist **HENRY THREADGILL'S** sextet can be heard on Friday and Saturday, Dec. 28-29, and trumpeter **TED CURSON'S** quintet on Friday and Saturday, Jan. 4-5. New Year's Eve will belong to bebop singer **JOE CARROLL** and a quintet. Sundays are turned over to saxophonist **LEE KONITZ** and his nonet. Music from ten.

JIMMY RYAN'S, 154 W. 54th St. (664-9700)—A no-frills, uncarpeted—the music carries more vividly without a carpet to soak it up—traditional-jazz haunt and an alternative to Eddie Condon's (see above), just thirty paces east. **ROY ELDRIDGE** is supported by five resident Dixieland journeymen Wednesdays through Saturdays. On Mondays, **MAX KAMINSKY** heads the group. Music from nine-thirty to three. On Sundays, Kaminsky directs another group of musical archivists from eight until two. Closed New Year's Day.

KNICKERBOCKER SALOON, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A pleasant corner restaurant in which the dining room, where the piano is located, and the bar area are separated by a shoulder-high partition with café curtains. The management thoughtfully has these curtains opened when the music begins, so that everyone can see as well as hear the pianists and bassists. Right now, the musicians are **JUNIOR MANCE** and **MARTY RIVERA**, who are here Wednesdays through Saturdays at ten, and New Year's Eve, at eight-thirty and ten-thirty. Dining. No music New Year's Day.

LONE STAR CAFÉ, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—A loud, laid-back (only Texans can be loud and laid back at the same time) bar and restaurant. Here's part of the schedule: Wednesday and Thursday, Dec. 26-27, **RICHIE HAVENS**; and Sunday, Dec. 30, the Pousette-Dart band. Music from nine-fifteen to three; on Sundays from eight-thirty to two. Dining.

MARTY'S, 1265 Third Ave., at 73rd St. (249-4100)—The club that answers the question, Where have all the big-band singers gone? Warren Covington's Pied Pipers sing through Saturday, Dec. 29, and on Monday, Dec. 31, **ANITA O'DAY** will begin a two-week visit. Mondays through Thursdays at nine and eleven; Fridays at ten and midnight; Saturdays at eleven and twelve-thirty; and New Year's Eve at eleven only. Dining.

MAX'S KANSAS CITY, 213 Park Ave. S., at 17th St. (777-7870)—Crowded in the sixties, crowded in the seventies, and it will probably be crowded in the eighties. The lineup: Speedies, Hooks, and 80's Wednesday, Dec. 26; Rattlers, Voo Doo Shoes, and Coolies Thursday, Dec. 27; Cheap Perfume, Scruffs, and Splits Friday, Dec. 28; Senders and Ronnie & the Jitters Saturday, Dec. 29; Crayola and

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Honey Davis, Sunday, Dec. 30; and Brenda & the Realtones and Kieran Liscoe Band Monday, Dec. 31. Rock nightly after ten-thirty.

MICHAEL'S PUB, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—Pianist DICK HYMAN and his band are presenting through Saturday, Dec. 29, a program called "George Gershwin in Manhattan." A new program, this one entitled "Was Bessie Blue?," begins on Tuesday, Jan. 1, with singer CARRIE SMITH doing the honors with help from a quartet. Sets begin at nine-fifteen. Mondays are "Portrait of the Auteur as a Young Clarinettist" nights (when Woody Allen sits in with a New Orleans-style septet). Music from nine-thirty to midnight. Dining. Closed Sundays.

MIKELL'S, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—Trumpeter Hugh Masekela and his nine-piece African-Latin-funk-jazz band celebrate Thursdays through Saturdays as well as New Year's Eve in this warm little club on a cold and windy corner. Music from ten until two. Dining.

ONE FIFTH AVENUE, Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (260-3434)—A trendy downtown haunt with good music in the cocktail lounge-clam bar. AL HAIG, one of the earliest and still one of the best bop pianists, works with a bassist Tuesdays through Thursdays and on Saturdays and Sundays. On Mondays and Fridays, the Downtown Blues Blowers, a traditional sextet, are in charge. Music from nine-fifteen to two. Dining.

OTHER END, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—The intimacy and the fine sight lines to the stage—and even the brick walls—haven't changed since the sixties, when the place was known as the Bitter End. THE PERSUASIONS perform uplifting a-cappella R. & B. through Monday, Dec. 31; Friday and Saturday, Jan. 4-5, will belong to electric jazz-rock violinist MICHAL URBANIAK, his vocalist wife, URSZULA DUDZIAK, and their quintet. Shows most nights at nine and eleven-thirty; on Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Snacks.

PEACOCK ALLEY, in the Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (355-3000)—JIMMY LYON is playing piano in this quiet room, which functions as a sort of passageway connecting the hotel lobby with a dining room. A sign in the lobby proclaims that one should "see and hear Cole Porter's piano." It's true that Mr. Lyon's instrument, a Louis XVI Steinway, did belong to Porter, who lived in the hotel, but Mr. Lyon, who has accompanied Mabel Mercer throughout the past decade, is the real draw. His touch seems magically smooth and cushioned, and his time is unassailable. He's on hand Wednesdays through Saturdays from seven-thirty to twelve-thirty, and New Year's Eve from nine to two.

RAINBOW ROOM, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (757-9090)—What a room, what a view! Music for listening, dancing, or simply gawking out the windows. SY OLIVER guides a bouncy dance septet Wednesdays and Thursdays from seven to one. Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two, Sundays from six to midnight, and New Year's Eve from nine. Dining.

RENO SWEENEY, 126 W. 13th St. (691-0900)—Don't be too put off by the shiny, electric-disco-blue-plastic-tufted walls in the foyer—it's still a nice place. Barbara Cook will sing here New Year's Eve at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty; the rest of the weekly schedule is given over to young, aspiring singers at eight-thirty and eleven. Dining.

ST. REGIS-SHERATON, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (753-4500)—In the King Cole Room, RED NORVO, the father of the vibraharp, is paterfamilias to a quartet, which performs on its own and backs up singer MAVIS RIVERS. Tuesdays through Saturdays, and New Year's Eve, after nine. Dining and dancing.

SEVENTH AVENUE SOUTH, 21 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (242-4694)—A pleasant second-floor jazz club. The BRECKER BROTHERS—trumpeter RANDY and saxophonist MIKE, who are also the proprietors here—head up a quintet through Monday, Dec. 31, and on their last night, New Year's Eve, they'll expand their ranks to include the 24th Street Band as well. On Thursday, Jan. 3, drummer BOB MOSES, saxophonist DAVE LIEBMAN, trumpeter TERUMASA HINO, pianist STEVE KUHN, and bassist STEVE SWALLOW will begin a four-night collaboration. Music from ten to two. Dining. Closed Tuesday and Wednesday, Jan. 1-2.

SHERATON CENTER, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (581-1000)—BUDDY DE FRANCO, who has been called the Charlie Parker of the clarinet, heads up a quintet through Monday, Dec. 31; on Tuesday, Jan. 1, trumpeter BILLY BUTTERFIELD will move in a quintet. All this transpires in a lounge entitled the French Quarter. Music nightly, except Sundays, after nine.

SWEET BASIL, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—Trombonist SLIDE HAMPTON works with pianist KENNY BARRON, bassist BUSTER WILLIAMS, and drummer LEROY WILLIAMS through Saturday, Dec. 29; on Sunday, Dec. 30, Guanabara, a Brazilian-jazz ensemble, will perform; and on Monday, Dec. 31, altoist LOU DONALDSON will bring in a quartet. Music from about ten. Dining.

TIN PALACE, 325 Bowery, at 2nd St. (674-9115)—The audiences here are often as reverential as those at the Village Vanguard, and with good reason: tenor saxophonist GEORGE COLEMAN, trumpeter DANNY MOORE, and their hard-bop quintet on Wednesday and Thursday, Dec. 26-27; and tenor saxophonist BIG NICK NICHOLAS, pianist JOHN HICKS, bassist WALTER BOOKER, and drummer JIMMY COBB Friday through Tuesday, Dec. 28-Jan. 1. Music every night after ten. Dining.

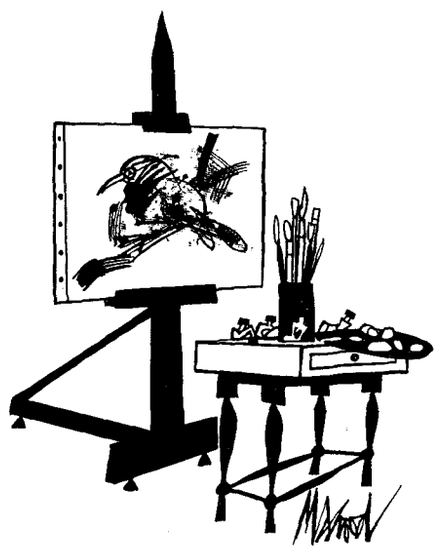
TRAMPS, 125 E. 15th St., at Irving Pl. (777-5077)—The club has been turned into one big long room; the ambience is a lot looser, and the music a lot bluesier. On Wednesday, Dec. 26, Tiger Beats and Yorks; Thursday, Dec. 27, Boyfriends and 80's; Saturday, Dec. 29, Neighbors & Allies and Rattlers; Monday, Dec. 31, STORMIN' NORMAN & SUZY; and Friday and Saturday, Jan. 4-5, HONEYBOY EDWARDS BLUES BAND. Shows usually begin at ten and midnight, but not every band plays every show. Dining and dancing.

TRAX, 100 W. 72nd St., near Columbus Ave. (799-1448)—A comfortable rock-showcase club that occasionally draws established musicians as well as unknown ones. A partial lineup: Movers Wednesday, Dec. 26; Mix Friday, Dec. 28; Reds Saturday, Dec. 29; and SAM & DAVE Monday, Dec. 31. Music every night but Sunday and New Year's Day, after eleven, usually. Dining.

VILLAGE GATE, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—In the large downstairs room, Fridays and Sundays are given over to flutist HERBIE MANN, who is joined on Sundays by Brazilian percussionist NANA VASCONSELOS. Shows Fridays at ten-thirty and twelve-thirty, and Sundays at ten. On New Year's Eve, Herbie Mann will be found downstairs, along with Caleb Martin's band, and in the Top of the Gate, trumpeter JABBO SMITH and the New Orleans Blue Serenaders will be performing, as will guitarist TINY GRIMES and his quartet. All this from ten-thirty.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—Tenor saxophonist DEXTER GORDON, whose solos still sparkle, guides a quintet through Monday, Dec. 31; and on Tuesday, Jan. 1, WARNE MARSH, another very fine tenor player, will begin his second appearance here in six months. Music from ten.

WEST BOONDOCK, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (929-9645)—Devoted patrons have sought this place out for years, and it is perhaps the best jazz club in the meat-packing district. One attraction is the authentically prepared collard greens. Another asset is pianist Harris Simon, who is on hand Thursdays through Sundays; pianist Esther Blue works Mondays through Wednesdays. Music from eight until two.



WEST END, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—Reliable, mature swing musicians; enthusiastic students. The COUNTSMEN—DICKY WELLS, EARLE WARREN, and their Basie-flavored quintet—perform through Sunday, Dec. 30; on Monday, Dec. 31, a swing-to-bop group will be onstage; and on Wednesday, Jan. 2, clarinettist RUSSELL PROCOPE will arrive with his quartet, Ellingtonia. Music nightly from about nine.

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

JACK DEJOHNETTE'S SPECIAL EDITION—With Arthur Blythe, David Murray, and Peter Warren. (Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Wednesday and Thursday, Dec. 26-27, at 11.)

SMITHSONIAN JAZZ REPERTORY ENSEMBLE—Bob Wilber, Jack Gale, Haywood Henry, Major Holley, Connie Kay, Jimmy Maxwell, Bucky Pizzarelli, and Dick Wellstood. (Carnegie Hall. 247-7459. Thursday, Dec. 27, at 8.)

LEROY JENKINS—With Oliver Lake, George Lewis, Joseph Jarman, and others. (Public Theatre. Friday and Saturday, Dec. 28-29, at 11.)

MILLIE JACKSON—Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 874-1717. Saturday, Dec. 29, at 8.

RAMONES—With Alda Reserve. (Palladium, 126 E. 14th St. Monday, Dec. 31, at 8. For information about tickets, call 977-9020.)

JURY'S IRISH CABARET OF DUBLIN—Thirty singers, dancers, comedians, and instrumentalists. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday and Friday, Jan. 3-4, at 8.)

SQUAT THEATRE—Friday and Saturday, Dec. 28-29, at midnight: James White & the Flaming Demons from Hell. (Squat Theatre, 256 W. 23rd St. 691-1238.)

SOUNDSCAPE—"European / American Music Festival"—Thursday, Dec. 27, at 8 and 11:30: Steve Lacy and John Tchicai. . . . ¶ Friday, Dec. 28, at 8 and 11:30: James (Blood) Ulmer and Hans Reichel. . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 29, at 8 and 11:30: Steve Lacy, Dennis Charles, and Ronnie Boykins. (Soundscape, fifth floor, 500 W. 52nd St. 581-7032.)

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6. They will be closed New Year's Day.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

BORIS ANISFELD (1879-1973)—Paintings, and set and costume designs for the opera and ballet, done in exotic, sensual colors by an artist who worked with Diaghilev and Fokine. Through Jan. 12. (A. M. Adler, 21 E. 67th St.)

JULIAN BARROW—Small oils that catch the atmosphere of his subjects—London storefronts (Lock the hatter, Berry Brothers the vintners, Paxton & Whitfield, cheeses), Venetian vistas, nighttime in New York (P. J. Clarke's), and landscapes in England, Italy, France, and America. Through Saturday, Dec. 29. (FAR Gallery, 22 E. 80th St.)

JOSEPH BEUYS—An installation: objects from a 1974 Beuys performance (felt blanket, etc.), rubble from a recently closed Berlin art gallery, gas lamps hung on small saplings. Through Friday, Dec. 28. (Feldman, 33 E. 74th St. A larger exhibition of sculptures is at the Guggenheim Museum.)

ILYA GRIGOREVICH CHASHNIK (1902-29)—Paintings, architectural drawings, and porcelain designs by one of the early theorists of the Suprematist group in Russia. Through March 15. (Hutton, 33 E. 74th St. Closed Saturday, Dec. 29.)

JUDY CHICAGO—Studies for "The Dinner Party" and other works by a feminist artist. On loan from a number of New York collections. Through Thursday, Jan. 3. (The Sarah Institute, second floor, 42 E. 65th St.)

COLETTE—Photomontage record-album covers and "jewelry" installed in Plexiglas boxes by a conceptual artist who has festooned the gallery with filmy dresses for the occasion. Through Jan. 31. (Weiner, 21 E. 73rd St.)

MARTHA MAYER ERLEBACHER—Painstaking studies of nude figures and of fruits and eggs arrayed on cloth, done in watercolor or in pencil alone.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Through Jan. 12. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Tommasi Ferroni—Paintings, classical-allegorical in style, except for the deadpan introduction of contemporary objects—a motorcycle helmet on Cupid, a smashed-up car mingled with fallen armored knights. First one-man show in New York. Through Saturday, Dec. 29. (Knowlton, 19 E. 71st St.)

Judith Godwin—Abstract Expressionist paintings. Through Jan. 9. (Ingber, 3 E. 78th St.)

Raoul Hague—Massive sculptures made of raw walnut or cherry tree trunks that are not so much sculpted as severely pruned. There are also similar pieces of sycamore and poplar. Through Saturday, Jan. 5. (Fourcade, 36 E. 75th St.)

Gustav Klimt (1862-1918)—Thirty drawings, some of them in the loose, delicate style of his prime and some of them student work. Through Saturday, Dec. 29. (Sabarsky, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Opens at noon.)

Robert M. Kulicke—Postcard-size oil paintings of fruits and flowers, mostly, with special attention to the lustre of their small porcelain vases. Through Friday, Dec. 28. (Davis & Long, 746 Madison Ave., at 65th St.)

André Lhote (1885-1962)—Twenty-five oils and a few works in other mediums; a number are from his later years. Through Jan. 12. (Weintraub, 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

Henry Moore—A benefit showing of nearly two hundred drawings from the past ten years, together with a few sculptures. Through Jan. 18. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St. Closed Saturdays.)

Edda Renouf—Drawings in which the artist incises a simple pattern on paper and then scrubs over it with pastel; the effect is much like that of a rubbing. Through Jan. 12. (Blum-Helman, 13 E. 75th St.)

Hugo Robus (1886-1964) / **David Levine**—Twenty-three sculptures, including a number of the impish nymphs he was noted for, and a few paintings and drawings. Through Saturday, Jan. 5. / Forty caricatures. Through Saturday, Dec. 29. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Ansei Uchima—Paintings, pastels, and woodblocks, mostly abstract, by a Japanese artist now resident in this country. Through Saturday, Jan. 5. (Nardin, 25 E. 73rd St. Open Mondays; open Sundays, 1 to 6.)

Robert Vickrey / Harvey Gordon—Tempera paintings by a precisionist artist who specializes in bright sunlight falling on children, bicycles, seaside boulders, and the Sisters of St. Vincent de Paul in the floppy white wimples they used to wear. / Small watercolor sketches of interiors and city scenes, done with the immediacy of a snapshot. Through Saturday, Jan. 5. (Hirschl & Adler, 21 E. 70th St.)

Francisco Zuñiga—Mexican peasant women, any one of whom could be the Earth Mother, depicted in bronze and marble and in charcoal or pastel drawings by this master of the genre. Through Saturday, Dec. 29. (Sindin, 1035 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Master Prints—Etchings, woodcuts, and lithographs ranging from Hieronymus Bosch to George Bellows and including rare works by Rembrandt and an etching of a seated nude by Matisse. Through Jan. 15. (Tunick, 12 E. 81st St.)

Group Shows—At the **acquavella**, 18 E. 79th St.: Collages and paintings on paper by Catharine Warren, Christo, Robert Nickle, and others. Through Jan. 8. . . . **einstein**, 243 E. 82nd St.: Paintings by Mel Pekarsky, Lucy Sallick, Sylvia Sleigh, and others. Through Saturday, Jan. 5. . . . **elkon**, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.: Drawings by Tony DeLap, Nigel Hall, and William Tucker. Through Jan. 9. (Closed Saturdays.). . . **ericson**, 23 E. 74th St.: Vertical works on paper by Richards Ruben, Yvonne Thomas, and four other artists. Through Jan. 31. . . . **graham**, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Drawings entitled "Christmas 1979" by Edward Gorey and Edward Sorel; drawings and watercolors by R. O. Blechman; and small, boxed collages involving her own porcelain figures and watercolors by Alexa Grace. Through Saturday, Jan. 5. . . . **kraushaar**, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.: Works on paper by such Americans as Sloan, Marin, Luks, Pène du Bois, Demuth, and Hartley, plus the original illustrations by Joe Lasker for his son David's book "The Boy Who Loved Music." Through Saturday, Jan. 5. . . . **lefebre**, 47 E. 77th St.: Small-scale paintings, mostly abstract, by Corneille, Folon, Wols, Hartung, and others. Through Jan. 19.

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GALLERIES—57th STREET AREA

Ed Arno—Cartoons, many from this magazine. Through Friday, Jan. 4. (Austrian Institute, 11 E. 52nd St. Closed Saturdays and Wednesday, Dec. 26.)

Luis Cruz Azaceta—Fantasy paintings (usually based on big-city violence), self-portraits in garish inks, and other works by a Cuban-born artist. Through Jan. 11. (Frumkin, 50 W. 57th St. Opens at noon on Saturdays.)

Tony Bechara—Abstract patterns worked out in rich colors on a grid background that is almost as fine-meshed as graph paper. Through Jan. 12. (Zarre, 41 E. 57th St.)

Larry Bell—Brilliantly colored forms "drawn" by a process in which no pigment is used. Vaporized aluminum and silicon monoxide are deposited on paper in a vacuum chamber, forming a film of varying infinitesimal thicknesses which produce different colors by blocking out different light rays. Through Jan. 12. (Goodman, 38 E. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

James Brooks and Giorgio Cavallon—Abstract Expressionist works by two veterans of that school, Brooks's the more vigorous and Cavallon's the softer. Through Saturday, Dec. 29. (Gruenebaum, 38 E. 57th St.)

Mrs. Spotted Horned Bull (circa 1841-1914) / **Janet Fish**—A show of Indian pictographic art, circa 1876. The high spot is a poignant depiction of the Battle of Little Bighorn—attributed to this niece of Sitting Bull, who saw the battle—done with great assurance and directness on a muslin tepee liner ten feet long and nearly six feet high. Another liner, by another artist, shows a Sioux raiding party riding off to steal Crow horses, and there are numerous individual drawings of Indian warriors, dancers, hunters, and so on. / Outsize panels of fruit and flowers and glassware by a practiced hand in that field. Through Wednesday, Jan. 2. (Miller, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Paul Cadmus—Not only his paintings and drawings, in honor of his seventy-fifth birthday, but art works by his father, his mother, and his sister. Through Saturday, Dec. 29. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

Sarah Canright—Nonobjective paintings; first solo show in New York. Through Saturday, Dec. 29. (Pam Adler, 50 W. 57th St.)

James Coignard—Roughcast collages done on handmade paper—scored, streaked with paint, dotted with figures cut from wallboard, embossed with deep patterns, and so on. Through Jan. 12. (Heidenberg, 50 W. 57th St.)

Robert Courtright / Douglas Abdell—Collages in which rectangles of paper are painted with watercolor and arranged in a grid pattern. Sometimes the paper is a magazine clipping in which everything but one large capital letter is bleached out; sometimes it is handmade; and sometimes it is butcher's wrapping paper. / Sculptures that consist of big, black, jagged geometrical metal forms by an artist who does all his own blacksmithing. Through Saturday, Jan. 5. (Crispo, 41 E. 57th St. Tuesdays through Fridays, 11:30 to 4:30; Saturdays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

José de Creeft—Twenty-two sculptures, including a chased-lead piece from 1919 and an oak carving from this year. Also ten paintings. Through Saturday, Dec. 29. (Kennedy, 40 W. 57th St.)

Robyn Denny—Seven hard-edge sequential paintings: the simple abstract pattern of one painting "connects" with the simple abstract pattern of the next, even though they may be hung on separate walls or even in separate rooms. Through Saturday, Jan. 5. (Jacobson, 24 W. 57th St.)

Albrecht Dürer (1471-1528)—Fifteen engravings portraying the Virgin and Child. Through Jan. 19. (Donson, 38 E. 57th St.)

Kay Kurt—Unusually large oil paintings of arrangements of candies, in which every gumdrop, nougat, licorice whip, and sugared almond has its day. Through Saturday, Jan. 5. (Kornblee, 20 W. 57th St.)

Morris Louis (1912-62)—A series referred to as "column" paintings, dated 1960, in which he succeeded in pouring acrylic Magna paint on canvas without losing control of it. Through Wednesday, Jan. 2. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

George Nick—Oil paintings affording glimpses of Boston, various parts of Spain, and (the artist was on a sabbatical leave) Bulgaria, where he focussed on derelict steam locomotives rusting away outside Sofia. Through Thursday, Jan. 3. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St.)

Lucas Samaras—Fabric paintings: fabric cut and sewn in abstract patterns and hung on stretchers. Through Saturday, Jan. 5. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)

Harriet Shorr / Paul Caranicas—Large oil paintings of lilies and carnations and snapdragons and freesias in rather random arrangements, sometimes intermingled with a scattering of ribbons. / Pencil drawings of abandoned military bunkers here and in France, most of them emplacements for the Coast Artillery's disappearing guns. Through Wednesday, Jan. 2. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St.). . . ¶ Tatistcheff, 38 E. 57th St., is showing large-scale watercolor still-lifes by Harriet Shorr. Through Wednesday, Jan. 2.

Altoon Sultan—More paintings of Victorian-era houses, and a group of paintings with figures. Through Saturday, Dec. 29. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St.)

Group Shows—At the **alonzo**, 30 W. 57th St.: Small-scale works in several mediums by twenty-seven artists. Through Saturday, Jan. 5. . . . **esman**, 29 W. 57th St.: This mélange of printed matter and art works includes a polyester sculpture of a man wearing a hat, accompanied by printed excerpts from his stream of consciousness (by Michael Meyers); a portable typewriter with a short story printed in white on the roller and again on the ribbon (by Kay Hines); and simple, unaffected drawings by Nicholas Africano. Through Saturday, Jan. 5. . . . **galerie st. etienne**, 24 W. 57th St.: A fortieth-anniversary show includes small works by a number of famous artists—Daumier, Kokoschka, Toulouse-Lautrec, Rouault, and so on, with emphasis on Klimt and Schiele and Käthe Kollwitz. Through Friday, Dec. 28. . . . **odyssia**, 730 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.: Works on paper by Kitaj, Celmins, Balthus, Steinberg, and many others. Through Saturday, Dec. 29. . . . **parsons**, 24 W. 57th St.: The gallery stable has rallied around for this Christmas show of small works—Clive Gray, Lee Hall, Saul Steinberg, Richard Francisco, Fanny Brennan, for instance. Through Jan. 12. . . . **sachs**, 29 W. 57th St.: A show of new talent includes landscapes and interiors with a moody quality reminiscent of both Hopper and Magritte by Blanche Dolmatch; can-

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vases with a dappled, glassy surface of gel and acrylic by Salvatore Federico; landscapes in oil by David Kapp; and colored-pencil drawings of rumpled striped and patterned paper by Annette Weintraub. Through Thursday, Jan. 3. . . . **SUMMIT,** 101 W. 57th St.: Works on paper by Judith Shahn, Harry Gottlieb, Joseph Solman, and others. Through Jan. 12. (Opens at 12:30; closed Saturday, Dec. 29.). . . **TOUCHSTONE,** 29 W. 57th St.: A show of striking drawings, including Harriet Feigenbaum's immense charcoal work showing how the Palace of the Popes in Avignon would look if filled, as she proposes, with hay; Christo's large drawing of the Pont Neuf in Paris as improved by his wrapping; one of Dotty Attie's insinuating stories with her tiny, impeccable illustrations; and several works by David Hockney. Through Saturday, Dec. 29. . . . **URDANG,** newly opened at 29 W. 57th St.: A group show includes collages that incorporate numerology and classical works by Karen Shaw; encaustic paintings in which sparse designs have been gouged by Kay WalkingStick; and a long, narrow color-field work (orange) by Heidi Glück. Through Wednesday, Jan. 2. . . . **WASHBURN,** 42 E. 57th St.: Among the treats in this group show are an early (1914-15) portrait head of a woman in a white hat by Walt Kuhn; "Café de Paris," a lithograph by Stuart Davis done in the twenties; and a black-and-white abstract by Arshile Gorky, circa 1930. Through Saturday, Jan. 5.

GALLERIES—SoHo

GEORGE GREEN—Convincing trompe-l'oeil paintings of curtains made up of overlapping scraps of linoleum. Through Saturday, Dec. 29. (Meisel, 141 Prince St.)

JOHN MANDEL—Pencil studies of men in which facial details are done to perfection and the rest is sketched in lightly; each has a narrative quality, but it is up to the viewer to provide the story. Through Saturday, Jan. 5. (Hutchinson, 138 Greene St.)

JOHN OKULICK / BILL MARTIN—Wooden wall pieces with a built-in perspective that makes them appear to extend a lot farther into the room than they actually do. / Other-worldly landscapes done in oil on circular canvases—volcanic deserts, crystal caves, jungle depths. Through Jan. 10. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway.)

FRANC PALAIA—This artist makes "relics" (in the form of corroded signs and crumbling walls) out of plaster, tempera, and Styrofoam. Through Thursday, Jan. 3. (Neill, 136 Greene St.)

JACK RADETSKY / DON CELENDER—Folding screens about seven feet high on which are painted what seem to be reflections of the room they once adorned—tables, chairs, subdued lamps. / This antic pollster has asked a thousand architects to name the single most instructive and inspiring structure his students should see, and the answers are here, illustrated with photographs. . . . ¶ In the back room, crystal-clear blocks of acrylic resin contain delicate abstract line drawings, the work of George Hrycun. Through Saturday, Dec. 29. (O.K. Harris, 383 West Broadway. Closed Wednesday, Dec. 26.)

COMPOSERS' ART—A collection of musical scores assembled by John Cage, in which various composers break out of the ordinary alphabet of music and resort to something close to illustrative drawing to get their purpose across. The result has both calligraphic and musical charm, and the show is augmented with unusual scorings, from other collections, by such giants as Haydn, Mozart, and Brahms, as well as latter-day samplings from Gershwin, Sousa, Porter, and Jelly Roll Morton. Through Jan. 26. (The Drawing Center, 137 Greene St. Open Wednesday evenings until 8.)

GROUP SHOW—Sculptures, paintings, and works on paper by Jared Bark, Jene Highstein, Robert Kushner, Judy Pfaff, and other artists whose connection with one another comes from leaner days when they were all employed at a local restaurant, Food, or frame shop, Bark Frameworks. Through Wednesday, Jan. 2. (Holly Solomon, 392 West Broadway.)

OTHER GALLERIES

AL HIRSCHFELD—Recent drawings by the *Times'* theatrical caricaturist. Also, a dozen watercolors on Japanese Kabuki theatre. Through Saturday, Jan. 5. (Feiden, 51 E. 10th St. Open Mondays.)

JOYCE REZENDES—Twelve abstract paintings in a series called "A Hopi Creation Story." Through Jan. 20. (Cathedral Museum of Religious Art, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. Tuesdays through Fridays, 9 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, noon to 5.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

ALICE AUSTEN (1866-1952)—Family outings, Victorian interiors, and New York Harbor by the Staten Island photographer. Through Feb. 24. (Seaport Gallery, 215 Water St. Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

HENRI CARTIER-BRESSON / EUGÈNE ATGET (1857-1927)—Works from his entire career assembled by the seventy-one-year-old photographer. / A hundred photographs, mostly of Paris parks and gardens. Through Jan. 6. (International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. Open Sundays.)

GISÈLE FREUND—England in the thirties, Paris, and portraits of artists and writers (Man Ray, Colette, Virginia Woolf). Also ten photographs in a series of Eva Perón. Through Saturday, Jan. 5. (Janis, 6 W. 57th St.)

JOHN GRUEN—Still-life photographs. Through Jan. 12. (Fitch-Febvrel, 5 E. 57th St.)

BRIAN HAGIWARA—Color photographs. Through Saturday, Jan. 5. (Castelli Uptown, 4 E. 77th St.)

HERBERT MATTER—Abstractions, landscapes, and portraits. Through Saturday, Dec. 29. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St.)

GRANT MUDFORD / TOD PAPAGEORGE—California architectural exteriors. / Photographs of party scenes and discothèques. Through Saturday, Dec. 29. (Light, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

ELIOT PORTER—Dye-transfer prints of wildlife. Through Saturday, Dec. 29. (Wolf, 30 W. 57th St.). . . ¶ An exhibition of Porter's dye-transfer landscapes has been mounted by the Metropolitan Museum. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

PHOTOGRAPHS OF JAPAN 1854-1905—Studio portraits (of tradesmen, geisha, samurai, wrestlers) and scenic views, principally by Felix Beato, Baron R. von Stillfried, Kusakabe Kimbei, and Ogawa Isshin, who recorded life in Japan at a time when that country's social order had previously gone undisturbed for two centuries. Through Feb. 10. (Japan House, 333 E. 47th St. Open daily, 11 to 5, and Friday evenings until 7:30.)

GROUP SHOWS—At **LUBIN HOUSE,** 11 E. 61st St.: Photographs and photograms that date from the mid-thirties to 1950, by Moholy-Nagy, Kepes, Jacobi, Callahan, and others influenced by Moholy-Nagy's Chicago Bauhaus. Through Feb. 1. (Closed Saturdays.). . . **WITKIN,** 41 E. 57th St.: A survey of the nude in photography. Among the fifteen surveyors are Manuel Alvarez Bravo, Judy Dater, George Platt Lynes, and Jerry N. Uelsmann. Through Jan. 19. (Closed Tuesdays.). . . **ZABRISKIE,** 29 W. 57th St.: Fifty photographs by artists who worked in Paris between 1925 and 1940: Kertész, Man Ray, Cartier-Bresson, others. Also, sculptures of the same period. Through Saturday, Jan. 5.

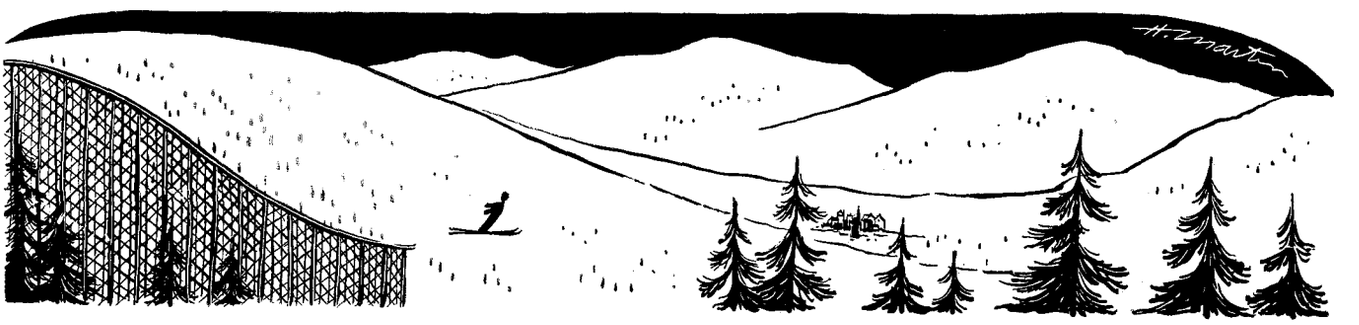
MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"Fashions of the Hapsburg Era" is the Costume Institute's exhibit of uniforms, costumes, livery, saddlery, and related art objects and paintings dating from the seventeenth century through the First World War. The most substantial part of the display comes from the Hapsburg court of the nineteenth century, and includes a uniform of Emperor Franz Josef, four gowns of Empress Elizabeth, and a phaeton of their son Rudolf. . . . ¶ An exhibit of nearly eighty large-scale canvases by Clyfford Still, representative of the artist's work since 1942. Through Feb. 3. . . . ¶ "Greek Art of the Aegean Islands," a show of sculptures, vases, jewelry, and wall paintings dating from the Bronze Age to the fifth century. Through Feb. 10. . . . ¶ A display of Japanese ceramics from the Tanakamaru Collection, which is known for its tea-ceremony wares. Through Jan. 6. . . . ¶ Recent acquisitions of twentieth-century art: two galleries of paintings and sculptures, and one of drawings. Some of the artists: Alex Katz, Roy Lichtenstein, Robert Murray, Chryssa, Yvonne Jacquette. . . . ¶ Sixty-five seventeenth-century Dutch and Flemish drawings from the Lehman Collection, including ten Rembrandts and a Rubens. Through Jan. 27. . . . **PHOTOGRAPHY:** Dye transfers by Eliot Porter. Through Jan. 20. (Open daily except Mondays and New Year's Day. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—The museum, celebrating its fiftieth anniversary, has drawn on the contents of its own collections for a sweeping survey of the art of the twenties. Among the works: paintings by Magritte and Hopper, architectural models and domestic designs by Breuer and Mies van der Rohe, sculptures by Brancusi and Moholy-Nagy, photographs by Rodchenko and Weston. Through Jan. 22. . . . ¶ Portrayals of women by printmakers who worked at the end of the last century. Toulouse-Lautrec, Villon, and Gauguin are included. Through Jan. 28. . . . ¶ A show of thirty etchings done by Marc Chagall for the book "Psaumes de David." They underscore the collaborative efforts of the artist and his printer and publisher. Through Jan. 28. . . . **PHOTOGRAPHY:** Forty-three portraits from the twenties, by Tina Modotti, August Sander, André Kertész, and others. Through Jan. 22. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A show of the works of the German sculptor Joseph Beuys. Mediums include gauze, honey, fat, and felt. One-third of the rotunda, for instance, is occupied by large nonrepresentational pieces of solid cast tallow; in another area is a felt-draped piano. Also drawings. Through Wednesday, Jan. 2. A complementary show (ending Friday) is at Ronald Feldman, 33 E. 74th St. . . . ¶ A show of seventeen paintings by Paul Klee from the museum's collections. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM OF AMERICAN ART, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—"Andy Warhol: Portraits of the '70s": Two identical enlarged color photographs of David Hockney, Truman Capote, Liza Minnelli, and the like, worked over with acrylic paint to obliterate a feature here, accent one there, plus three immense por-



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

traits, similarly handled, of Chairman Mao, and eight smaller ones of the artist's mother. Through Jan. 27. . . . ¶ A retrospective of drawings by sculptor David Smith. Through Feb. 10. . . . ¶ A show of seventy-one paintings and drawings by the Precisionist Preston Dickinson. Through Feb. 24. . . . ¶ A retrospective of the works of Jan Matulka. Through Feb. 24. . . . ¶ Sixteen watercolors by Masami Teraoka, a California artist who uses traditional Japanese art forms to satirize modern life. One series is titled "31 Flavors Invading Japan." Through Jan. 6. . . . COMPOSERS' SHOWCASE: The first in the series will be a concert of music by Kurt Weill on Friday, Jan. 4, at 7 and at 9:30, with Teresa Stratas, Mabel Mercer, and the Gregg Smith Singers. Lotte Lenya will appear at both performances. Tickets are now being issued on a first-come, first-served basis. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, except New Year's Day, 11 to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays and New Year's Day, noon to 6.)

WHITNEY DOWNTOWN MUSEUM, 55 Water St., two blocks south of Wall St.—A two-part show on the art of engraving money. The first sets forth the various steps that lead to the printing of paper money, and the second surveys stocks, bonds, and money from the first federal bank notes to the present. Counterfeit bills, too. Through Jan. 23. (Open Wednesdays through Fridays, 11 to 3.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—"The American Renaissance 1876-1917," a show of more than three hundred objects by artists, architects, and craftsmen of the period. Through Sunday, Dec. 30. . . . ¶ An exhibit of prints, drawings, and photographs of New York from the permanent collections. Among the sixty-six artists represented are Benny Andrews, Childe Hassam, Isabel Bishop, and Alfred Stieglitz. Through Jan. 6. (Open Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, Central Park W. at 79th St.—An exhibit of Colombian gold and pottery dating from about 100 B.C. to the fourteenth century. The more than five hundred gold objects include, in addition to ornamental pieces, such utilitarian items as musical instruments, bowls, and flasks. Through March 18. . . . ¶ A show of art and artifacts of the Huichol Indians of Mexico, including costumes, yarn embroideries, and votive objects. Through Feb. 10. (Open daily. Hours: Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 4:45, and Wednesday and Friday evenings until 9; Saturdays and Sundays, 10 to 5.)

AMERICAN ACADEMY AND INSTITUTE OF ARTS AND LETTERS, Broadway at 155th St.—Forty-eight artists have paintings, drawings, and graphics in the thirty-first annual Childe Hassam Purchase Fund exhibit (about twenty of the works will be bought by the fund as gifts to museums). . . . ¶ A memorial show of works by Edwin Dickinson, Charles Eames, Eugene Francis Savage, Edward Durell Stone, and Stow Wengenroth. (Open daily, except Mondays, 1 to 4.) Both shows through Sunday, Dec. 30.

AMERICAN CRAFT MUSEUM, 44 W. 53rd St.—An exhibit of contemporary handmade musical instruments, ranging from earnest classical violins to whimsical gourd fiddles. Through Sunday, Dec. 30. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

CHINA HOUSE, 125 E. 65th St.—An exhibit of sixty-three Chinese bronzes, jades, ceramics, and textiles (dating from 1500 B.C. to the early nineteen hundreds), on loan from the Metropolitan Museum. Through Jan. 27. (Open daily except Monday, Dec. 31, and New Year's Day. Hours: Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, 10 to 5; Tuesdays and Thursdays, 10 to 8; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 5.)

COOPER-HEWITT MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—Man-made and natural objects from twelve Smithsonian institutions form a show whose articles range from coins and stamps to butterflies and beetles. Through Jan. 6. . . . ¶ A small show of furniture (half the twenty pieces are chairs) from the permanent collection. Through Feb. 3. (Open daily except Mondays and New Year's Day. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

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FRICK COLLECTION, 1 E. 70th St.—An exhibit of fifteen ornate small-scale wood sculptures by Abraham Miller (1881-1973), the craftsman who in 1914 carved the Frick's two decorative chimneypieces. Included are reliefs, figures, handmade tools, and an unfinished pine piece dated 1973. Through Sunday, Dec. 30. (Open Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

JEWISH MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—An exhibit of works, including drawings and maquettes, by Seymour Lipton, whose abstract sculptures of interwoven organic shapes combine nickel silver and Monel steel. Through Jan. 20. (Open daily except Fridays and Saturdays. Hours: Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

MORGAN LIBRARY, 29 E. 36th St.—A selection of paintings (by Rembrandt, Holbein, van Dyck, and others), drawings, porcelain, textiles, furniture, and other items from the Dutch Royal Collections. The greater part of the works, which date from the sixteenth century to the twentieth, belonged to William III and Mary. Through March 16. (Open daily except Mondays and New Year's Day. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF AMERICAN FOLK ART, 49 W. 53rd St.—A show of fifty American weathervanes, one of which is a gilded bronze Indian archer designed by Shem Drowne in 1716. Through Feb. 24. (Open daily, except Mondays and New Year's Day, 10:30 to 5:30, and Thursday evenings until 8.)

NEW-YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—A show of Audubon's original watercolors, which were engraved as "The Birds of America." Also, memorabilia pertaining to Audubon, his family, and his work. Through Feb. 29. (Open daily except Sunday through Tuesday, Dec. 30-Jan. 1. Hours: Tuesdays through Fridays, 11 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—"The Thirties in England" is the Berg Collection's current exhibition. The works on view include manuscripts, first editions, letters, pamphlets, and radio transcripts by British authors Joyce Cary, Elizabeth Bowen, Noël Coward, Graham Greene, and others. (Open daily except Thursdays, Sundays, and New Year's Day, 10 to 6.)

STUDIO MUSEUM IN HARLEM, 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St.—A survey of prints by sixty-six black artists. The earliest is dated 1837; among the contemporary artists are Betye Saar, Jacqui Holmes, and Hale Woodruff. Through Jan. 6. . . . ¶ Painted clay objects by David MacDonald. Through Jan. 27. (Open daily except Mondays and New Year's Day. Hours: Tuesdays through Fridays, 10 to 6; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 580-9830; for Avery Fisher Hall 874-2424; for Carnegie Hall 247-7459; for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911; and for Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St., 427-6000. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

METROPOLITAN OPERA—Wednesday, Dec. 26, at 8: "Der Rosenkavalier," with Agnes Baltsa, Johanna Meier, Gianna Rolandi, John Alexander, Ernst Gutstein, and Aage Haugland; conducted by Erich Leinsdorf. . . . ¶ Thursday, Dec. 27, at 6: "Hansel and Gretel" (in English), with Catherine Malfitano, Tatiana Troyanos, Jean Kraft, Paul Franke, and Allan Monk; Calvin Simmons. . . . ¶ Friday, Dec. 28, at 8: "La Gioconda," with Renata Scotto, Maria Luisa Nave, Jocelyne Taillon, Ermanno Mauro, Louis Quilico, and Bonaldo Giaiotti; Giuseppe Patanè. . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 29, at 2: "Hansel and Gretel" (in English), with Catherine Malfitano, Tatiana Troyanos, Jean Kraft, Paul Franke, and Allan Monk; Calvin Simmons. . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 29, at 8: "Der Rosenkavalier," with Agnes Baltsa, Anna Tomowa-Sintow, Gianna Rolandi, Seth McCoy, Ernst Gutstein, and Aage Haugland; Erich Leinsdorf. (A nonsubscription performance.). . . ¶ Monday, Dec. 31, at 8: "Rigoletto," with Mariella Devia, Sherrill Milnes, and Neil Shicoff; Michelangelo Veltri. (A nonsubscription performance.). . . ¶ Tuesday, Jan. 1, at 6: "Hansel and Gretel" (in English), with Catherine Malfitano, Tatiana Troyanos, Jean Kraft, Andrea Velis, and Allan Monk; Calvin Simmons. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Jan. 2, at 8: "La Gioconda," with Renata Scotto, Maria Luisa Nave, Jocelyne Taillon, Ermanno Mauro, and Louis Quilico; Giuseppe Patanè. . . . ¶ Thursday, Jan. 3, at 8: "Der Rosenkavalier," with Agnes Baltsa, Anna Tomowa-Sintow, Judith Blegen, Seth McCoy, Ernst Gutstein, and Aage Haugland; Erich Leinsdorf. . . . ¶ Friday, Jan. 4, at 8: "Rigoletto," with Mariella Devia, Sherrill Milnes, and Neil Shicoff; Michelangelo Veltri. . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 5, at 2: "La Gioconda," with Renata Scotto, Maria Luisa Nave, Jocelyne Taillon, Ermanno Mauro, and Louis Quilico; Giuseppe Patanè. . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 5, at 8: "Hansel and Gretel" (in English), with Catherine Malfitano, Tatiana Troyanos, Jean Kraft, Andrea Velis, and Allan Monk; Calvin Simmons.

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC—Following a brief vacation, the orchestra will resume its concerts at Avery Fisher Hall next week, with Zubin Mehta conducting on Thursday, Jan. 3, at 8; Friday, Jan. 4, at 2; Saturday, Jan. 5, at 8; and Tuesday, Jan. 8, at 7:30 (all with Anne-Sophie Mutter, violin).

Y CHAMBER SYMPHONY—Gerard Schwarz conducting three performances of the complete Brandenburg Concertos of Bach. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Saturday, Dec. 29, at 8; Sunday, Dec. 30, at 2; and Monday, Dec. 31, at 8.)

NEW YORK STRING ORCHESTRA—Alexander Schneider conducting, with Arnold Steinhardt, violin, and Michael Tree, viola. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Dec. 29, at 8.)

BROOKLYN PHILHARMONIA—Lukas Foss conducting the second in a "Meet the Moderns" series of four concerts, this one a program of American music, 1920-40. Composer Aaron Copland will be present and participate in a forum with Mr. Foss at the end of the evening. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Thursday, Jan. 3, at 8.)

NEW YORK MOTET CHOIR—Stephen Sturk directing a program that will include Dennis Riley's "Magnificat," commissioned last year by the choir. (Grace Church, Broadway at 10th St. Saturday, Dec. 29, at 3. Admission by contribution.)

ZAMIR CHORALE—Mati Lazar directing. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Jan. 5, at 8:30.)

RECITALS

FESTIVAL WIND OCTET—Henry Schuman conducting an all-Mozart concert, with Elaine Douvas, oboe, and Matthew Shubin, bassoon. (St. Joseph's Church, 371 Sixth Ave. Friday, Dec. 28, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

MUSIC BEFORE 1800—The sixth in a series of eight recitals will be a program of seventeenth- and eighteenth-century German music for viols, performed by Sarah Cunningham, Wendy Gillespie, and Mary Springfels. (Corpus

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Christi Church, 529 W. 121st St. Sunday, Dec. 30, at 3. Admission by contribution.)

LUCIANO PAVAROTTI—Tenor. (Avery Fisher Hall. Monday, Dec. 31, at 8.)

ST. LUKE'S CHAMBER ENSEMBLE—Six members of the Ensemble, under the name of Guido's Other Hand, performing a program of Renaissance music. With Peggy Pruett and Jane Bryden, sopranos. (Church of St. Luke in-the-Fields, 487 Hudson St., at Grove St. Monday, Dec. 31, at 8. For information about tickets, call 943-0950.)

SHELDON SHKOLNIK—Piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Thursday, Jan. 3, at 8.)

GUARNERI QUARTET—Chamber music. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St., 879-5512. Friday, Jan. 4, at 8. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

BEAUX ARTS TRIO—Chamber music. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Friday and Saturday, Jan. 4-5, at 8:30, and Sunday, Jan. 6, at 2.)

JUILLIARD STRING QUARTET—The third in a series of six concerts presenting the Beethoven cycle. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Jan. 5, at 3.)

ZARA NELSOVA—Cello. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Saturday, Jan. 5, at 8.)

ASTON MAGNA—A Mozart-Haydn program, with Stephen Hammer, oboe; Elizabeth Pruett, soprano; James Richman, fortepiano; and Jaap Schröder, baroque violin. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St., 879-5512. Saturday, Jan. 5, at 8.)

MISCELLANY

CENTENNIAL TRIBUTE TO ERNEST BLOCH—A program of his music, performed by Thruston Johnson, violin, and David Garvey, piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturday, Jan. 5, at 8:30.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400.)

PROFESSIONAL BASKETBALL—At MADISON SQUARE GARDEN: Knicks vs. Milwaukee, Saturday, Dec. 29, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. San Antonio, Tuesday, Jan. 1, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. San Diego, Thursday, Jan. 3, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Chicago, Saturday, Jan. 5, at 8:05. . . . RUTGERS UNIVERSITY ATHLETIC CENTER (all games at 8:05): Nets vs. Washington, Wednesday, Dec. 26. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Indiana, Friday, Dec. 28. . . . ¶ Nets vs. San Diego, Wednesday, Jan. 2. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Houston, Friday, Jan. 4. (Piscataway, N.J. For information about tickets, call 201 463-8770.)

HOCKEY—At MADISON SQUARE GARDEN (all games at 7:35): Rangers vs. a Soviet Red Army team, in an exhibition game, Thursday, Dec. 27. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Washington Capitals, Sunday, Dec. 30. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Philadelphia Flyers, Friday, Jan. 4. . . . NASSAU COLISEUM: Islanders vs. a Soviet Red Army team, in an exhibition game, Saturday, Dec. 29, at 2:05. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Pittsburgh Penguins, Thursday, Jan. 3, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. St. Louis Blues, Saturday, Jan. 5, at 8:05. (Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. 516 794-9100.)

RACING—At AQUEDUCT: Weekdays, except Wednesday, Jan. 2, at 12:30, and Sundays at 1:05; through Monday, May 19. The Display Handicap, Sunday, Dec. 30, and the Paumonok Handicap, Saturday, Jan. 5. . . . MEADOWLANDS: Final dates Wednesday through Friday, Dec. 26-28, at 8; Saturday, Dec. 29, at 1 and 8; and Monday, Dec. 31, at 1. . . . LAUREL, Md.: Daily at 12:30; through Monday, Dec. 31. . . . BOWIE, Md.: Weekdays at 1, from Tuesday, Jan. 1, through Friday, March 14.

TROTTING—At Yonkers Raceway: Weeknights at 8; through Wednesday, Feb. 13.

ET ALIA

(The New York Parks Department number to call for information about all free entertainment in the city is 755-4100.)

PROSE READINGS—The sixth annual non-stop reading of Gertrude Stein's "The Making of Americans," by nearly a hundred tireless readers. (Paula Cooper Gallery, 155 Wooster St. Monday, Dec. 31, at noon, through mid-afternoon of Wednesday, Jan. 2. No tickets necessary.)

Cabled and pleated...the new sweater set. A matching of delicately knit boat-neck top and a narrowed bottom of crystal pleats. The new message in knits, here composed by Vivanti of fabrications especially suited to any clime. The sweater, of pure mercerized cotton...the skirt, of acetate, polyester and silk. For sizes 6 to 16, '82. In Sportdress Collections—where we are all the things you are.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

EAST SIDE

Little Theatre, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Through Dec. 30: "Whoopee."
Dec. 31: Theatre closed.
From Jan. 1: "The Innocent."

Art, 36 E. 8th. (473-7014)
"Each Other."

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)
Through Jan. 3: ". . . And Justice for All" and "Last Embrace."
From Jan. 4: "Breaking Away" and "The Buddy Holly Story."

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
"Cuba."

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
"1941."

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"Going in Style."

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Star Trek–The Motion Picture."

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
". . . And Justice for All."

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
"Going in Style."

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
"Roller Boogie."

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"Don Giovanni."

Manhattan 1, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
"Cuba."

Manhattan 2, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
"10."

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Starting Over."

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Being There."

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Norma Rae."

Cinema 1, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022)
"All That Jazz."

Cinema 11, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-0774)
"The Search for Solutions."

Gemini 1, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
"The Jerk."

Gemini 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-2720)
"1941."

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
"Stay As You Are."

Loews New York 1, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
"The Electric Horseman."

Loews New York 2, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
"Chapter Two."

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"La Cage aux Folles."

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Kramer vs. Kramer."

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (288-9304)
Through Dec. 27: "Time After Time."
Dec. 28-Jan. 3: ". . . And Justice for All."
From Jan. 4: "French Postcards."

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (288-3180)
"Scavenger Hunt."

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"Cuba."

Loews Orpheum 1, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
"Star Trek–The Motion Picture."

Loews Orpheum 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
"The Black Hole."

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"Roller Boogie."

R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Theatre 1: "1941."
Theatre 2: "The Jerk."

WEST SIDE

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
"King of Hearts."

Greenwich 1, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
"The Jerk."

Greenwich 2, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
"The Black Hole."

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "10."
Theatre 2: Through Jan. 3: "Between Miracles." From Jan. 4: "Yanks."
Theatre 3: ". . . And Justice for All."
Theatre 4: Through Jan. 3: "Time After Time." From Jan. 4: "The Seduction of Joe Tynan."

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
"The Black Stallion."

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"The Rose."

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)
"Apocalypse Now."

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
"Robert et Robert."

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"Manhattan."

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"The Europeans."

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"All That Jazz."

Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Star Trek–The Motion Picture."

Cinema Studio 1, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
"The Marriage of Maria Braun."

Cinema Studio 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
"The Tree of Wooden Clogs."

Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
"Scavenger Hunt."

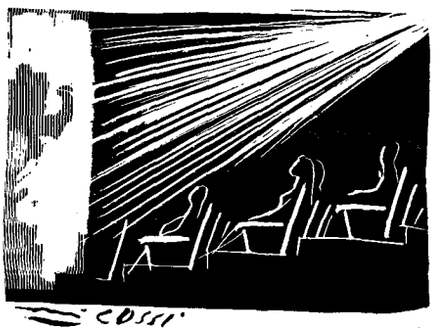
Loews 83rd Quad, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: Through Dec. 27: "Sleeping Beauty." From Dec. 28: ". . . And Justice for All."
Theatre 2: "10."
Theatre 3: "Going in Style."
Theatre 4: "Roller Boogie."

New Yorker 1, B'way at 88th. (580-7900)
"Take the Money and Run." "Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Sex," "Sleeper," "Love and Death," "The Front," "Interiors," "Annie Hall," "Bananas," and "Play It Again, Sam."

New Yorker 2, B'way at 88th. (580-7900)
"Apocalypse Now."

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through Dec. 27: "Breaking Away" and "Butch and Sundance: The Early Days."
Dec. 28-Jan. 3: ". . . And Justice for All" and "Hot Stuff."
From Jan. 4: "When a Stranger Calls" and "Fast Break."

THE MOVIE HOUSES



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ALL FILMS PLAYING AT EAST SIDE AND WEST SIDE NEIGHBORHOOD HOUSES ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN A SECTION STARTING ON PAGE 15. FILMS PLAYING IN THE TIMES SQUARE AREA AND AT REVIVAL HOUSES ARE SO DESCRIBED ONLY IF A DAGGER ACCOMPANIES THE THEATRE LISTING.

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (582-1795)
"Going in Style." (†)

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)
"Scavenger Hunt." (†)

Embassy, B'way at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: "Apocalypse Now." (†)
Theatre 3: "Apocalypse Now." (†)
Theatre 4: "Apocalypse Now." (†)

Forum, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)
"Roller Boogie." (†)

Loews Astor Plaza, B'way at 44th. (869-8340)
"The Electric Horseman." (†)

Loews State 1, B'way at 45th. (582-5060)
"Star Trek–The Motion Picture." (†)

Loews State 2, B'way at 45th. (582-5070)
"Kramer vs. Kramer." (†)

National, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
"The Black Hole." (†)

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
"1941." (†)

R.K.O. Cinerama 1, B'way at 47th. (975-8366)
"Cuba." (†)

R.K.O. Cinerama 2, B'way at 47th. (975-8369)
"The Jerk." (†)

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (354-5636)
"Baby Snakes."

REVIVAL HOUSES

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
Dec. 26: "Dracula" (1931), directed by Tod Browning, with Bela Lugosi, Helen Chandler, David Manners, and Dwight Frye; and "Frankenstein" (1931), directed by James Whale, with Boris Karloff, Mae Clark, and John Boles.
Dec. 27: "Movie Movie" (1978), directed by Stanley Donen, with George C. Scott, Trish Van Devere, Art Carney, Eli Wallach, Harry Hamlin, and Barry Bostwick; and a program of twelve Warner Brothers cartoons.
Dec. 28: "The Lord of the Rings" (1978), an animated feature, directed by Ralph Bakshi; and "Beauty and the Beast" (1946), in French, directed by Jean Cocteau, with Jean Marais, Josette Day, Marcel André, and Michel Auclair.
Dec. 29: "Alien" (1979), directed by Ridley Scott, with Tom Skerritt, Sigourney Weaver, and Veronica Cartwright; and "Zardoz" (1974), directed by John Boorman, with Sean Connery and Charlotte Rampling.
Dec. 30: "Modern Times" (1936), a silent film, directed by Charlie Chaplin, with Chaplin, Paulette Goddard, and Henry Bergman; and "The General" (1926), a silent film, directed by Buster Keaton and Clyde Bruckman, with Keaton, Marian Mack, and Glenn Cavender.
Dec. 31: "The Last Waltz" (†); "Let It Be" (†); and "Gimme Shelter" (1970), directed by the Maysles brothers and Charlotte Zwerin, about the Rolling Stones concert at Altamont.
Jan. 1: "Nanami–Inferno of First Love" (1969), in Japanese, directed by Susumu Hani; and "In the Realm of the Senses" (1977), in Japanese, directed by Nagisa Oshima, with Eiko Matsuda and Tatsuya Fuji.
Jan. 2: "The Fearless Vampire Killers" (1967), directed by Roman Polanski, with Jack MacGowran and Sharon Tate; and "Nosferatu" (1922), a German silent film, directed by F. W. Murnau, with Max Schreck.
Jan. 3: "Maitress" (1976), in French, directed by Barbet Schroeder, with Bulle Ogier and Gérard Depardieu; and "More" (1969), directed by Barbet Schroeder, with Mimsy Farmer.
Jan. 4: "Persona" (†); and "The Seventh Seal" (1956), in Swedish, directed by Ingmar Bergman, with Max von Sydow, Gunnar Björnstrand, Bibi Andersson, Nils Poppe, and Bengt Ekerot.
Jan. 5: "The Boys in the Band" (1970), directed by William Friedkin, with Frederick Combs; and "Sunday Bloody Sunday" (1971), directed by John Schlesinger, with Glenda Jackson, Peter Finch, and Murray Head.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
Dec. 26: "Man Is Not a Bird" (1966) and "Innocence Unprotected" (1968), both Yugoslavian films, directed by Dusan Makavejev.
Dec. 27: "Catch-22" (1970), directed by Mike Nichols, with Alan Arkin; and "The Good Soldier Schweik" (1957), a Czech film, directed by Jaroslav Hasek.
Dec. 28: "The Maltese Falcon" (1941), directed by John Huston, with Mary Astor, Humphrey Bogart, Sydney Greenstreet, Elisha Cook, Jr., and Peter Lorre; and

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"Gumshoe" (1972), directed by Stephen Frears, with Albert Finney.
Dec. 29: "Two English Girls" (1972), in French, directed by François Truffaut, with Jean-Pierre Léaud; and "The Story of Adèle H." (1975), in French, directed by François Truffaut, with Isabelle Adjani.
Dec. 30: "The Band Wagon" (†) and "42nd Street." (†)
Dec. 31: "Love in the City" (1953) and "Rogopag" (1962), both multi-episode films, in Italian.
Jan. 1: "Breakfast at Tiffany's" (1961), directed by Blake Edwards, with Audrey Hepburn, George Peppard, Patricia Neal, Martin Balsam, and Mickey Rooney; and "Next Stop, Greenwich Village" (1976), directed by Paul Mazursky, with Shelley Winters, Lenny Baker, Ellen Greene, Christopher Walken, and Antonio Fargas.
Jan. 2: "Hallelujah, I'm a Bum" (†) and "Cabin in the Sky." (†)
Jan. 3: "The Goalie's Anxiety at the Penalty Kick" (1972) and "The Wrong Move" (1976), both films in German, directed by Wim Wenders.
Jan. 4: "Smiles of a Summer Night" (†) and "Picnic on the Grass." (†)
Jan. 5: "8½" (1963), directed by Federico Fellini, with Marcello Mastroianni, Anouk Aimée, Sandra Milo, and Claudia Cardinale; and "The White Sheik." (†)

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through Dec. 27: "A Hard Day's Night" (1964), directed by Richard Lester, with the Beatles; and "Let It Be." (†)
Dec. 28-29: "Halloween" (1978), directed by John Carpenter, with Donald Pleasence, Jamie Lee Curtis, and P. J. Soles; and "Assault on Precinct 13" (1976), directed by John Carpenter, with Austin Stoker and Darwin Joston.
Dec. 30-31: "The Groove Tube" (1974), directed by Ken Shapiro; and "The Kentucky Fried Movie" (1977), directed by John Landis, with David Zucker, Jim Abrahams, and Jerry Zucker.
Jan. 1: "Nashville" (1975), directed by Robert Altman, with Ronee Blakley, Lily Tomlin, Barbara Harris, and Henry Gibson.
Jan. 2-3: "Fellini Satyricon" (†); and "Fellini's Roma" (1972), in Italian, directed by Federico Fellini, with Peter Gonzales.
Jan. 4-5: "Picnic at Hanging Rock" (1979), directed by Peter Weir, with Rachel Roberts and Dominic Guard; and "The Last Wave." (†)

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
"Apocalypse Now." (†)

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
Through Dec. 29: "Twentieth Century" (1934), directed by Howard Hawks, with John Barrymore, Carole Lombard, and Ralph Forbes; and "You Can't Take It with You" (1938), directed by Frank Capra, with Jean Arthur, James Stewart, Lionel Barrymore, and Edward Arnold.
Dec. 30-Jan. 1: "How to Marry a Millionaire" (1953), directed by Jean Negulesco, with Marilyn Monroe, Betty Grable, and Lauren Bacall; and "The Seven Year Itch." (†)
Jan. 2-5: "Wuthering Heights" (1939), directed by William Wyler, with Merle Oberon, Laurence Olivier, Flora Robson, David Niven, and Geraldine Fitzgerald; and "Camille." (†)

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)
Dec. 26: "Planet of the Apes" (1968), directed by Franklin Schaffner, with Charlton Heston, Kim Hunter, Roddy McDowall, and Maurice Evans; and "Morgan!" (1966), directed by Karel Reisz, with David Warner, Vanessa Redgrave, and Robert Stephens.
Dec. 27: "Design for Living" (1933), directed by Ernst Lubitsch, with Fredric March, Miriam Hopkins, and Gary Cooper; and "The Awful Truth" (1937), directed by Leo McCarey, with Irene Dunne, Cary Grant, and Ralph Bellamy.
Dec. 28-29: "Harriet Craig" (1950), directed by Vincent Sherman, with Joan Crawford and Wendell Corey; and "Flamingo Road" (1949), directed by Michael Curtiz, with Joan Crawford, Sydney Greenstreet, Zachary Scott, Gladys George, and David Brian.
Dec. 30: "The Seven Samurai" (1954), in Japanese, directed by Akira Kurosawa.
Dec. 31: "The Wild Wild World of Jayne Mansfield," "I Changed My Sex," and "Lash of the Penitentes."
Jan. 1: A program of surrealist films.
Jan. 2: "The Kentucky Fried Movie" (1977), directed by John Landis, with David Zucker, Jim Abrahams, and Jerry Zucker; and "Dynamite Chicken" (1972), directed by Ernie Pintoff, with the Ace Trucking Company and Richard Pryor.
Jan. 3: "Trouble in Paradise" (†) and "The Man I Killed." (†)
Jan. 4-5: "Andy Warhol's Frankenstein" (1974), directed by Paul Morrissey, with Joe Dallesandro; and "The Bubble" (1966), directed by Arch Oboler, with Deborah Walley and Johnny Desmond.

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
Dec. 26: "Funny Girl" (1968), directed by William Wyler, with Barbra Streisand and Omar Sharif.
Dec. 27: "Olympia, Parts I and II" (1938), a documentary, directed by Leni Riefenstahl.
Dec. 28: "Dark Passage" (1947), directed by Delmar Daves, with Humphrey Bogart, Lauren Bacall, and Agnes Moorehead; and "Across the Pacific" (1942), directed by John Huston, with Humphrey Bogart, Mary Astor, and Sydney Greenstreet.
Dec. 29-30: "Trouble in Paradise" (†); and "Design for Living" (1933), directed by Ernst Lubitsch, with Fredric March, Miriam Hopkins, and Gary Cooper.
Dec. 31-Jan. 1: "Some Like It Hot" (1959), directed by Billy Wilder, with Marilyn Monroe, Tony Curtis, and Jack Lemmon; and "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes" (1953), directed by Howard Hawks, with Jane Russell and Marilyn Monroe.
Jan. 2-3: "Conquest" (†) and "Susan Lenox, Her Fall and Rise." (†)
Jan. 4-5: "Sullivan's Travels" (†) and "The Great McGinty." (†)

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Auditorium, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—Dec. 27 at 2:30: "The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari" (1920), a German silent film, directed by Robert Wiene, with Werner Krauss, Lil Dagover, and Conrad Veidt; English intertitles. . . . ¶ Dec. 27 at 6: "The Kid" (1921), a silent film, directed by Charlie Chaplin, with Chaplin, Jackie Coogan, and Edna Purviance; Italian inter-titles. . . . ¶ Dec. 27 at 8:30: "Broken Blossoms" (1919), a silent film, directed by D. W. Griffith, with Lillian Gish and Richard Barthelmess. . . . ¶ Dec. 28 at 2:30: "Tol'able David" (1921), a silent film, directed by Henry King, with Richard Barthelmess, Gladys Hulette, and Ernest Torrence. . . . ¶ Dec. 28 at 6: "Greed" (1924), a silent film, directed by Erich von Stroheim, with ZaSu Pitts, Gibson Gowland, Jean Hersholt, and Dale Fuller. . . . ¶ Dec. 29 at noon: "How Green Was My Valley" (1941), directed by John Ford, with Roddy McDowall, Walter Pidgeon, Maureen O'Hara, Donald Crisp, John Loder, Sara Allgood, and Barry Fitzgerald. . . . ¶ Dec. 29 at 3: "La Roue" (1922), a French silent film, directed by Abel Gance, with Séverin Mars, Ivy Close, Gabriel de Gravonne, and Pierre Magnier; French inter-titles. . . . ¶ Dec. 30 at noon: "How Green Was My Valley." . . . ¶ Dec. 30 at 2:30: "La Femme du Nulle Part" (1922), a French silent film, directed by Louis Delluc, with Eve Francis; French inter-titles. . . . ¶ Dec. 30 at 5: "Bombshell" (1933), directed by Victor Fleming, with Jean Harlow and Lee Tracy. . . . ¶ Dec. 31 at noon: A program of nine animated shorts made in the twenties by Max Fleicher, Pat Sullivan, and Uh Iwerks. . . . ¶ Dec. 31 at 2:30: "The Phantom Chariot" (1920), a Swedish silent film, directed by Victor Sjöström, with Sjöström and Astrid Holm; English inter-titles. . . . ¶ Jan. 1 at noon: "Bombshell." . . . ¶ Jan. 1 at 6: A program of nine animated shorts made in the twenties. . . . ¶ Jan. 3 at 2:30: "Coeur Fidèle" (1923), a French silent film, directed by Jean Epstein, with Leon Mathat, Gina Manes, and Edmond Van Daele; no inter-titles. . . . ¶ Jan. 3 at 7: "La Roue." . . . ¶ Jan. 4 at 2:30: "La Femme du Nulle Part." . . . ¶ Jan. 4 at 6: "Underworld" (1927), a silent film, directed by Josef von Sternberg, with George Bancroft, Clive Brook, and Evelyn Brent; English inter-titles. . . . ¶ Jan. 5 at noon: "Duck Soup" (1933), directed by Leo McCarey, with the Marx Brothers and Margaret Dumont. . . . ¶ Jan. 5 at 2:30: "The New Enchantment" (1923), a French silent film, directed by Marcel L'Herbier, with Georgette Leblanc and Jaque Catelain; French inter-titles. . . . ¶ Jan. 5 at 5: "Coeur Fidèle." (A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Through Dec. 30: A video installation by Ken Feingold. Continuous showings from noon to 5:45. . . . ¶ Starting Jan. 1: "Demon Lover Diary" (1979), directed by Joel DeMott. Showings at noon, 2, and 4. Call desk (288-9601) for ticket information. Closed Mondays.

Film Forum, 15 Vandam St., three blocks south of Houston St., at Sixth Ave. (989-2094)—Five short films (one each directed by Bellon, Varda, Clarke, Becker, and Chenal) shown under the title "The Last Time I Saw Paris." Showings Thursdays through Sundays at 7:45.

Entermedia, 2nd Ave. at 12th St. (475-4191)—A series of mystery films, with a double or triple feature each day through Jan. 13, starting in the late afternoon. Among the films showing this week are "The Glass Key," "Charlie Chan at the Circus," "The Saint in New York," and "The Thin Man." For exact time and film schedules, our best advice is to call the theatre.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

All That Jazz—With Roy Scheider, Jessica Lange, Ann Reinking, and Leland Palmer; directed by Bob Fosse. (Cinema I, and Cinema 3.)

. . . And Justice for All—A preposterous but apparently well-intentioned melodrama about the criminal-justice system, directed by Norman Jewison. Al Pacino, as a liberal criminal lawyer, is far from at his best. (Reviewed in our issue of 10/22/79.) (Eastside Cinema, and Quad Cinema. . . . ¶ St. Marks Cinema; through Jan. 3. . . . ¶ 72nd Street East, and Olympia; Dec. 28-Jan. 3. . . . ¶ Loews 83rd Quad; starting Dec. 28.)

Annie Hall (1977)—Woody Allen's film is very funny, very close to his own bone. The hero, called Alvy Singer and played by Mr. Allen, is a skinny redhead whose anxieties are not small ones. His beguiling girl is played by Diane Keaton. (New Yorker 1; Dec. 29 and 31, and Jan. 2-3 and 5.)

Apocalypse Now—The beautiful, classical structure—a journey upriver through a place of evil—comes from Joseph Conrad's "Heart of Darkness," but the tone comes from reporter Michael Herr's "Dispatches." The characters, like the people in Herr's reporting, are living through Vietnam as pulp adventure fantasy, as movie, as stoned humor. Captain Willard (Martin Sheen) travels upriver to Cambodia, on a mission to kill the "unsound" Green Beret Colonel Kurtz (Marlon Brando); the movie progresses from deadly efficiency controlled by a bizarre Air Cavalry officer named Kilgore (Robert Duvall) to chaos controlled by no one. For two hours, this is an inspired reimagining of Conrad, but it collapses in a final attempt to show the unshowable—not just evil but Evil. With Frederic Forrest, Albert Hall, Sam Bottoms, Larry Fishburne, and Dennis Hopper. Directed by Francis Coppola; narration written by Michael Herr. (9/3/79) (Festival, New Yorker 2, Embassy, and 8th St. Playhouse.)

Bananas (1971)—Woody Allen directed, wrote (with Mickey Rose), and stars in this agreeable mess, which is slightly about revolution in a banana republic. The first half is often very, very funny. (New Yorker 1; Dec. 27-28 and 30-31, and Jan. 2-4.)

The Band Wagon (1953)—The Comden-Green

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

script isn't as consistently fresh as the one they did for "Singin' in the Rain," but there are few musicals as good as this one, starring those two great song-and-dance men Fred Astaire and Jack Buchanan. The plot, about a movie star (Astaire) trying for a comeback on Broadway and falling in love with a ballerina (Cyd Charisse), is a relaxed excuse for some good revue numbers, such as "Triplets," with Astaire, Buchanan, and Nanette Fabray, and, at the end, the "Girl Hunt" dance, parodying Mickey Spillane, with Astaire as the detective and Miss Charisse as the ladies in his life. When Miss Charisse wraps her phenomenal legs around Astaire, she can be forgiven everything, even her three minutes of "classical" ballet and the fact that she reads her lines as if she learned them phonetically. With Oscar Levant, in a good role for a change. Vincente Minnelli directed; the songs are by Howard Dietz and Arthur Schwartz. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Dec. 30.)

Being There—With Peter Sellers, Shirley MacLaine, Melvyn Douglas, and Jack Warden; directed by Hal Ashby. (Coronet.)

Between Miracles—Adventures (in Italian) of a sexual simpleton named Benedetto (Nino Manfredi), who was thrown into confusion as a child by the ministrations of the true Church, and whose subsequent life is seen as tiresome flashback parables about innocence and worldliness. The pervasive flavor is caramel. The film was directed and largely written by Signor Manfredi, an accomplished comic actor who limits himself here to variations on a wistful smile. With Lionel Stander. (12/3/79) (Quad Cinema; through Jan. 3.)

The Black Hole—With Maximilian Schell, Anthony Perkins, Robert Forster, Joseph Bottoms, and Yvette Mimieux; directed by Gary Nelson. (Loews Orpheum 2, Greenwich 2, and National.)

The Black Stallion—A slow, dark, mystical film, starring a boy, a horse, and Mickey Rooney. Loosely based on a work by Walter Farley, it will probably disappoint children who have read the book. (11/5/79) (Guild.)

Breaking Away—A cheerful comedy about four high-school graduates (Dennis Christopher, Dennis Quaid, Daniel Stern, and Jackie Earle Haley) who don't know what to do next. Paul Dooley and Barbara Barrie play a set of parents with confused notions about progress. Directed by Peter Yates, with affection for the middle class, the landscape of Indiana, and bicycle racing. (8/6/79) (Olympia; through Dec. 27. . . . ¶ St. Marks Cinema; starting Jan. 4.)

The Buddy Holly Story (1978)—With Gary Busey in the title role, directed by Steve Rash. (St. Marks Cinema; starting Jan. 4.)

Butch and Sundance: The Early Days—With Tom Berenger and William Katt, directed by Richard Lester. (Olympia; through Dec. 27.)

Cabin in the Sky (1943)—The first film Vincente Minnelli directed—a joyful, stylized treatment of *faux-naïf* Negro folklore. "Happiness Is Just a Thing Called Joe," sings Ethel Waters, in one of the best roles of her career.

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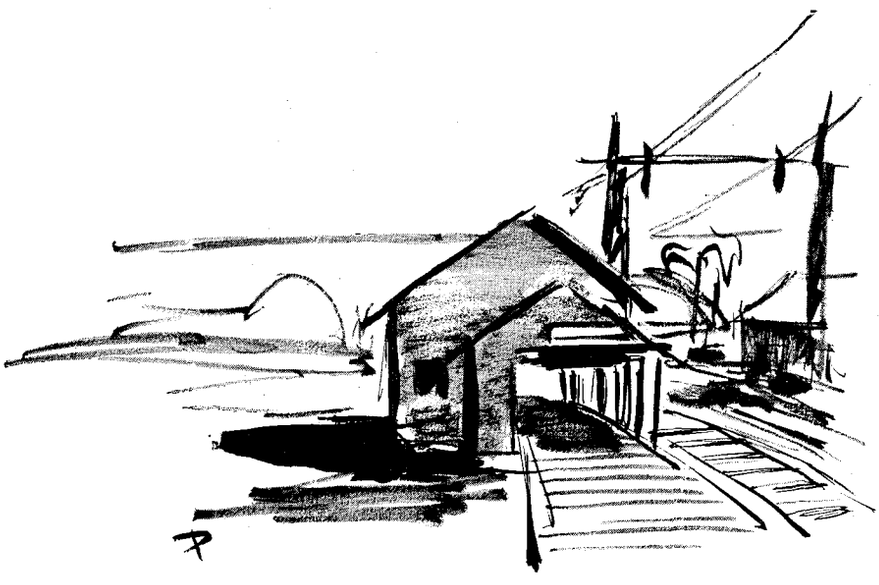
The terrific Lena Horne is here, and so are Eddie Anderson and Louis Armstrong and John Bubbles and Duke Ellington and his orchestra. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Jan. 2.)

La Cage aux Folles—A brilliant comedy about a pair of aging homosexuals, one of whom has had a son; the son is eager to marry, his fiancée is extremely conventional, and her family wishes to make the acquaintance of his family. Trouble in paradise, here known as Saint-Tropez. Edouard Molinaro directed. In French. (5/28/79) (68th St. Playhouse.)

Camille (1937)—Like parents crowing over Baby's first steps, M-G-M announced "Garbo talks!" (for "Anna Christie") and "Garbo laughs!" (for "Ninotchka"), but they missed out on this one, when they should have crowed "Garbo acts!" Under George Cukor's direction, she gives a warm yet ironic performance that is possibly her finest. Her Camille is too intelligent for her frivolous life, too generous for her circumstances; she is a divinity trying to succeed as a whore. With the exception of Henry Daniell, as Baron de Varville, the rest of the cast does not rise to the occasion. As Armand, Robert Taylor is inept but not completely unforgivable: he had, at least, a romantic profile. As M. Duval, Lionel Barrymore *is* unforgivable. The slow, solemn production is luxuriant in its vulgarity; it achieves that glamour which M-G-M traditionally mistook for style. But, in spite of M-G-M, Garbo's artistry triumphs, and the tearjerker "Camille" is transformed into the "classic" the studio claimed it to be. With Lenore Ulric as Olympe, Laura Hope Crews as Prudence, Elizabeth Allan, Jessie Ralph, Rex O'Malley, and E. E. Clive. Screenplay by Frances Marion, James Hilton, and Zoë Akins. (Regency; Jan. 2-5.)

Chapter Two—A lot of familiar backdrops—Central Park, the Carnegie Recital Hall, the Public Library, and so on—fail to convince us that we are in New York instead of in the theatre, which is where this Neil Simon comedy-drama, about a widowed novelist (James Caan, badly miscast) who undertakes a too-sudden second marriage to a spunky, large-eyed actress (Marsha Mason), ran in its original form. The formal structure of the tale and the alternating brittle jokes and moody musings about the vagaries of marital happiness make for a much less rewarding entertainment than Mr. Simon's "The Goodbye Girl," which was a movie all the way. With Valerie Harper and Joe Bologna. (12/24/79) (Loews New York 2.)

Conquest (1937)—Greta Garbo as Napoleon's mistress Countess Marie Walewska, who bore him a son, and Charles Boyer as Napoleon, who, it appears, loved Marie intensely, but briefly. The M-G-M picture cost three million and was the fourth most expensive movie made up to that date; it's ornate, unexpectedly tasteful, carefully detailed—and lifeless. There is some literate writing in it, but the various scenarists—Samuel Hoffenstein, Salka Viertel, and S. N. Behrman—working from Helen Jerome's version of a Polish play, don't seem too sure of what the movie is about, or where its center should be. They don't allow Marie Walewska enough shadings or enough strength; her tenderness—which is about all she *is* allowed—becomes tedious. Garbo is stunningly costumed (by Adrian), but her interpretation is muffled. This is one of the rare occasions when her melancholy beauty didn't dominate a film; there's skill but no poetry in her performance. Boyer takes over, by the force of his talent, and because Napoleon (treated less sympathetically by the writers) has more sides to him. Padded to look pudgy and with his romantic handsomeness de-emphasized (he's even slightly bald), Boyer gives the picture traces of irony and tension. Directed by Clarence Brown who, failing inspiration, could perhaps have used a little vulgarity, or some speed; the pacing seems measured. With Maria Ouspenskaya, Dame May Whitty, Reginald Owen, Alan Marshal, Henry Stephenson, Leif Erickson, C. Henry Gordon, Vladimir Sokoloff, George Zucco, and Scotty Beckett. Cinematography by Karl Freund; art direction by Cedric Gibbons (the retreat from Moscow in the snow was staged in the studio, with painted backdrops). (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Jan. 2-3.)



Cuba—With Sean Connery, Brooke Adams, Jack Weston, Hector Elizondo, and Denholm Elliott; directed by Richard Lester. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Gramercy, Manhattan 1, U. A. East, and R.K.O. Cinerama 1.)

Don Giovanni—Joseph Losey's full-length version of Mozart's opera. Not musically the best version of the opera you've ever heard, nor among the finest movies you've seen. But most people, after all, don't go to much live opera; and this "Don Giovanni" is better than most recent films. Which is not saying so very much. In Italian. (11/19/79) (Plaza.)

Each Other—A reticent, indecisive look at a largely unconsummated lesbian love affair between an Israeli writer manquée (Michal Bat-Adam) and a French tourist (Brigitte Catillon), who pass an eternity (well, almost) strolling the rocky slopes of Jerusalem and talking about their Problem. Miss Bat-Adam also wrote and directed this Israeli-French film; most of the dialogue is in French. (12/10/79) (Art.)

The Electric Horseman—With Robert Redford, Jane Fonda, Valerie Perrine, and Willie Nelson; directed by Sydney Pollack. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Loews New York 1, and Loews Astor Plaza.)

The Europeans—A collaboration between director James Ivory and writer Ruth Prawer Jhabvala on a version of the Henry James novel, with Lee Remick and Lisa Eichhorn. Mrs. Jhabvala's script is adroit, New England in the autumn is a riot of Crayola, and both Remick and Eichhorn acquit themselves admirably, but the direction's a bit logy, and some of the performances are amazingly weak. (10/15/79) (Paris.)

Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Sex (1972)—Woody Allen, who has the anesthetized face of a Jewish Buster Keaton combined with a sensible woman shopper's, wrote and directed this intermittently inspired takeoff on Dr. David Reuben's waggish best-seller. (New Yorker 1; Dec. 26, 29, and 31, and Jan. 1, 3, and 5.)

Fast Break—With Gabriel Kaplan, directed by Jack Smight. (Olympia; starting Jan. 4.)

Fellini Satyricon (1970)—Fellini's big pagan ball, with the debauchery of the pre-Christian Roman world at the time of Nero as an analogue of the modern post-Christian period. In "La Dolce Vita," he used the orgies of modern Rome as a parallel to ancient Rome, and now he reverses the analogy to make the same point—that man without a belief in God is a lecherous beast. The film is full of cautionary images of depravity that seem to come out of the imagination of a Catholic schoolboy: an unconscionable number of performers stick out their evil tongues at us, and there are leering cripples,

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fat people with hideous grins, and so on. Fellini draws upon his master-entertainer's feeling for the daydreams of the audience, and many people find this film eerie, spell-binding, and even profound. Essentially, though, it's just a hip version of De Mille's "The Sign of the Cross" (also a photogenic demonstration of the highly dubious proposition that godlessness is lawlessness), and it's less entertaining than De Mille's kitsch—maybe because no one is given a role to play; Fellini is the only star. His pagans are freaks, and he uses Petronius and other classic sources as the basis for a movie that is one long orgy of eating, drinking, cruelty, and copulation. There's a charming episode with a beautiful slave girl in a deserted house, and some of Danilo Donati's set designs (a ship like a sea serpent, a building with many stories and no front wall) have a hypnotic quality. The fresco effect of the film becomes monotonous; we anticipate the end a dozen times. In Italian. (Cinema Village; Jan. 2-3.)

42ND STREET (1933)—This big, cheerful Warners musical was an unofficial remake of the 1929 "On with the Show," but it gave new life to the clichés that have kept parodists happy; what's surprising is how organic the clichés once were. The cast includes Warner Baxter, Bebe Daniels, Dick Powell, Ruby Keeler, George Brent, and Ginger Rogers. The songs, by Al Dubin and Harry Warren, include "Shuffle Off to Buffalo" and "You're Getting to Be a Habit with Me." Lloyd Bacon directed. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Dec. 30.)

FRENCH POSTCARDS—A poorly observed and foolish comedy about some nice enough American students (Blanche Baker, Miles Chapin, and David Marshall Grant) studying for a year in France. (11/5/79) (72nd Street East; starting Jan. 4.)

THE FRONT (1976)—The writer, Walter Bernstein, had a nifty comedy idea—to make a movie about the blacklisting in the entertainment industry during the McCarthy era, centering on a political innocent who fronts for blacklisted writers—but he didn't develop its comic potential. Woody Allen gives the film its only spark. He plays Howie, a restaurant cashier and small-time bookie who becomes a front: the funniest, most original scenes show the stirrings of literary vanity within this non-writer. Most of the film, though, is set up like a wartime anti-Nazi melodrama; it's the good guys versus the bad guys, and Howie becomes the Everyman who has to learn to choose sides. The pacing of the director, Martin Ritt, is off, the sequences don't flow, and the film seems sterile, unpopulated, and flat. (New Yorker 1; Dec. 26 and 29-31, and Jan. 2-4.)

GOING IN STYLE—With George Burns, Art Carney, and Lee Strasberg; directed by Martin Brest. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Murray Hill, Sutton, Loews 83rd Quad, and Criterion.)

THE GREAT MCGINTY (1940)—After writing a series of successful pictures, Preston Sturges offered Paramount this script (which was to win an Academy Award) for peanuts, on condition that he be allowed to direct it. Given a three-week shooting schedule and a budget of less than $350,000, he made his début as a director (thus preparing the way for other writer-directors, such as John Huston and Billy Wilder). In this satire of American political corruption, the low-life hero (Brian Donlevy) gets in solid with the local boss (Akim Tamiroff) by voting thirty-seven times in one day. He rises to be alderman, then mayor and, finally, governor, but having fallen in love, he tries to go straight, and his career is wrecked. Not up to the classic Sturges comedies that followed, partly because of Donlevy's lack of personality (the viewer can't see what would attract the competent, worldly woman—played by Muriel Angelus—who marries him) and partly because of the uneven pacing. There are wonderful patches, though, with the slapstick reversals on Horatio Alger success themes that became the Sturges specialty. With Allyn Joslyn, William Demarest, Libby Taylor, Thurston Hall, Arthur Hoyt, Steffi Duna, Esther Howard, Jimmy Conlin, Harry Rosenthal, Robert Warwick, Frank C. Moran, and Dewey Robinson; many of them were to become members of the Sturges stock company. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Jan. 4-5.)

HALLELUJAH, I'M A BUM (1933)—This graceful romantic comedy, shot in sepia tones in imaginative Art Deco sets, and with a Richard Rodgers and Lorenz Hart score, failed when it came out, and it has never attracted much of an audience. Maybe that's because its star is Al Jolson, and people just didn't expect him to be in a stylized, sophisticated, lyrical movie. He's very good in it, though; he doesn't work at being electrifying, he doesn't sell his songs. Directed by Lewis Milestone, he just takes it easy, and we can enjoy his finesse. The whimsical script was written by S. N. Behrman and Ben Hecht, and Rodgers and Hart provided a recitative in rhyming couplets. The time is the Depression. Jolson, who hangs out in Central Park with a group of tramps, meets an amnesiac girl (Madge Evans) and gets back into city life in order to take care of her. Then she regains her memory. . . . The film is uneven, but it has some of the charm of the early-thirties René Clair musicals, and it has the lovely song "You Are Too Beautiful." With Harry Langdon as Jolson's crony, and Frank Morgan, Chester Conklin, and Edgar Connor. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Jan. 2.)

HOT STUFF—With Dom DeLuise, Suzanne Pleshette, Jerry Reed, and Ossie Davis; directed by DeLuise. (Olympia; Dec. 28-Jan. 3.)

THE INNOCENT—For its first half, this Visconti film, based on the 1892 D'Annunzio novel, is a steamy comedy of manners that seems an almost perfect preparation for a tragicomedy of jealousy, and Visconti's work is masterly in its expressive turn-of-the-century décor, and in its control. Tullio (Giancarlo Giannini), an aristocratic liberal, has become sexually indifferent to his innocent, round-cheeked, country-mousy wife (Laura Antonelli), and has turned to a liaison with an ardent, glittering countess (Jennifer O'Neill). But when his gentle wife becomes interested in another man, he falls passionately in love with her. In the second half, the picture runs out of steam and turns into a ponderous melodrama. Giannini is far from ideally cast (in a role that suggests a male Anna Karenina), but he seems acceptable until he remembers to act; toward the end, he's all over the place, acting. Antonelli gives the picture some amusing sexual suspense. Visconti had finished shooting this film when he died in 1976, but he did not complete the editing, and perhaps the maundering second half is partly the fault of others. In Italian. (2/12/79) (Little Theatre, Public Theatre; starting Jan. 1.)

INTERIORS (1978)—A giant stride made by Woody Allen, who here wrote and directed a magnificent study of a family in the midst of change. Nearly all the members of the family are afflicted by the pressures of a society that puts a premium on "self-expression." With performances by Geraldine Page, E. G. Marshall, Maureen Stapleton, Diane Keaton, and Mary Beth Hurt. (8/7/78) (New Yorker 1; Dec. 29, and Jan. 1-2 and 4-5.)

THE JERK—A dreary farce about a back-country boob at large in a cruel, Mel Brooksian world. Steve Martin, the television comedian, is the star (and a co-author), and he has filled this disastrous "Candide" with street language and smutty jokes. With Bernadette Peters, and directed by Carl Reiner, of all people. (12/17/79) (Gemini 1, R.K.O. 86th St., Greenwich 1, and R.K.O. Cinerama 2.)

KING OF HEARTS (1967)—Philippe de Broca made this overly poetic, overly winsome romantic fantasy about a 1918 soldier in an evacuated village inhabited only by zoo animals and lunatics in fancy dress. The picture tells us that lunatics are the sane people and soldiers the true madmen. With Alan Bates and Geneviève Bujold. In French and English. (Waverly.)

KRAMER VS. KRAMER—This emotional, limited, and painfully focussed drama, based on a novel by Avery Corman, was written and directed by Robert Benton, who was a co-author of "Bonnie and Clyde" and, more recently, the author and director of "The Late Show." It centers on a divorce and a child-custody court case, but its deeper search is into the mores of rising young families on the middle East Side of New York, whose anxious lives have never been examined with such a scrupulous and certifying attention to background and detail. Four remarkable extended performances—by Dustin Hoffman and Meryl Streep, as the unhappy couple; by Justin Henry, as their six-year-old son, who is suddenly left in his father's care as the picture begins; and by Jane Alexander, as a sad, helpful neighbor—almost convince you that this is a masterpiece instead of a first-class tearjerker, but the highest praise must go to Mr. Benton, whose

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

intelligence and restraint have turned this modest material into an almost perfect miniature. The photography, which is also of a high order, is by Nestor Almendros. (12/24/79) (Loews Tower East, and Loews State 2.)

Last Embrace—A wholly preposterous thriller, directed by Jonathan Demme and well acted by Roy Scheider and Janet Margolin. It is like a bucket of cold water thrown in your face again and again; oddly enough, this comes to seem enjoyable. (5/28/79) (St. Marks Cinema; through Jan. 3.)

The Last Waltz (1978)—Martin Scorsese's film commemorating a performance by the rock-and-roll group named The Band. Scorsese has proved himself a most interesting director, but this movie is a failed exercise in melancholy over times past. The lingering attention to the aging of the musicians—who are actually still youngish but regarded by themselves and the film as passé—is apt to seem maudlin and spoiled-child. The sound system itself is an overloud nightmare that makes one feel like a fly caught in a twenty-four-track-stereo biscuit box. (5/1/78) (Bleecker St. Cinema; Dec. 31.)

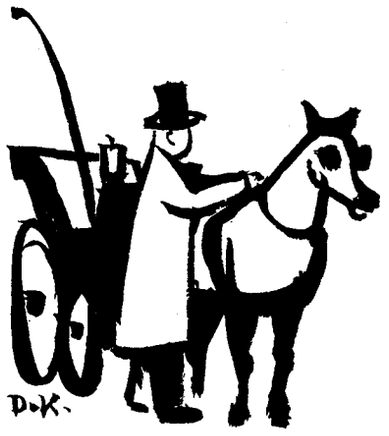
The Last Wave—The plot of this Australian film is a throwback to the B movies of the thirties and early forties, and the dialogue—by the young director Peter Weir and his two co-scriptwriters, Tony Morphett and Peter Popescu—is vintage R.K.O. and Universal. Weir provides apparitions holding sacred stones, frog noises in the night, shadows in slow motion, and the kind of haunted-house acting that many of us have a certain affection for. But it's hokum without the fun of hokum; despite all the scare-movie apparatus, this film fairly aches to be called profound. The occult manifestations are linked to the white Australians' guilt over their treatment of the aborigines. The decadent white race is represented by a sickly paleface corporate lawyer (Richard Chamberlain), and the aborigines by a lithe, graceful young man (Gulpilil) and a dignified wily shaman (Nandjiwarra Amagula). The aborigine actors, with their deep-set eyes, are by far the most vital element, yet they're kept on the margins and used as supernatural forces. Weir, who has apparently studied Nicolas Roeg's films, knows how to create an allusive, ominous atmosphere. But the film is overdeliberate and sluggish, and Chamberlain can't stop quivering his lips to connote sensitivity and contracting his nostrils for apprehensiveness and pulling in his cheek muscles for ineffable sorrow. With Olivia Hamnett as the lawyer's wife. (1/22/79) (Cinema Village; Jan. 4-5.)

Let It Be (1970)—The Beatles at rehearsal—older and plumper and as fine company as ever—seen together on film for very likely the last time. It is a bad movie but a touching one; it turns out to be about change. "Get back to where you once belonged" goes one song, sounding self-addressed. Directed by Michael Lindsay-Hogg. (Cinema Village; through Dec. 27. . . . ¶ Bleecker St. Cinema; Dec. 31.)

Love and Death (1975)—Woody Allen's imperially funny picture is set in the land of "War and Peace" and "Crime and Punishment." Mr. Allen, who both wrote and directed this beautiful picture (photographed by Ghislain Cloquet), plays a nineteenth-century aristocrat of radical leanings. The love of his life is his remote cousin, Sonja (Diane Keaton), who shares his habit of falling into talk of the epistemological when what they would both rather fall into is bed. (New Yorker 1; Dec 30-31, and Jan. 1-2 and 4-5.)

Manhattan—This black-and-white film, directed by Woody Allen, is splendidly suited to this nearly totally black-and-white city. Isaac is the skinny and festive hero of its pared-down and exuberant script, by Woody Allen and Marshall Brickman. Photographed by Gordon Willis, with a true friend for Isaac in the part played by the indispensable Diane Keaton. (4/30/79) (Little Carnegie.)

The Man I Killed (1932; also known as "Broken Lullaby")—Ernst Lubitsch, the master of light and frivolous film art, seems to be doing penance for his own wit in this pacifist drama, adapted from a play by Maurice Rostand. Phillips Holmes, unspeakably handsome but a more unspeakable actor, is the sickly, sensitive French musician who kills a German soldier (also a musician . . .) in the trenches. Remorseful, he goes to Germany and settles



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in with the dead man's family (Lionel Barrymore is the father) and fiancée (Nancy Carroll, miserably miscast, with a fat braid around her head). Lubitsch can't entirely escape his own talent, and the film is beautifully crafted, but he mistook drab, sentimental hokum for ironic, poetic tragedy. The picture was a box-office fiasco, despite the excessive praise of Robert E. Sherwood, who said, "It is the best talking picture that has yet been seen and heard." Not by a long shot. With ZaSu Pitts and Lucien Littlefield. (Thalia; Jan. 3.)

The Marriage of Maria Braun—Directed by Rainer Werner Fassbinder. A personification, in a woman (Hanna Schygulla) who has been married for a day and thereafter does whatever is required to survive, of Germany in the last days of the war and throughout the economic miracle. It has its arbitrary sequences and longueurs, but there is also some good work, particularly in the persons of minor characters. In German. (10/29/79) (Cinema Studio 1.)

1941—Steven Spielberg's big, childish, earsplitting farce about panic and patriotism on the Southern California coast in the days just after Pearl Harbor has a few good sight gags in it (including the sight of a Japanese submarine shooting down a Ferris wheel), but most of the picture's energy is devoted to careering vehicles and crashing planes and kick-in-the-groin humor. The movie is aimed at young audiences, who deserve better fun. With Dan Aykroyd, John Belushi, Robert Stack, Toshiro Mifune, Slim Pickens, and many others. (12/24/79) (Bay Cinema, Gemini 2, R.K.O. 86th St., and Rivoli.)

Norma Rae—Directed by Martin Ritt, written by Irving Ravetch and Harriet Frank, Jr. (Mrs. Ravetch). A first-rate, rather dated—say, the thirties—film about the efforts of a spunky young woman in the South to unionize the textile industry. The factory noise in the film is nearly intolerable. Sally Field, as the heroine, gives a terrific performance. (3/19/79) (D. W. Griffith.)

Persona (1967)—In this film, as in his very early "Prison," the writer-director Ingmar Bergman involves us in the making of a movie. He gives us a movie within a movie, but he seems hardly to have made the enclosing movie, and then he throws away the inner one. (You can *feel* it go—at the repeated passage, when the director seems to be trying an alternate way of shooting a sequence.) It's a pity, because the inner movie had begun to involve us in marvellous possibilities: an actress (Liv Ullmann) who has abandoned the power of speech is put in the care of a nurse (Bibi Andersson), and the nurse, like an analysand who becomes furious at the silence of the analyst, begins to vent her own emotional disturbances. The two women look very much alike, and Bergman plays with this resemblance photographically by suggestive combinations and superimpositions. Most movies give so little that it seems almost barbarous to object to Bergman's not giving us more in "Persona," but it is just because of the expressiveness and fascination of what we *are* given that the movie is so frustrating. There is, however, great intensity in many of the images, and there's one great passage: the nurse talks about a day and night of sex on a beach, and as she goes on talking, with memories of summer and nakedness and pleasure in her voice and the emptiness of her present life in her face, viewers may begin to hold their breath in fear that the director won't be able to sustain this almost intolerably difficult sequence. But he does, and it builds and builds and is completed. It's one of the rare truly erotic sequences in movie history. With Gunnar Björnstrand and Jörgen Lindström as the boy. Cinematography by Sven Nykvist. In Swedish. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Jan. 4.)

Picnic on the Grass (1959)—Jean Renoir, but at neither his best nor even his second-best. His themes are reduced to crotchets in this story about a scientist (Paul Meurisse) who preaches artificial insemination until he catches sight of Catherine Rouvel bathing nude. Some sequences were filmed at Les Collettes, the home where Auguste Renoir spent his last years. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Jan. 4.)

Play It Again, Sam (1972)—Woody Allen incarnating the spirit of Neurotic Love in a funny picture made from his own Broadway hit. He plays a Bogart nut, and most of the film is about hapless girl-chasing. Herbert Ross directs, in a style of suitably loose-limbed laconicism. (New Yorker 1; Dec. 26 and 29-30, and Jan. 1, 3, and 5.)

Robert et Robert—Claude Lelouch directed this self-defeating comedy, which follows two Parisian misfits who meet as fellow-customers at a paltry matrimonial bureau. Jacques Villeret (as a fat, apologetic would-be policeman) and Charles Denner (as an anxiously fussy cabdriver) are funny and convincing as the *triste* pair, and there is further good work by Jean-Claude Brialy, who is the not-quite cynical Mlle. Lonelyhearts. But all is for naught, because M. Lelouch (who gave us the stifling "A Man and a Woman") is more interested in pathos than in humor, and his patronizing banality eventually silences laughter and makes us sense that we have been somehow used. In French. (12/10/79) (57th St. Playhouse.)

Roller Boogie—With Linda Blair, directed by Mark L. Lester. (Trans-Lux East, 86th St. East, Loews 83rd Quad, and Forum.)

The Rose—Loosely based on the life of Janis Joplin, the film nearly drowns out the considerable talents of its star, Bette Midler, in bad music, incessant crisis, and plain noise. (11/12/79) (Ziegfeld.)

Scavenger Hunt—With Richard Benjamin, James Coco, Ruth Gordon, Cloris Leachman, and Tony Randall; directed by Michael Schultz. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Embassy 72nd St., and Embassy 1.)

The Search for Solutions—A three-hour documentary, narrated by Stacy Keach, directed by Michael Jackson. (Cinema II.)

The Seduction of Joe Tynan—An airless, pious study of political corruption. Alan Alda, as Tynan, a young liberal senator, has a tight face and tinny voice that do not express the changes taking place inside the character. Meryl Streep and Barbara Harris provide delicious moments, and Melvyn Douglas, as an aging Southern senator, rises above the platitudes around him with touching dignity. Rip Torn is on hand for one of his madman turns, but the movie's schematic respectability domesticates him. Directed by Jerry Schatzberg. (8/20/79) (Quad Cinema; starting Jan. 4.)

The Seven Year Itch (1955)—All that most people remember of this labored farce is the sequence with Marilyn Monroe standing on a New York subway grating when a train whooshes by; the air sends her skirt swirling up to her shoulders. The director, Billy Wilder, and George Axelrod reshaped Axelrod's Broadway hit about the summertime flirtation of a shy married man (Tom Ewell) in order to build up Monroe's role. Wilder flails away at such gags as a plumber (Victor Moore) dropping a wrench in a bathtub occupied by Monroe, who has caught her toe in the faucet. With Evelyn Keyes, Sonny Tufts, Robert Strauss, Oscar Homolka, Carolyn Jones, and Doro Merande. (Regency; Dec. 30-Jan 1.)

Sleeper (1973)—A modern slapstick-comedy

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classic, directed by and starring Woody Allen. Set two hundred years in the future, it has a clean visual style and an elegant design. It's a very even work, with no thudding bad lines and no low stretches, but it doesn't have the loose, magic highs of some of his other films. You laugh all the way through and come out smiling and perfectly happy, but you're not driven crazy—not really turned on the way his earlier, messier movies can turn you on. With Diane Keaton. (New Yorker 1; Dec. 30-31, and Jan. 1-2 and 4-5.)

Sleeping Beauty (1959)—The full-length Walt Disney cartoon. (Loews 83rd Quad; through Dec. 27.)

Smiles of a Summer Night (1955)—Ingmar Bergman achieves one of the few classics of carnal comedy: a tragicomic chase and roundelay that raises boudoir farce to elegance and lyric poetry. This film is the culmination of Bergman's "rose" style; as writer and director, he ties up his persistent, early battle-of-the-sexes theme in an intricate plot structure, and in this fin-de-siècle houseparty setting, with its soft light, its delicate, perfumed atmosphere, its golden pavilion, the women are all beautiful, and his epigrams shine. The film becomes an elegy to transient love; a gust of wind, and the whole vision may drift away. As the hostess, the stage actress trying to win back the lawyer she loves, there is the great Eva Dahlbeck (in one inspired, suspended moment she sings "Freut Euch des Lebens"). Ulla Jacobsson is the lawyer's virgin wife; Harriet Andersson, a blonde here but as opulent and sensuous as in her earlier roles, is the impudent love-loving maid; Margit Carlquist is the proud, unhappy countess. Gunnar Björnstrand is the lawyer, Björn Bjelvenstam is his son, Jarl Kulle is the strutting count, and Naima Wifstrand is the actress's aged mother, who is carried about for her game of croquet. (Used as the basis of the American stage and screen musical "A Little Night Music.") In Swedish. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Jan. 4.)

Starting Over—A study in casting against the grain. Directed by Alan Pakula, the movie stars Burt Reynolds, as a somewhat comic victim deserted by his wife; Candice Bergen, as the wife, who feels she must follow what she mistakenly believes to be her singing talent; and Jill Clayburgh, as the thirtyish nursery-school teacher with whom Reynolds moves in. The film patronizes Miss Clayburgh's waifish spinster, ignores Reynolds' lack of comic or sentimental gifts, and almost completely misuses the considerable talents of Miss Bergen—who nonetheless manages, in a scene or two, to be utterly moving and convincing. (11/26/79) (Baronet.)

Star Trek–The Motion Picture—The Starship Enterprise survives (but just barely) its risky voyage from TV series and cult object to movie spectacular, thanks in part to the older but still reassuring presence of Captain (now Admiral) Kirk, and of Spock, Bones McCoy, Sulu, and the rest of the crew, who are played by the original actors. The plot—the invasion of earth space by an intruder cloud of surpassing intelligence—is familiar, and so is the jargon, but the special effects (by Douglas Trumbull and John Dykstra) are often of great beauty. This space epic is not close to the level of "2001" or "Star Wars," but it has an innocence and modesty that almost make up for its clichés. With William Shatner, Leonard Nimoy, Stephen Collins, and Persis Khambatta. Directed by Robert Wise, and produced by Gene Roddenberry, who started the whole business way back in the sixties. (12/17/79) (34th St. East, Loews Orpheum 1, Paramount, and Loews State 1.)

Stay As You Are—A contemporary *avventura* about a middle-aged landscape architect (Marcello Mastroianni) caught up in an affair with a young student (Nastassia Kinski), who may or may not be his own daughter. The celebrated fifty-five-year-old Mastroianni face is almost as beautiful to contemplate here as the piazzas of Florence, but Mastroianni the actor is sadly wasted in this vapid romance. Directed by Alberto Lattuada. In Italian. (12/24/79) (Beekman.)

Sullivan's Travels (1941)—Preston Sturges's comedy about a popular Hollywood director (Joel McCrea), who feels that his hits, such as "Ants in the Pants," aren't worthy of a war-devastated world. To research his next project, a relevant film to be called "Brother, Where Art Thou?," he gets dressed as a tramp and goes out to investigate the lower depths. Sturges is more at home in slapstick irony (as in "The Lady Eve") than in the mixed tones of this comedy-melodrama, but it's a memorable film nevertheless. With Veronica Lake, underacting with perfect composure. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Jan. 4-5.)

Susan Lenox, Her Fall and Rise (1931)—This was Garbo's only film with Clark Gable. They were both at M-G-M, but Gable's rough, right-out-there physical appeal didn't quite fit Garbo's picture—it didn't allow for the spirituality that was a key element in the passion that she awakened in her other screen lovers. With Gable she wasn't a goddess; she was sex-hungry, just like Crawford in the early Gable-Crawford pictures. Garbo plays a young Swedish-American farm girl who runs away from the brute (Alan Hale) she is being forced to marry and takes refuge in the cabin of a construction engineer (Gable); they fall in love, sleep together, and plan to marry. But when unlucky circumstances separate them, and she has an affair with a carnival owner (John Miljan), her engineer won't forgive her. Over the years, she does very well as the mistress of rich men, but she keeps locating her true love and begging forgiveness until, at last . . . Still, one can sit through all this without too much pain, because of Garbo's beauty and the raw heat that she and Gable generate. Their love scenes in the cabin redeem a lot of bad writing and bad acting. The novel by David Graham Phillips was adapted by Wanda Tuchock, with dialogue provided by Zelda Sears and Edith Fitzgerald. (Yes, those are their names.) With Ian Keith, Jean Hersholt, Hale Hamilton, Cecil Cunningham, Theodore von Eltz, and Russell Simpson. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Jan. 2-3.)

Take the Money and Run (1969)—Woody Allen as a sweetly incompetent gangster with gentle manners and an inability to write holdup notes that anyone can read. (New Yorker 1; Dec. 26 and 29-30, and Jan. 1 and 3-4.)

10—A bleak, unfunny comedy which rests on such gags as Dudley Moore's having his teeth drilled and being stung on the nose by a bee. (10/29/79) (Manhattan 2, Quad Cinema, and Loews 83rd Quad.)

Time After Time—H. G. Wells inadvertently unlooses Jack the Ripper on San Francisco in the twentieth century and then tries to catch up with him to transport him back to the century where he belongs. Wells falls in love with a somewhat liberated young lady of our time. A sweet, inventive romantic comedy, starring Malcolm McDowell, David Warner, and Mary Steenburgen. Directed by Nicholas Meyer, who wrote "The Seven-Per-Cent Solution." (10/29/79) (72nd Street East; through Dec. 27. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema; through Jan. 3.)

The Tree of Wooden Clogs—A touching account by Ermanno Olmi of life among the Italian peasantry in the late nineteenth century. The people who work the land can never own it, and they are as much at the mercy of time and weather as the dumb creatures with whom they share their living quarters and their fates. In Italian. (6/18/79) (Cinema Studio 2.)

Trouble in Paradise (1932)—Ernst Lubitsch's favorite among his own pictures. Herbert Marshall is a polished crook, and his beloved is Miriam Hopkins, as a sweet-faced international pickpocket; both are trying to fleece a beautiful widow (Kay Francis). There is a lot of comedy in the moonstruck but practical style of Lubitsch's lovers, and in the cryptic way Edward Everett Horton suddenly remembers Marshall's identity, saying, "Tonsils! Positively tonsils!" (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Dec. 29-30. . . . ¶ Thalia; Jan. 3.)

When a Stranger Calls—With Carol Kane, Charles Durning, and Colleen Dewhurst; directed by Fred Walton. (Olympia; starting Jan. 4.)

The White Sheik (1951)—This affectionate satire on glamour and delusion is probably the most gentle and naturalistic of Federico Fellini's films, but it was not a success, maybe because it is a little flat in places. (Fellini is still clumsy, and the storytelling is rather drawn out.) The heroine, Brunella Bovo (also the heroine of De Sica's "Miracle in Milan"), has come to Rome for her honeymoon, but the devotion of the groom (Leopoldo Trieste) is much less important to her than her infatuation for the White Sheik—the hero of a photographic comic strip. She rushes off to find her ideal, and the cheap, crude actor (Alberto Sordi, in a marvellous performance) tries to rise above himself, to the level of her fantasies. The White Sheik, it turns out, is far more a creature of self-delusion than the star-struck bride. The groom, deserted, sad, and anxious, wandering at night in the piazza, finds solace in conversation with a lively, friendly little prostitute (Giulietta Masina; Fellini later developed this episode into "Nights of Cabiria"). Among those who worked on the story and script (the movie was the source idea of Gene Wilder's "The World's Greatest Lover") were Fellini, Ennio Flaiano, Tullio Pinelli, and Michelangelo Antonioni. Music by Nino Rota. In Italian. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Jan. 5.)

Whoopee (1930)—With Eddie Cantor, directed by Thornton Freeland. (Little Theatre, Public Theatre; through Dec. 30.)

Yanks—An invasion of England by American troops in the early days of the Second World War. Director John Schlesinger masses his G.I.s in great numbers, and essays three love stories between visitors and hosts, but it's all soft and false—tepid, in fact. Vanessa Redgrave and the talented Lisa Eichhorn are involved. (10/1/79) (Quad Cinema; starting Jan. 4.)

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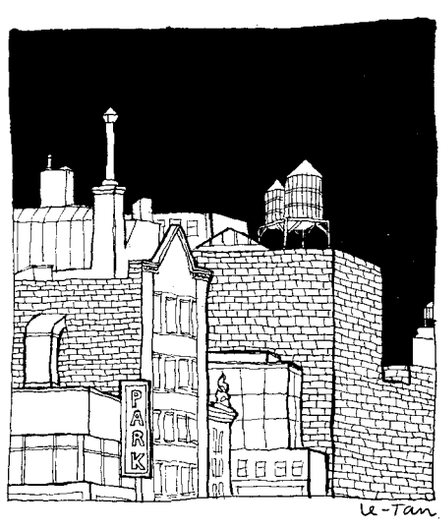
THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

IRAN's revolution surges across a series of emotional peaks, scattering effects that we comprehend dimly. Our concern is the hostages, but we sense that the events surrounding their seizure have for the time being taken charge of history. Iran is a sombre theatre assembling vital interests of many societies—oil producers and oil consumers, allies and adversaries—and, in one degree or another, affecting them all, and the calculations of their leaders and its own as well. Presidential candidates and ayatollahs are impartially caught up, and understand that whether their political fortunes rise or fall depends currently on the path of the revolution. President Carter's are for the moment rising, thanks mainly to his Administration's sensible management of the crisis so far. Senator Kennedy's fortunes are falling, partly because Mr. Carter's are rising and partly as a result of self-inflicted injuries, including his unguarded remarks on the crisis. Ayatollah Ruhollah Khomeini's fortunes are falling, as a result of exaggeration of the kind that felled the Shah. A difference is that whereas the Shah ruled for many years before overreaching by claiming supreme power, his arch-enemy, Ayatollah Khomeini, has managed in less than a year to maneuver himself into the same rarefied, hence vulnerable position. It isn't only that frequently restive tribal and ethnic minorities, such as the Kurds and the Baluchis, are putting a distance between themselves and Ayatollah Khomeini as "Fagih"—the paramount religious leader who under the new constitution has sweeping powers of the kind that the Shah accumulated. There is the more serious break between the two principal ayatollahs Khomeini and Kazem Shariatmadari, the latter being, as the world has discovered, the natural leader of Iran's largest, richest, and best-educated minority group, the Turkish-speaking Azerbaijanis; they, too, reject the vision of Ayatollah Khomeini that is reflected in his constitutional tablet, and seem to view themselves as entitled by history and tradition to a political role roughly equal to that of the Persians. So Iran remains in transition, but we don't really know toward what. Neither we nor any other outside power (except, possibly, the Soviet Union) has reliable access to the political forces that are in play, hence to hard information.

Since we know so little, we cannot identify the range of alternative outcomes of Iran's constitutional crisis, let alone influence the outcome. We cannot say whether the centrifugal forces may work in our favor, by diminishing or dislodging Ayatollah Khomeini, or against our interests, by creating some mixture of chaos and a political vacuum that a neighboring power—say, the Soviet Union—might be tempted to fill. The Russians have a treaty of friendship with Iran dating from 1921 and empowering them to send troops into Iran if it becomes a base of operations for a third nation against them or if the Iranian government is unable to remove some such menace after Moscow has called upon it to do so. Probably the best we can do for now is to concentrate on avoiding the pitfalls in the situation, and thereby help to protect ourselves from its worst effects. The main pitfall, or hazard, is allowing the course of the crisis—especially the decisions taken about the hostages—to create within America a "Who lost Iran?" syndrome, of the kind that inflamed our politics in the years following the victory in China of its Communist Party. Presidential politics are upon us, and it is not too soon to worry about the direction the forthcoming campaign will take if any of the hostages are imprisoned or harmed. And we are already hearing immoderate statements from notables on both the pro-Shah side of the argument and the anti-Shah side. If we are to avoid a devilish brew of our own mixing, we will need to acquire some perspective on Iran. Even though we don't understand exactly what is happening, we know, or should know, what constitutes our principal interest in Iran and in the Persian Gulf generally. And, with some hindsight, we can see now where we lost sight of this interest, in large part because the Shah lost sight of his.



Our interest, simply stated, lies in the maintenance of the greatest possible stability in a normally unstable region on which we and many other countries depend in varying degrees for oil. That interest should argue for our having, or trying to have, workable relations with as many of the states and other entities of the region as possible—certainly with the major ones. Our tendency has been to become overly committed to one country—or, more often, one regime—in this area. For some years, it was Nuri el-Said's Iraq, until his overthrow, in 1958; among the consequences of the overthrow have been closer ties between Iraq and the Soviet Union than most Iraqis would like and extreme Iraqi policies on many

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issues. The Shah became a still more conspicuous example of this tendency, even though there is a strong case to be made that arranging, or helping to arrange, his triumphant return to Teheran in 1953 was, for us, the right move. We don't know for certain; history reveals no alternatives. However, the Shah's rival, Mohammed Mossadegh, did not win the confidence of Western governments and was judged by most of them to be a world-class mischief-maker. He was chosen Man of the Year by *Time* in 1952 because, as the cover story said, "he put Scheherazade in the petroleum business and oiled the wheels of chaos."

The Shah began as an insecure young man operating from a narrow political base. His position gradually became more secure as he succeeded in accommodating himself to some, though not all, of the main political forces in the country, and thereby building influence with them. He was for a considerable period of time an astute and effective ruler. And his chief ally, the United States, was a principal beneficiary of his success. His later tendency to exaggeration—some have reasonably called it megalomania—was not apparent in the period when he was developing an independent political position for himself in Iran and a more independent position for Iran in the world. Despite his ties to us, he assured the Soviet Union in 1962 that there would be no American missile bases in Iran; he had wisely decided to maintain normal, though cautious, relations with his formidable neighbor. In 1963, he arrested and later exiled Ayatollah Khomeini and won his so-called "white revolution"—the land reform that had been opposed by landlords and mullahs alike. By neither Iranian nor regional standards was the Shah ruling then with an oppressively heavy hand. He ruled, according to James A. Bill, a prominent authority on Iran, "with the best talents of the lion and the fox." We saw mainly the fox during the nineteen-sixties, but, as Mr. Bill said recently in *Foreign Affairs*, "between 1971 and 1976 . . . the fox disappeared and the lion appeared in the form of a frightening secret police apparatus," and "a period of un-Persian rule by repression set in."

This was the period when success yielded to excess all along the line in Iran. Ballooning oil profits in the early nineteen-seventies were used to drive an economic revolution at a pace and on a scale destined to do more harm than good. The adjunct to this presumptive economic power would be military power, and the Shah began buying weapons on the same extravagant scale. Within two years, American sales of arms to Iran increased eightfold—from just over five hundred million dollars, the figure for 1972, to over four billion dollars by the end of 1974. In the late nineteen-seventies, Iran's defense budget soared to almost ten billion dollars, and the Shah acquired the label "Policeman of the Gulf." By doing nothing to discourage him—to discourage either the excesses of his rule or the imperial nature of his ambitions for Iran—we, like the Shah, lost sight of reality, and so became a party to the exaggeration. Over the years, each Administration in Washington passed on to its successor a more inflated Iranian regime and, of course, a more inflated commitment.

All that is behind us. We now have neither the Policeman of the Gulf nor the commitment in Iran. And we must avoid the self-accusations and domestic finger-pointing that could breed a "Who lost Iran?" problem. Those who seem able to see the Shah only as a fallen comrade should elect to take comfort from the palmier days of the relationship in the fifties and sixties. Those who deplore his rule and our once inflated commitment to his projects have the evidence of his destructive excesses from which to draw a lesson. But that strand of opinion should avoid exaggerating the lesson by overreacting to what has happened in Iran—to the Shah and now to us. We are, it is fair to say, a trendy society, and our trendiness is found in our attitude toward foreign policy as toward most other matters. But our reaction to the crisis in Iran had better rise above fashionable notions and extreme attitudes of any kind. Iran, like Vietnam, was an egregious example of American overcommitment. But as a society we know that and are not likely to repeat the mistakes made in those places. Probably the dynamic on the loose in Iran will cause the death of a post-Vietnam tendency in America to treat with suspicion major aspects of a foreign policy that must have continuity and predictability. We should not delay the departure of that tendency. Vietnam and Iran are in one sense related: as our position in Vietnam declined, we sought in Iran, with the Shah's strong encouragement, to offset the apparent effects of that decline.

If because of past mistakes and excesses we refuse our present and future

"If you don't mind, we can do without the emotional blackmail."

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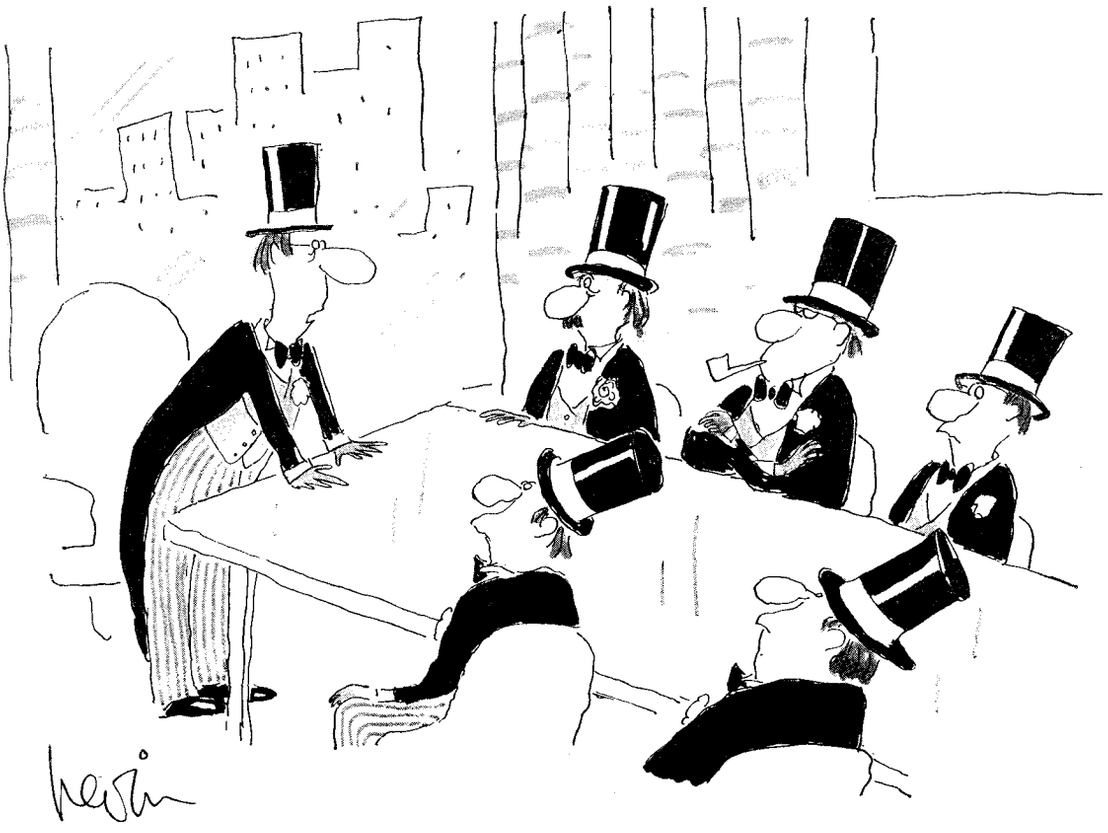
leaders sufficient discretion for the management of our affairs, these affairs will surely be mismanaged, if they are managed at all. Thus, we should not deny our leaders the normal instruments for conducting foreign policy and protecting our principal interests. Some of the instruments, including clandestine intelligence and the sales of arms, are controversial, because they have at times been misused or used excessively. However, what produces bad consequences is bad policy. Clandestine intelligence is neither a good thing nor a bad thing but, rather, an important part of a diverse capacity designed to give policymakers the information, the insights, and the flexibility they require. With some fanfare, we have in recent years dismantled a large part of our clandestine-intelligence capacity. The events in Iran, combined with the terrorism that is employed casually by many governments and many political movements as a main instrument of policy, will create pressures to restore it—a task that will take years but will probably be accomplished. The events in Iran may also reinforce the pressure to scale down our arms sales; indeed, there is little serious disagreement over the desirability of sustaining a gradual downward trend in such transactions. However, the trend will be limited in scope by the continuing need of some allied and other friendly countries to purchase arms and, in many cases, their strong preference for purchasing them from us. Obviously, the practice of selling and granting arms has been abused, particularly in Vietnam and Iran. Yet this practice, too, if it is used judiciously and in moderation, is an important tool of foreign policy, helping some societies to defend themselves without external support and promoting more stable regional balances. Moreover, sales of conventional arms can have a bearing on the effort to discourage the proliferation of nuclear arms. Major suppliers of arms are hardly in a position to discourage other sovereign societies from developing nuclear weapons when at the same time they are discouraging them from buying modern non-nuclear weapons. Finally, as with other instruments of policy, weapons sales may influence the attitude or the policy of the buyer concerning matters of importance to the supplier.



"Gentlemen, I'm afraid the honeymoon is over."

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Among the curiosities of the Iranian drama is the problem it presents to our principal allies. Being no better informed than we are, and no better able to see the future, they have to wonder how far to go in supporting whatever sanctions we suggest applying against a major oil supplier—indeed, the one that dominates the Strait of Hormuz, at the mouth of the Persian Gulf. They also have to consider the fact that the leading power in the North Atlantic security system is playing for high stakes not entirely because of the hostages. For that reason and others, in wondering how far to venture beyond the natural perimeter of their interests European governments must reckon with the possibility that an unwillingness to go along with sanctions might help drive the drama toward a bad conclusion, in which case they, together with us, could be heavy losers. As for the Iranians, they are experiencing a constitutional crisis that has been under way for a long time. At this stage, it actually has little to do with the United States or its hostages; they are victims, or pawns, in a tumultuous internal struggle for power. And we should try to benefit from the circumstance that—the matter of the hostages aside—political events in Iran have so little to do with us. Square One should be a better place from which to rebuild policy than a position of total commitment to a rampant Central Asian-style megalomania that we helped to create.

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Fair

WINNIE-THE-POOH is in. Oz is so in that it has its own bibliography. Lewis Carroll is holding firm. Conan Doyle, Dashiell Hammett, and Bram Stoker (creator of Dracula) are coming on fast, with Edgar Rice Burroughs (creator of Tarzan), Jules Verne, and J. R. R. Tolkien nipping at their heels. First editions of Faulkner, Hemingway, and Fitzgerald are better than blue-chip stocks. (An inscribed Fitzgerald was recently valued at six thousand dollars.) First editions of Wolfe are weak. First editions of Salinger, Pynchon, and Updike are Best Buys for the future, but they're not cheap even now. First editions of contemporary poets are hopeless. First editions of Kipling, Scott, and Dumas are undervalued, but Dickens—in specific printings and bindings—is a perennial winner. Books illustrated by Rackham, Beardsley, Parrish, and Du-

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lac are bullish, and so are nineteenth-century birds and botanicals. Seventeenth- and eighteenth-century technical manuals are very strong, but some of the minor sixteenth-century Aldines (books from the famous Venetian press) are comparatively inexpensive. Sixteenth- and seventeenth-century world maps are out of sight, and Presidential autographs—the genuine article, not signatures produced by secretaries or auto-pens—are very big. Photography has taken off in all directions. And Derrydales, a line of de-luxe sporting books that were printed in limited editions between 1926 and 1942, are better investments than the Krugerrand.

We acquired these snippets of information during a couple of visits to this year's World Antiquarian Book Fair, an assemblage of a hundred-odd dealers in Gutenbergiana and its attendant muses of mapmaking, printmaking, and photography. The Fair, which was housed in the downstairs ballroom of the Sheraton Hotel, lasted three days and functioned as an unofficial stock exchange for rare-book values. ("The difference between a rare book and a secondhand book," one dealer told us earnestly, "is *scarcity*.") Its first afternoon, the Fair was reserved for sales between dealers; the rest of the time, it was open to the public. We dropped by the Sheraton that first afternoon, and found half the dealers setting up their booths and the other half patrolling the cluttered aisles in search of bargains.

"We're a bunch of gypsies who show up together at various oases from time to time," said a tall, bearded man, who turned out to be Donald Reisler, a specialist in children's books.

We asked Mr. Reisler what was selling in his field, and he handed us a splendid volume of "English Fairy Tales," which had been published in 1918 with illustrations by Arthur Rackham. "This is from a limited edition of five hundred copies, signed by Rackham," said Mr. Reisler. "Five hundred dollars. The good illustrators are a very strong inflation hedge. Ninety-nine per cent of our customers are adults, and I think that most of them collect the books that reflect a particularly pleasant and uncomplicated period of their lives."

Moving on to the Richard Arkway booth, we admired a seventeenth-century map of the United States that showed California floating in the Pacific Ocean. "The earliest maps of North America indicate California accurately as attached to the mainland," said Robert Augustyn, the man in charge, "but between 1620 and 1705 Spanish explorers coming up from Mexico became convinced that it was an island. There are several hundred maps showing this geographical goof. One thousand dollars for this one."

Nearby, we found Peter Miller, a young, scholarly British dealer from York, who had flown in a hundred and fifty books for the Fair. "Rare books have been greatly undervalued for a long time," said Mr. Miller, "but now that people are putting their money into solid objects, there are certain areas that we specialize in—early technical manuals and treatises on the fine arts—where the books have increased ten times in value since the Second World War. This forms a very attractive basis for investment."

When we asked to be shown a sample, Mr. Miller produced "The Art of Drawing and Engraving," a small, leather-bound volume that had been printed in London in 1672. "This is very scarce, because these manuals were used in workshops and a great many of them were destroyed," he said. "One thousand one hundred dollars."

Janet Lehr, a petite, dark-haired photography specialist in the next aisle, told us that nineteenth-century work in her field had become particularly valuable. She showed us an 1851 daguerreotype of Daniel Webster (fifteen thousand dollars), an 1844 talbotype of a building in Scotland (five hundred and fifty dollars), an 1859 Frith view of an Egyptian pyramid with the Sphinx, half buried in sand, in the foreground (four hundred dollars), and a magnificent, brooding Edward Curtis portrait of Geronimo (nine hundred dollars). "This has been a fantastic year for me," she said, "because a lot of people have finally accepted photography as a major art."

We pushed on to Peter Stern, where we were stopped cold by an extraordinary shelf of first editions—Conan Doyle's "Memoirs of Sherlock Holmes" and "Adventures of Sherlock Holmes" (nine hundred and fifty dollars for the two), Stoker's "Dracula" (a thousand dollars), Hammett's "The Thin Man"

(eight hundred and twenty-five dollars for a copy inscribed by the author), and Orwell's "1984" (three hundred dollars for an advance copy). Then, at Pendragon, we inspected a rare 1892 Baedeker of Upper Egypt (two hundred dollars), and at Isaiah Thomas one of the owners, James Visbeck, showed us an enchanting first edition of L. Frank Baum's "The Wonderful Wizard of Oz"—a small book with a battered green cover on which a smiling, bespectacled Cowardly Lion was outlined in red. Mr. Visbeck opened the book gently to show us the publication date (1900) and some of the classic W. W. Denslow illustrations. "There are so many points in here I couldn't believe it," he said, and he explained that points are errors or omissions that make an edition recognizable. "And this is a first edition, second state, which means that it's the second, corrected version of the first-edition printing. The publishers wanted to make corrections in the first state, so they stopped the presses and did make a lot. Five hundred dollars."

Our final stop of the day was at a booth that belonged to Mr. John Criscione, a benign elderly dealer from New Hyde Park, who told us that he handled a little bit of everything. "Let me show you some important items," he said, and he pointed out a two-volume set of Malory's "Morte d'Arthur" that was illustrated by Beardsley woodcuts (six hundred dollars); a thirteen-volume set of *The Yellow Book*, the celebrated turn-of-the-century English literary magazine (nine hundred and fifty dollars); and a stack of faded blue paper pamphlets containing the original serial version of Dickens' "Pickwick Papers." "Dickens sold each one of these for a shilling in 1836," Mr. Criscione told us. "Since only half of this set is first issue, I'm asking two thousand seven hundred and fifty dollars." The last book he showed us was W. S. Vosburgh's "Cherished Portraits of Thoroughbred Horses," a large volume bound in red morocco, which had been printed by the Derrydale Press in 1929. "The binding is by Sangorski & Sutcliffe, a famous London firm," said Mr. Criscione, calling our attention to a line of minuscule lettering on the inside of the front cover. "And the flyleaf is inscribed by William Woodward, the sportsman who financed its publication. I picked it up from a North Shore estate, and I'm selling it for seven hundred and fifty dollars."

We returned the next day to find that "Cherished Portraits" had passed into the hands of Don Frazier, a

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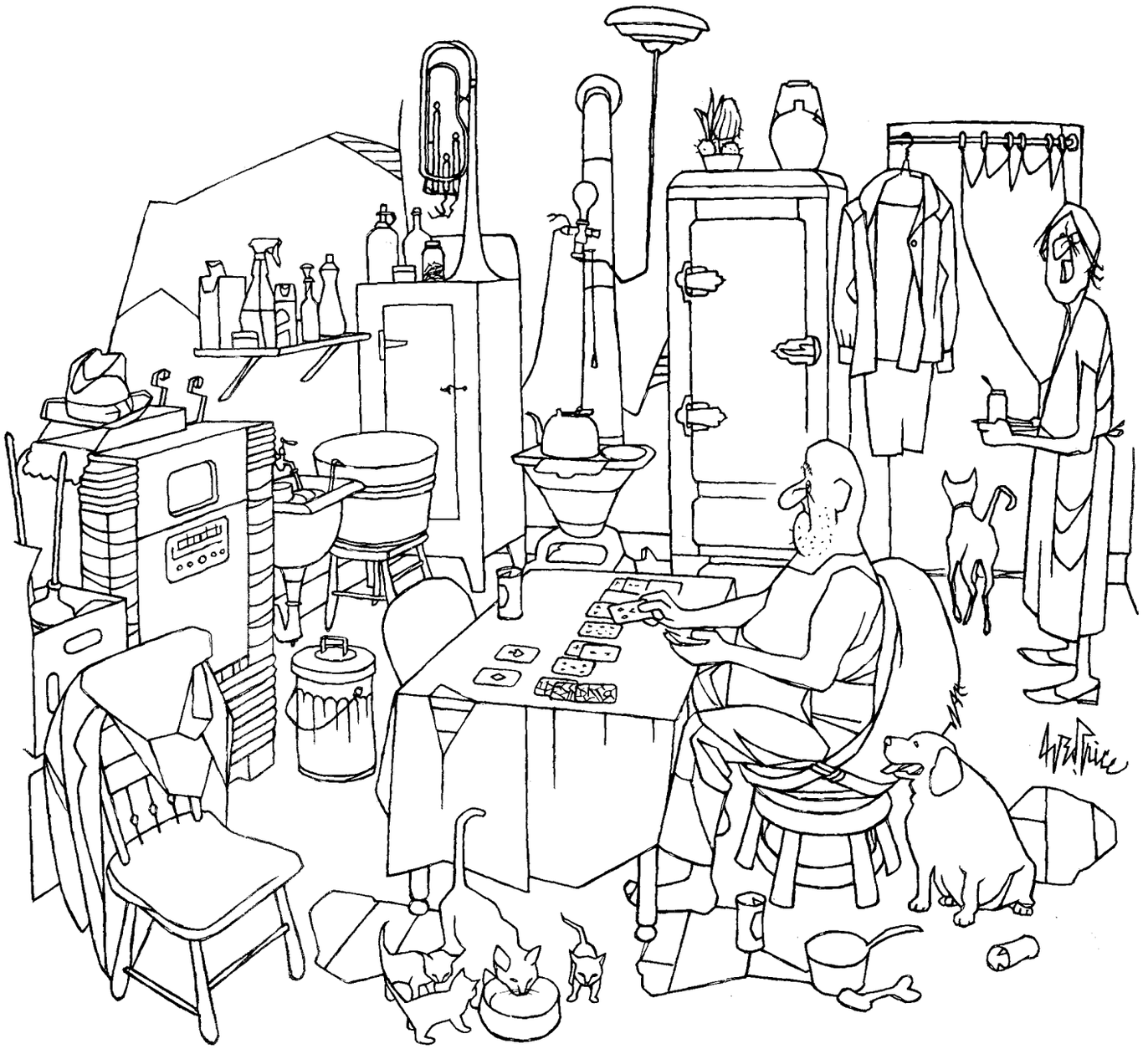

"I'll be in the parlor, eating bread and honey."

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Derrydale specialist. He had priced it for sale at seventeen hundred dollars.

Sea-Warp

IN this city, time-warps abound—occasions on which past and present blur and occur simultaneously. We were caught in one on a rainy evening the other week, aboard the four-masted bark Peking, which is moored at Pier 15 in the East River. Part of a damp but undampened company in her forward deck house, we watched a motion picture that had been filmed aboard the Peking precisely fifty years before, when she still ran cargo between Europe and the coast of Chile. The film itself gave us vertigo, as we watched the ship in which we were sitting ride out "the storm of the century," which blew up on Friday, the thirteenth of December, 1929. Captain Irving Johnson, who had taken the film during that voyage, was present in his later incarnation to provide a commentary on the boggling scenes of the Peking almost awash in tumultuous seas off Europe and Cape Horn. He had bought the movie camera on impulse, he told us, in Hamburg on the eve of the voyage; and his photography revealed the same gusto as his seamanship, for his camera had confronted seas that would have made more seasoned lenses take shelter. Captain Johnson is as weathered a seaman as you can find on the Eastern Seaboard, and his commentary crackled with good humor and salty zest. Our shipmates that evening were mostly members of the South Street Seaport Museum—a favorite haunt of ours—which now owns the Peking, and they rode out the film enthusiastically. Afterward, struggling out onto the Peking's teeming deck, we and our fellows all felt like survivors. The rain, sweeping in from Brooklyn, was squalling through the rigging, just as in the film, but we could not resist spending a wet moment on the Peking's bow—the same bow we had seen moments before dipping into the Atlantic fifty years ago. Now, however, it was pointed toward the misty, topless towers of the financial district, their windows jewelling the washed dark. Off the starboard beam, the Brooklyn Bridge had the look of a huge electronic toy. Our mind on food and shelter, we went down the gangway, Cape Horn behind us and the lights of Manhattan ahead.

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TRUE LOVES

THIS is a confession. I am a man in his mid-forties who has been married five times, and been in love six—always outside the bounds of matrimony. Not that I treated my wives badly—it was always my intention to shield them from emotional misfortune whenever possible. I wanted them to be happy. As my fearless succession of marriages proves, my faith in the institution was never shaken. Then why did my extramarital loves exceed the number of my marriages? Only because my loves were true loves! They caused me unheard-of agony and, at the same time, pleasure of almost blinding incandescence. I offer the following glosses as testimony to them.

I SHALL spare you the details of what brought me to Machu Picchu, but it was there that I fell in love for the first time. I was standing in the semi-enclosed, almost trapezoidal Sacred Plaza and staring westward into the awesome valley of the Urubamba, when I happened to turn and see an attractive woman dressed in a khaki outfit. It was modelled from boots to hat with considerable care, it seemed to me, on the costume Hiram Bingham was photographed in when he discovered Machu Picchu. She was looking not at me but at some terracing on the opposite side. I turned away and gazed again at the Urubamba, silver and serpentine, more than a thousand feet beneath me. When I turned back to the woman, she was gone.

I continued to explore, wandering among gray stone shells of houses whose thatched roofs had deteriorated centuries ago, climbing and descending the countless stairways that seemed to bind the town together. Then I saw her again. She was seated on a fallen lintel, resting. When I sat on the grass before her, exaggerating my own weariness in an attempt to establish rapport, she smiled, then took off her hat and casually shook out her hair. I was so overcome by the calm of her demeanor, the easy disposition of her limbs, her over-all grace and confidence that I found it difficult to speak. We had hardly been together five minutes when she asked me if I would like to climb Huayna Picchu. "Yes," I replied, even though I was tired. "Yes, I'd love to," I continued. I would follow her anywhere, do whatever she told me.

She led the way, first over the saddle that connects Machu Picchu and Huayna Picchu, then up the winding slippery path that leads to the top of Huayna Picchu. The twelve-hundred-foot climb took us an hour and a half, and though the views became more and more spectacular, my gaze was fixed on my guide's perfectly shaped buttocks and on her legs, which, despite the disfiguring bulkiness of her breeches and puttees, were long and lean. I was falling in love and trying to keep up, at the same time.

Her name was Marvella and she was English. We stood in the afternoon light, watching the blue sky deepen into evening. I told her how old I was and that I was born in Fargo, North Dakota, and that I lived in New York and that my wife was divorcing me.

We sat together at dinner in the little hotel that adjoins the ruins. She told me she was returning to Lima early the next morning. I asked her what hotel she was staying at, and if she would mind my calling on her. Her eyes seemed to radiate softness. Yes, I could call on her.

When I returned to Lima, a few days later, I went to the Pensión Ramus, where she was staying. The landlady, Señora Ramus, said she was not in; she was rarely in and was sometimes out all night. Señora Ramus did not approve. Jealous of whoever or whatever kept her away, I rushed off, feeling despondent.

I took a cab to the Plaza San Martín and walked to the Negro-Negro, a bar where they made the best Pisco sours in Lima. I drank, hoping to rid myself of desire. I wandered out into the cool mist and drizzle of the night, foolishly mumbling her name over and over to myself. And then, miraculously, she appeared, walking toward me, leaning on the arm of a tall, mustachioed, very handsome man. She was giggling, and of course paid no attention to anything happening around her. I walked by without stopping.

"I was born in a trunk at the Morosco Theatre, but, as it turned out, I went into wholesale office supplies."

MY second love budded, bloomed, and faded in the setting of the New York subway system. Each day I would take a train from the upper West Side to the financial district, bringing a book with me. It was a period when the news did not interest me—a failing that contributed to my eventually losing my job. At any rate, during the time I speak of I would board the train, clutching a copy of Lawrence, and become a straphanger and read.

I was in the middle of "Sons and Lovers" when I fell in love. And my love seemed inevitable, for seated below me was a young woman also reading "Sons

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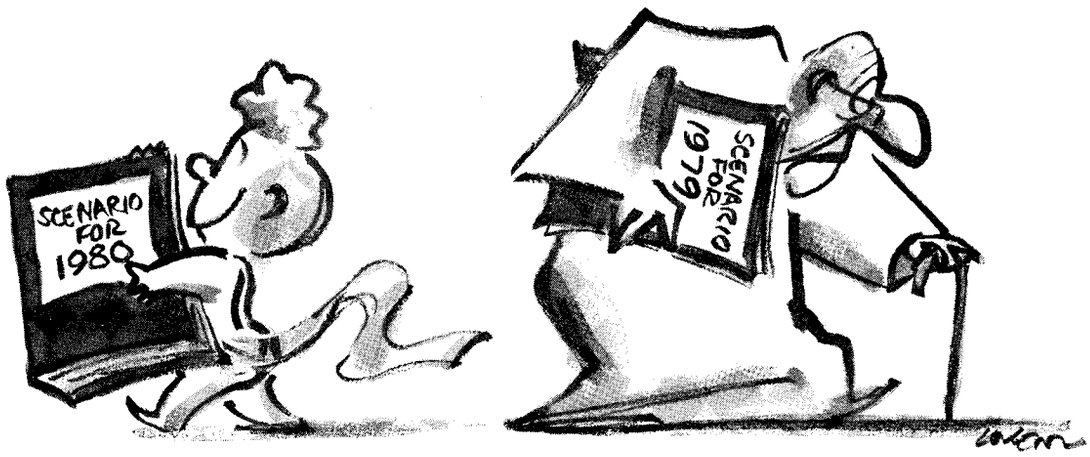

and Lovers." She did not look up. There was no way to catch her eye, no way to let her know that I was reading the same book—that is, not without creating what might be a moment of awful embarrassment. I hovered above her, uncertain, not even knowing what she looked like, though I liked the simple, unaffected way she dressed—almost primly, in a light-brown tweed skirt and a loose-fitting deep-green pullover that covered all but the collar and edge of the cuffs of a white cotton blouse. And I couldn't fail to notice the lustre of her straight, shoulder-length auburn hair, or her slim legs, crossed in front of her with careless grace that hinted at something more—a serene knowledge of sex. I wished to speak to her. I longed for a quiet place where I could whisper to her of the miraculous sequence of moments, hours, years that had brought us together. I was convinced that destiny had created this occasion for us, but I could not speak. Panic seized me. At any stop she might leave the train and the moment that fate had chosen for us would be lost, irretrievable in the rushing crowds of the city. While I was musing on the possibility of such a tragedy, she rose from her seat and began to move toward the door. I saw her face for the first time: her thin, perfectly straight nose, her pale lips, her vaguely sullen eyes, which seemed smudged with fatigue—beautiful hazel-green eyes, luminous, autumnal, bewitching. She walked out of the train without looking at me or the book I was carrying.

I was depressed for a week, prey to an increasing silence that ruled my inner life, ruined my outer one. In that short period of time my second wife and I drifted apart. The text of our lives was not being written so much as erased. Words spoken became whispers and were lost in the softness and silence of intervals, stories became formless, disjointed events that took on the wayward quality of dreams, and meanings floated ominously close to extinction, allowing themselves to be lured to the edge of thought. I was in love with another woman.

My work, which had ceased to interest me, now became painfully dull. But I continued to go to the office, each day entering the same subway where I had fallen in love less than two weeks earlier. I lived in hopes of encountering her again. I stood each day in the same part of the train, finished "Sons and Lovers," and began "Women in Love." Then I saw her again. She was seated below me, engrossed in "Women in Love." It was as if fate had given us one more chance. How can I describe the nervous joy that came over me, the sweet excitement, the familiar yet unfathomable fear? There were her legs, crossed just as they had been, and the same shoes, and her lucent hair. Only her dress was different—her dress and "Women in Love." There was even more to say than before, but I was unable to speak. I was shy, fearful of making a fool of myself, fearful of making a scene in case she didn't share my wonder at the coincidence of our reading the same Lawrence books at the same time and place. What was the matter with me? I was a grown man. I knew my way around. Why this childish desperation! But what would I say? And would I have to bend down so that she might hear me? And would the sudden presence of my face mooning before her frighten her? Even when she got up and moved toward the door—again without so much as looking at me—I could not follow her. Instead, I stood my own meagre ground, filled with shame and mild self-loathing. Everything in me sank into despair as I watched her go. Whatever my accomplishments had been, they were suddenly meaningless. My hopes collapsed, for I knew that I would never see her again, that fate had given me two chances which a characteristic and overpowering timidity had spoiled. Within a month my wife left me. Within two months I was living in Los Angeles.

THE third time I fell in love was at a dinner party in Hollywood. Though she was a famous actress, I cannot name her, for doing so would reduce our moments of painful intimacy to mere boasting. She was beautiful. Her eyes were almost black, and seemed at times bottomless in their inviting depths and at other times so opaque that their gaze, instead of engaging the object in their line of vision, stopped short and returned to dwell on what was within. They were deeply set under eyebrows that were strong and perfectly arched. When I first saw her, she was seated in the yellowish glow of a lamp, leaning back on a heavily pillowed sofa. Her beauty seemed shadowy and elusive; she spoke to no one. For me, it was an unbearable scene of noble, polished, studied isolation. Her grand ease made me timid; I wanted more than anything to sit beside her, to bask in her self-containment. Not possible. We were called to dinner by our hosts.

She sat across from me, so I had further opportunity to study her, though still no chance of talking with her. Others spoke to her, but only for short periods; she never seemed part of the chatter that rose and fell in insignificant waves throughout dinner. I watched her mouth and it seemed always composed, always perfect. She chewed her food without a hint of vulgarity, her face retaining its magnificent calm. Then I noticed her white forearms, their faint, soft, silky, barely visible covering of hair, and the few pale veins almost concealed by the milky translucence of her skin. I was beginning to tremble, becoming disoriented. Her rings fascinated me; her nails, which were not too long, or polished, indicated that she was modest in ways not impossible to discover. I wanted to reach over and break through the forbidden radiance in which she dwelled. Nothing said at dinner could distract me for a second.

When we went into the living room

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AUTO-DA-FÉ

Beautiful the intricacy of body!
Even when defective. But you have seen
Beauty beyond such watchmaker's craft,
For eyes unshutter in darkness to gleam out
As though to embrace you in holiness.

". . . though I give my body to be burned,
And have not . . ." You know the rest,
And how the "I" is not the "body."
At least, according to St. Paul's text.

Beautiful in whatever sense
The body be, it is but flesh,
And flesh is grass, the season short.
Is a bag of stercory, a bag
Of excrement, the worm's surfeit,
But a bag with movement, lusts, strange
Ecstasies, transports, and strange dreams.
Oh, no!—not "I" but "body" screams
When flame licks like a lover. That
Is the pure language of body, purer
Than even the cry, ecstatic, torn out
At the crisis of body's entwinement. That voice
From flame has a glory wilder than joy
To resound forever in heart, mind,
And gut, with thrilled shock and soprano of Truth.

All history resounds with such
Utterance—and stench of meat burned:
Dresden and Tokyo, and screams
In the Wilderness as flame on the wounded
Encroached, and the soft-bellied citizen,
With swollen ego as he tests
The new Cadillac and, half drunk, piles on-
To the goddam overpass buttress. Then flame.
You can be quite sure he screams. But

Some have not. Witches, sometimes,
And saints and martyrs, no doubt in number.
Take Latimer or, evasion all past,
White-bearded Cranmer, who, in slow drizzle,
Outraces the pack, ragtag and bobtail,
Though old, first to the blessed stake.
Climbs up. Waits. Composed, austere.
Faggots lighted, white beard then prickling sudden
In wisps of brightness, he into fire thrusts
The offensive hand. No, no, not *his!*—
That traitor in the house.

Or that
Cracked Maid, and her Voices that she, at the last,
Could not betray, though foreknowing the end.
Through dazzle and shimmer of flame-dance she raptly
Fixed eyes on the tied-stick cross a brutish
Soldier held up. Her cry was a prayer.

Such evidence can scarcely attest
Sure meaning.

But executioners
Might choke flame to smoke to suffocate
Clients quickly. Or sometimes gunpowder in packets,
To belly affixed, made a human grenade
Timed short for the job. This, perhaps,
From some fumbling thought of the holiness or

Beauty of body.

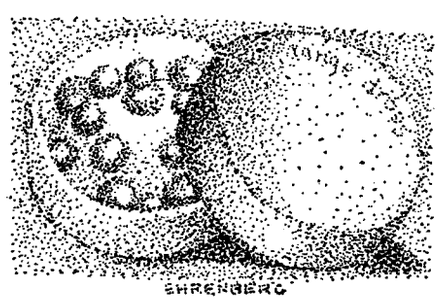
—Robert Penn Warren

• •

for coffee and brandy, I sat beside her. The others stood, talking in small clusters, and we were alone. Aware of the relative quiet that engulfed us, I imagined we were being drawn together as two people in a ship's bar might be. I felt myself responding to the most minute suggestions of intimacy. I wanted to speak, but seemed mired in inadequacy as I watched the shape of her long thighs pressing against the sheer voile of her dress. I fumbled. I felt a certain boyish excitement in my pursuit of her. It seemed to me that her breath was quickening, a signal perhaps of reciprocal feelings. Her breasts heaved slightly. "I think you are beautiful" was all I could say. She leaned over to get her drink and I caught the odor of almond and the rapid sheen of light passing over the silky fall of her hair. "My God," I murmured to myself. Then I asked her if there was a chance I might see her again. The look in her eyes seemed to suggest there was. Her lips played with the rim of her glass. I was desperate, out of control. I began saying one silly thing after another, beginning with "I don't like dinner parties" and ending with "I have to go to Australia." She sighed, but whether with pity or disappointment I could not say.

The next day I called my wife, who was visiting her mother in Chicago, and told her what had happened. She made it clear that she never did trust me, that she would not return, and that I should send her belongings out to her mother's.

WHAT I had told the movie actress about my going to Australia was true. I went as a bank representative to Sydney and married for the fourth time—something my diminutive Australian wife did not find out until we were several months into our marriage. It was a mark of my discretion that I chose the positive virtue of silence over the negative one of truth. But efforts to shield my new wife from the mistakes of my past did not help establish a firm relationship. Our marriage was dull and our schemes, our elaborate inventions for creating excitement always ended in failure. Our leisure time seemed like an exaggeration of itself—banal, bleak, grievously long. Last, and most important, I had a physical yearning for more than my wife's tiny frame could endure.



It was at a cocktail party in fashionable Paddington that I met Wanda. Wanda. The very name still strikes a chord of magical passion within me. Wanda the immense, Wanda the voluptuous, who told me soon after we met that when she made love her hair fell out; immediately a certain giddiness came over me and I rose into that airy region of love. Never had anyone—one tends to forget one's previous loves—seemed more desirable. I wanted to tell her, wanted to thrust myself on her, but I was afraid. The wonderful Wanda, her eyes like coals in her moony visage, looked at me, understanding my reticence.

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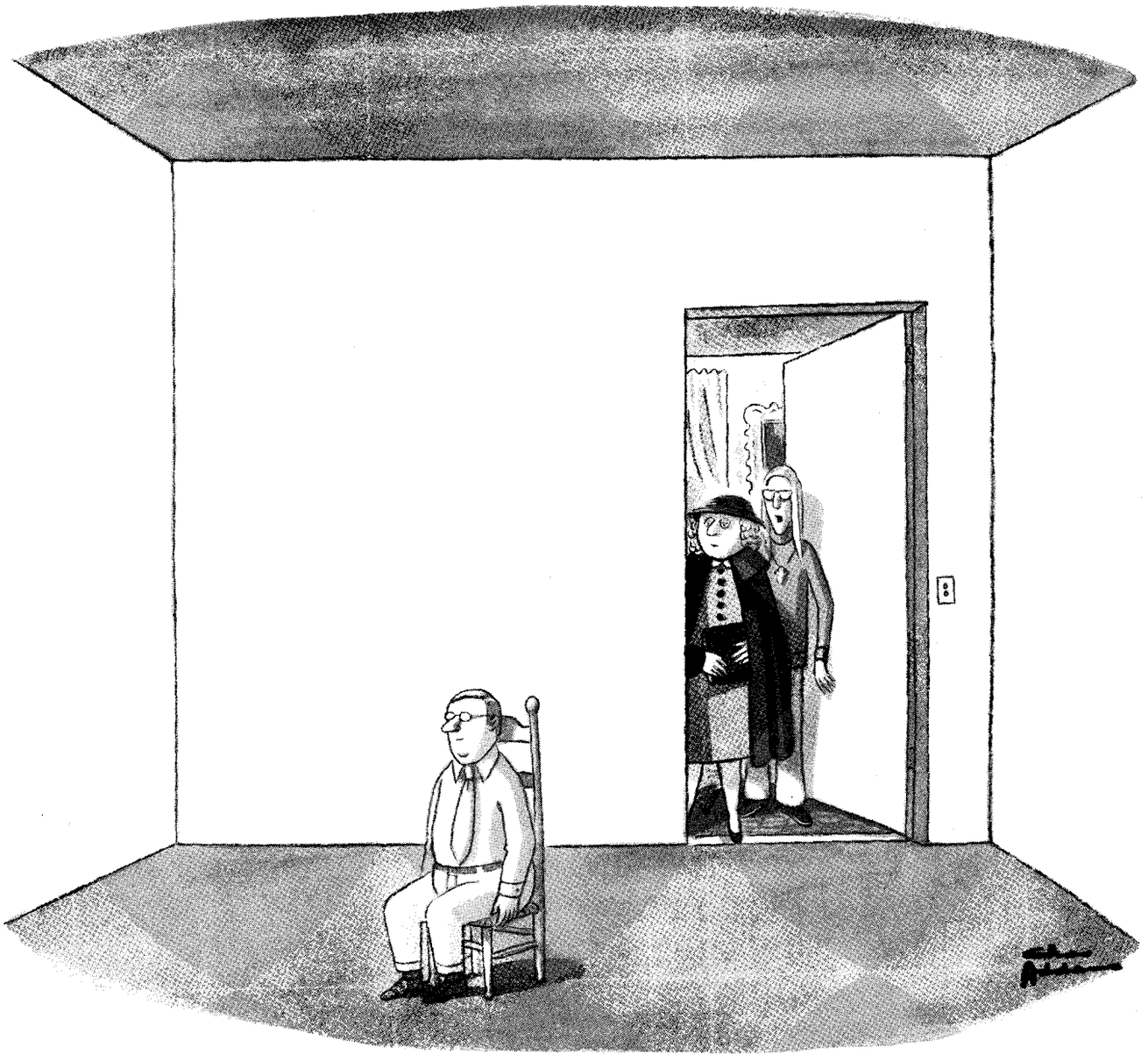

"This is Rodney's room."

• •

The next day she met me at work and drove me to lunch in her blue Alfetta. We rode in driving rain, through Turramurra and Warrawee. "Where are we going?" I asked, wanting to rest my hand on her thigh. "You must be starved, love," she said, suddenly turning and smiling at me. How I adored her then, how I wished she would pull the car to the side, how I wanted to drown myself in the pink sea of her flesh!

"We're getting close," she said.

"Not close enough," I replied ambiguously.

When she parked the car, we dashed through the rain down some battered concrete steps and into a small waiting ferry that took us across the Hawkesbury River.

Wanda. Wanda. Under that cloud-darkened sky, those drifting curtains of rain, your blond abundance filled our tiny boat with light. And in the restaurant, as we looked out over the gray water to the streaked outcroppings of rock and the gum trees, with their leaves in sad, falling bouffant clusters, what lightness of heart I experienced. How far away the rest of my life seemed as we sipped our Lindeman's Hunter River Burgundy and slowly ate our hot salad of duck livers with raspberry vinegar. I cannot recall what we talked of, but the sweet serenity of that meal still lingers; how easily we submitted ourselves to the filet of beef in Bordelaise sauce with marrow, and a second bottle of Lindeman's, which we drank until the rain stopped and the yellow glow of twilight flooded the room.

We said nothing on the drive back. The craving I felt on the way out had given way to a slumberous sense of well-being. Through half-closed lids I watched Wanda's face become intermittently bright in the glare from the lights of oncoming traffic. When she dropped me off, we sat in her car for a minute or two without speaking, draped in the dark of the Sydney night. I wanted to lean over and kiss her, to thank her, to tell her I wanted to see her again and again. She must have understood, for she sighed and then, with discretional wisdom, said, "Good night, love." That was the last I saw of Wanda in the flesh, although for months and months I would see her in my dreams, nude or semi-clothed, driving me to and from Berowra Waters Inn, where we ate that day.

Less than a week after our lunch I received word from the bank's New York office that I was to return to the

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United States for reassignment. My petite wife wanted to stay in Sydney, and, in fact, the moment I left filed formal separation papers. I never saw her again and have never been back to Australia.

THE next time I fell in love was on a late-October Sunday morning in Halifax, Nova Scotia. I was walking north on Barrington Street and she was walking south. The air had a glassy brilliance, a clarity about it, a dryness unusual in that part of the world. Yet it held the familiar odors of pine and the sea and traces, here and there, of burnt leaves. It would be a perfect day. As I watched the woman approach, I noticed she was watching me and that her steps became a little tentative, the swinging of her light-gray flannel skirt less rhythmical. She suddenly looked away, turned, and crossed the street. I watched her as she resumed her stride. She wore a tan Harris-tweed jacket, and her short but straight brown hair bounced slightly as she walked. She turned her head to watch me as we passed each other. I saw that her eyes were tender, inquisitive. For a moment it seemed that each of us might stop and address the other. But we continued on our ways. I loved the easiness, the lightness of her walk and the moment of hesitancy before she crossed the street. It was perfectly right that she did cross. To have passed each other close by might have been unbearable; she obviously knew this. I continued up Barrington Street, lost in a reverie of her. Then I stopped and looked around, and the world for an instant assumed a deep benevolence that was strangely charged and that lifted me from the possibility of resignation, numbness, or despair. I turned and headed south, in the direction I had just come. It was still early and the surrounding silence seemed enormous, as if the world were holding its breath for a momentous occurrence.

She, too, had turned around, for I saw her on the opposite side, heading toward me. Again we stared at each other. Her gaze had softened and seemed pleased to take me in. Her mouth formed a slight smile, understated and tentative, but she walked by and did not stop. I stood, watching her, knowing that she would return to me, that for her to have stopped just then, as I had, would have been premature, that having passed me again to return once more would be ample proof of her love. Several blocks later, she turned abruptly and headed in my direction. My heart beat wildly, my body ached with sudden tension. We stood across from each other. Again she smiled, but conspiringly. This was the purest, briefest, most complete of all my loves. The air was filled with the heat of containment; it shimmered with possibility. It was by tacit consent that we kept our distance, to give the flame of our passion ample space. We walked back and forth on Barrington Street until the presence of others made it impossible for us to stop and to stare. By midmorning we had each gone our own way.

Within two months I had married for the fifth time. She was a Yugoslav who knew little English and liked dancing.

MY marriage to Jasmina did not last long. I liked Belgrade despite its grayness, and liked sitting in front of the Hotel Moskva, reading four-day-old *Herald Tribunes*, but Jasmina drove me insane, dragging me from one dancing place to another. I decided to run away.

Planes from Belgrade at that time of year were often cancelled because of fog, but even in clear weather they could not be relied on. Thus my escape to Venice would be accomplished by train. I picked a night when my wife was out with her friends, threw my clothes into a suitcase, grabbed two bottles of wine, and ran to the station, just a few blocks from our tiny apartment in the heart of the city.

By the time the train pulled out, I was already sipping some of the wine. I stood in the corridor in front of my small sleeping compartment, which had already been made up, and felt a great sense of relief. Zagreb, Ljubljana, Trieste, Venice—Jasmina would never find me, would probably not try. My compartment mate was a Rumanian computer engineer who had been on board since Bucharest and was headed for Rome. He told me he had spent a few months in

BELIEVE IT OR NOT I'M FOR JERRY BROWN!
BELIEVE IT OR NOT I'M FOR JOHN CONNALLY!
BELIEVE IT OR NOT I'M FOR TED KENNEDY!
BELIE\ OR I'M I GEORGE
BELIEVE IT OR NOT I'M FOR CARTER!
BELIEVE IT OR NOT I'M FOR ROBERT DOLE!
BELIEVE IT OR NOT I'M FOR PHILIP CRANE!
BELIEVE IT OR NOT I'M FOR RONALD REAGAN!

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the United States, in Poughkeepsie. As he made this disheartening admission, a woman walked out of the next compartment and stood beside us. When my friend introduced us, he said that she, too, was travelling from Bucharest, to visit her sister in Genoa. Her name was Sylvia. She seemed nervous, a bit wary, but charming, and eager to hear whatever I said.

I offered both my companions some wine. He declined. She accepted, but with a lustiness that made me uneasy. She emptied her glass, then emptied another, and another. I opened the second bottle. Our conversation became animated despite the limitations of her English. We named our favorite movies, then movie stars; we listed our favorite cities and restaurants; she wanted to know where the best beaches in America were. At this point, my roommate, apparently tired of listening to our conversation, announced that he was going to bed. As soon as he closed the compartment door, Sylvia asked me if I thought American women were sexy. We were alone in the corridor. I was suddenly breathless; my pulse quickened, I felt overcome by the renewal of long-lost joy. Sylvia's brown eyes were looking straight into mine. She was dark and her black hair lay heavily on her slight shoulders. I watched her shift her weight. She had beautiful legs and wide, inviting hips. Then, looking back into her eyes, I told her that American women were not in a class with Rumanians or Yugoslavs. I poured myself another glass and told her I thought *she* was sexy. Instantly, I regretted having done so. Her face changed and she assumed a demeanor of stricken, frenzied awareness. Suddenly she tossed her head and looked away from me. Did I love her? I think so. Did she love me? I think not. "How could you say dat!" she said, turning toward me again, her eyes brimming with accusatory tears. I told her that I loved the Romanic roll of her vowels, her great sensitivity, that her soul was what I found sexy, but she didn't understand my English. I offered her some more wine; she put her hand over her glass. I poured some for myself, hoping to drown my embarrassment. "Please forgive me," I said, forcing a hurt look into my eyes. "I forgive," Sylvia said, coquettishly tilting her head to one side and smiling. But there was no way to recapture the innocent flow our conversation had had. We became silent. Finally, we said good night and went to our separate compartments.

I found it hard to sleep. I kept thinking of Sylvia, how different she was. Her darkness seemed to float in the dusk of my half-sleep. I imagined her whispering to me, the irresistible syllables of her broken English floating nakedly into my ears. Then I imagined her lips on mine. Then I would wake and stare at the ceiling and slowly drift back to sleep and to Sylvia. All night I moved dreamily in and out of her arms.

At six, when I was awakened by the border guards wanting to see passports, I discovered my roommate already dressed and sitting on the edge of his lower berth. Sylvia was gone.

AS I write this, I am living in Rome, and spend most of my time in a bar on the Via Frattina, staring at passersby. Soon I shall have to return to the United States and go back to work, but right now I am content doing nothing. I think often of Sylvia and her inexplicable disappearance, but I don't let it torture me. My sights are set on the future. I see myself at a dinner party in Minneapolis, surrounded by Swedes and Norwegians, or walking along the lakefront in Chicago, the wind howling, the waves crashing, or standing in a bakery in New Haven, the smells of fresh rye bread and cinnamon rolls coming together. Of course, there is no telling what will happen. At any moment my plans could be altered.

The American couple at the next table have been discussing their recently divorced daughter, waiting for her to join them. But nothing in their concern has prepared me for the tall, fashionably dressed woman who seems to appear from nowhere and sits down with them, her red hair falling over her shoulders in loose, almost dishevelled curls. And I am struck by her rich tan, which I would have thought was her natural color but for the pearly white of her underarms. Her attitude is casual, even languid, as she leans back and takes a long, easy drag on her cigarette, and her eyes are sullen and mistrustful. Clearly, she is my type. And I can see that under her calm exterior she is passionate, barely in control of needs that must be driving her even at this moment, without her knowing, ever closer to me, and that I am ready once again to fall in love, or perhaps get married.

—MARK STRAND

•

"Attention all department heads: From now on, we're just going to make small, reliable cars."

•

CLEAR DAYS ON THE BUSINESS SCENE

[*Adv. in the New Orleans Times-Picayune*]

The following qualifications are preferred but not essential:

1. Degree in Business or Psychology.
2. Business experience.
3. Experience in personnel administration.
4. Integrity.

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SNOW

ON a trail high up in the California Sierra, between heavy smooth white snowbanks, four people on cross-country skis form a straggling line. A man and three women: Graham, dark and good-looking, a San Francisco architect, who is originally from Georgia; Carol, his girlfriend, a gray-eyed blonde, a florist; Susannah, daughter of Graham, dark and fat and now living in Venice, California; and, quite a way behind Susannah, tall thin Rose, Susannah's friend and lover. Susannah and Rose both have film-related jobs—Graham has never been quite sure what they do.

Graham and Carol both wear smart cross-country outfits: knickers and Norwegian wool stockings. The younger women are in jeans and heavy sweaters. And actually, despite the bright cold look of so much snow, this April day is warm, and the sky is a lovely spring blue, reflected in distant small lakes, just visible, at intervals.

Graham is by far the best skier of the four, a natural; he does anything athletic easily. He strides and glides along, hardly aware of what he is doing, except for a sense of physical well-being. However, just now he is cursing himself for having dreamed up this weekend, renting an unknown house in Alpine Meadows, near Lake Tahoe, even for bringing these women together. He had hoped for a diversion from a situation that could be tricky, difficult: a visit from Susannah, who was bringing Rose, whom he had previously been told about but had not met. Well, skiing was a diversion, but what in God's name would they all do tonight? Or talk about? And why had he wanted to get them together anyway? He wasn't all that serious about Carol (was he?); why introduce her to his daughter? And why did he have to meet Rose?

Carol is a fair skier, although she doesn't like it much: it takes all her breath. At the moment, with the part of her mind that is not concentrated on skiing, she is thinking that although Graham is smarter than most of the men she knows, talented and successful, and really nice as well, she is tired of going out with men who don't *see* her, don't know who she is. That's partly her fault, she knows; she lies about her age and dyes her hair, and she *never* mentions the daughter in Vallejo, put out for adoption when Carol was fifteen (she would be almost twenty now, almost as old as Graham's girl, this unfriendly fat Susannah). But sometimes Carol would like to say to the men she knows, Look, I'm thirty-five, and in some ways my life has been terrible—being blond and pretty doesn't save you from anything.

But, being more fair-minded than given to self-pity, next Carol thinks, Well, as far as that goes Graham didn't tell me much about his girl, either, and for all I know mine is that way, too. So many of them are, these days.

How can he possibly be so dumb, Susannah is passionately thinking, of her father. And the fact that she has asked that question hundreds of times in her life does not diminish its intensity or the accompanying pain. He doesn't understand anything, she wildly, silently screams. Stupid, straight blondes: a *florist*. *Skiing*. How could he think that I . . . that Rose . . . ?

Then, thinking of Rose in a more immediate way, she remembers that Rose has hardly skied before—just a couple of times in Vermont, where she comes from. In the almost-noon sun Susannah stops to wait for Rose, half-heartedly aware of the lakes, just now in view, and the smell of pines, as sweat collects under her heavy breasts, slides down her ribs.

Far behind them all, and terrified of everything, Rose moves along with stiffened desperation. Her ankles, her calves, her thighs, her lower back are all tight with dread. Snow is stuck to the bottoms of her skis, she knows—she can hardly move them—but she doesn't dare stop. She will fall, break something, get lost. And everyone will hate her, even Susannah.

SUDDENLY, like a gift to a man in his time of need, just ahead of Graham there appears a lovely open glade, to one side of the trail. Two huge heavy trees have fallen there, at right angles to each other; at the far side of the open space runs a brook, darkly glistening over small smooth rocks. High overhead a wind sings through the pines, in the brilliant sunlight.

It is perfect, a perfect picnic place, and it is just now time for lunch. Graham is hungry; he decides that hunger is what has been unsettling him. He gets out of his skis in an instant, and he has just found a smooth, level stump for the knapsack, a natural table, when Carol skis up—out of breath, not looking happy.

But at the sight of that place she instantly smiles. She says, "Oh, how perfect! Graham, it's beautiful." Her gray eyes praise him, and the warmth of her voice. "Even benches to sit on. Graham, what a perfect Southern host you are." She laughs in a pleased, cheered-up way, and bends to unclip her skis. But something is wrong, and they stick. Graham comes over to help. He gets her out easily; he takes her hand and lightly he kisses her mouth, and then they both go over and start removing food from the knapsack, spreading it out.

"Two bottles of wine. Lord, we'll all get plastered." Carol laughs again, as she sets up the tall green bottles in a deep patch of snow.

Graham laughs, too, just then very happy with her, although he is also feeling the familiar apprehension that any approach of his daughter brings on: *will* Susannah like what he has done, will she approve of him, ever? He looks at his watch and he says to Carol, "I wonder if they're O.K. Rose is pretty new on skis. I wonder . . ."

But there they are, Susannah and Rose. They have both taken off their skis and are walking along the side of the trail, carrying the skis on their shoulders, Susannah's neatly together, Rose's at a clumsy, difficult angle. There are snowflakes in Susannah's dark brown hair—hair like Graham's. Rose's hair is light, dirty blond; she is not even pretty, Graham has unkindly thought. At the moment they both look exhausted and miserable.

In a slow, tired way, not speaking, the two girls lean their skis and poles against a tree; they turn toward Graham and Carol, and then, seemingly on a single impulse, they stop and look around. And with a wide smile Susannah says, "Christ, Dad, it's just beautiful. It's great."

Rose looks toward the spread of food. "Oh, roast chicken. That's my favorite thing." These are the first nice words she has said to Graham. (Good manners are not a strong suit of Rose's, he has observed, in an interior, Southern voice.)

He has indeed provided a superior lunch, as well as the lovely place—his discovery. Besides the chicken, there are cherry tomatoes (called love apples where Graham comes from, in Georgia), cheese (Jack and cheddar), Triscuits, and oranges and chocolate. And the nice cool dry white wine. They all eat and drink a lot, and they

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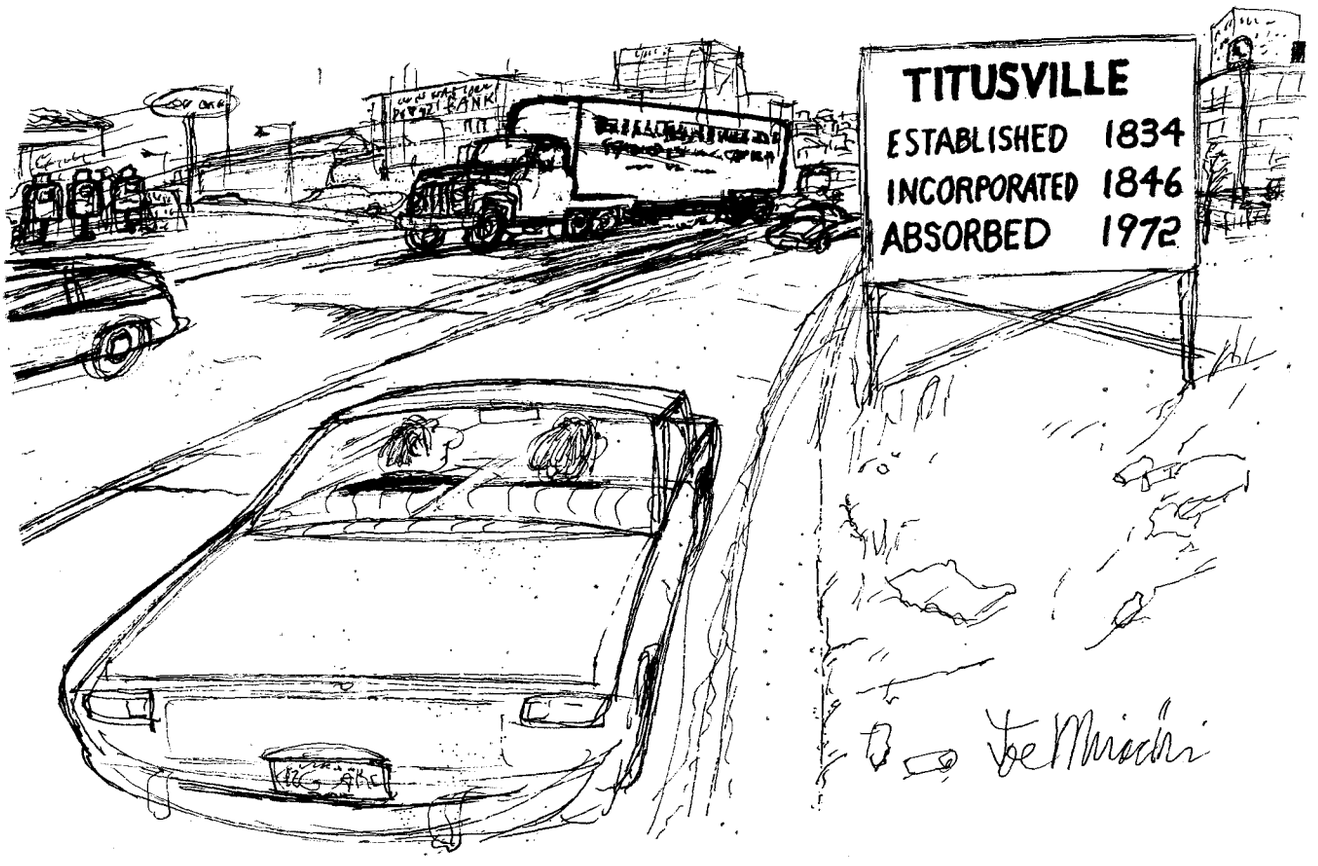

talk eagerly about how good it all is, how beautiful the place where they are. The sky, the trees, the running brook.

Susannah even asks Carol about her work, in a polite, interested way that Graham has not heard from her for years. "Do you have to get up early and go to the flower mart every morning?" Susannah asks.

"No, but I used to, and really that was more fun—getting out so early, all those nice fresh smells. Now there's a boy I hire to do all that, and I'm pretty busy making arrangements."

"Oh, arrangements," says Rose, disparagingly.

Carol laughs. "Me, too, I hate them. I just try to make them as nice as I can, and the money I get is really good."

Both Rose and Susannah regard Carol in an agreeing, respectful way. For a moment Graham is surprised: these kids respecting money? Then he remembers that this is the seventies: women are supposed to earn money, it's good for them.

The main thing, though, is what a good time they all have together. Graham even finds Rose looking at him with a small, shy smile. He offers her more wine, which she accepts—another smile as he pours it out for her. And he thinks, Well, of course it's tough on her, too, meeting me. Poor girl, I'm sure she's doing the best she can.

"You all really like it down there in Hollywood?" he asks the two girls, and he notes that his voice is much more Southern than usual; maybe the wine.

"Universal City," Susannah corrects him, but she gives a serious answer. "I love it. There's this neat woman in the cutting room, and she knows I'm interested, so she lets me come in and look at the rushes, and hear them talk about what has to go. I'm really learning. It's great."

And Rose: "There're so many really exciting people around."

At that moment they both look so young, so enviably involved in their work, so happy, that Graham thinks, Well, really, why not?

Occasionally the wind will move a branch from a nearby tree and some snow will sift down, through sunlight. The sky seems a deeper blue than when they first came to this glade, a pure azure. The brook gurgles more loudly, and the sun is very hot.

And then they are all through with lunch; they have finished off the wine, and it is time to go.

They put on their skis, and they set off again, in the same order in which they began the day.

FOR no good reason, as he glides along, striding through snow in the early California afternoon, the heat, Graham is suddenly, sharply visited by a painful memory of the childhood of Susannah. He remembers a ferociously hot summer night in Atlanta, when he and his former wife, mother of Susannah, had quarrelled all through suppertime, and had finally got Susannah off to bed; she must have been about two. But she kept getting up again, screaming for her bottle, her Teddy bear, a sandwich. Her mother and Graham took turns going in to her, and then finally, about three in the morning, Graham picked her up and smacked her bottom, very hard; he can remember the sting on his hand—and good Christ, what a thing to do to a little baby. No wonder she is as she is; he probably frightened her right then, for good. Not to mention all the other times he got mad and just yelled at her—or his love affairs, the move to San Francisco, the divorce, more love affairs.

If only she were two right now, he desperately thinks, he could change everything; he could give her a stable, loving father. Now he has a nice house on Russian Hill; he is a successful man; he could give her—anything.

Then his mind painfully reverses itself and he thinks, But I was a loving father, most of the time. Susannah's got no real cause to be the way she is. Lots of girls—most girls—come out all right. At that overheated moment he feels that his heart will truly break. It

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is more than I can stand, he thinks; why do I have to?

CAROL's problem is simply a physical one: a headache. But she never has headaches, and this one is especially severe; for the first time she knows exactly what her mother meant by "splitting headache." Is she going to get more and more like her mother as she herself ages? Could she be having an early menopause, beginning with migraines? She could die, the pain is so sharp. She could die, and would anyone care much, really? She's *lonely*.

Susannah is absorbed in the problem of Rose, who keeps falling down. Almost every time Susannah looks back, there is Rose, fallen in the snow. Susannah smiles at her encouragingly, and sometimes she calls back, "You're O.K.?" She knows that Rose would not like it if she actually skied back to her and helped her up; Rose has that ferocious Vermont Yankee pride, difficult in a fragile frightened woman.

It is breezier now than earlier in the morning, and somewhat cooler. Whenever Susannah stops, stands still, and waits for Rose, she is aware of her own wind-chilled sweat, and she worries, thinking of Rose, of wet and cold. Last winter Rose had a terrible, prolonged bout of flu, a racking cough.

Talking over their "relationship," at times Susannah and Rose have (somewhat jokingly) concluded that there certainly are elements of mothering within it; in many ways Susannah takes care of Rose. She is stronger—that is simply true. Now for the first time it occurs to Susannah (wryly, her style is wry) that she is somewhat fatherly with Rose, too: the sometimes stern guardian, the protector. And she thinks, Actually Graham wasn't all that bad with me, I've been rough on him. Look at the example he set me: I work hard, and I care about my work, the way he does. And he taught me to ski, come to think of it. I should thank him, sometime, somehow, for some of it.

ROSE is falling, falling, again and again, and oh Christ, how much she hates it—hates her helplessness, hates the horrible snow, the cold wet. Drinking all that wine at lunchtime, in the pretty glade, the sunlight, she had thought that wine would make her brave; she knows her main problem to be fear—no confidence and hence no balance. But the wine, and the sun, and sheer fatigue have destroyed whatever equilibrium she had, so that all she can do is fall, fall miserably, and each time the snow is colder and it is harder for her to get up.

THEREFORE, they are all extremely glad when, finally, they are out of their skis and off the trail and at last back in their house, in Alpine Meadows. It is small—two tiny, juxtaposed bedrooms—but the living room is pleasant: it looks out to steeply wooded, snowy slopes. Even more pleasant at the moment is the fact that the hot-water supply is vast; there is enough for deep baths for everyone, and then they will all have much-needed before-dinner naps.

Carol gets the first bath, and then, in turn, the two younger women. Graham last. All three women have left a tidy room, a clean tub, he happily notices, and the steamy air smells vaguely sweet, of something perfumed, feminine. Luxuriating in his own full, hot tub, he thinks tenderly, in a general way, of women, how warm and sexual they are, more often than not, how frequently intelligent and kind. And then he wonders what he has not quite, ever, put into words before: what is it that women do, women together? What ever could they do that they couldn't do with men, and *why*?

However, these questions are much less urgent and less painful than most of his musings along those lines; he simply wonders.

In their bedroom, disappointingly, Carol is already fast asleep. He has not seen her actually sleeping before; she is always first awake when he stays over at her place. Now she looks so drained, so entirely exhausted, with one

"Someplace where there's not as much of it all as there is here."

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hand protectively across her eyes, that he is touched. Carefully, so as not to wake her, he slips in beside her, and in minutes he, too, is sound asleep.

• •

GRAHAM has planned and shopped for their dinner, which he *intends to cook*. He likes to cook, and does it well, but in his bachelor life he has done it less and less, perhaps because he and most of the women he meets tend to shy off from such domestic encounters. Somehow the implication of cooking *for* anyone has become alarming, more so than making love to them. But tonight Graham happily prepares to make pork chops with milk gravy and mashed potatoes, green peas, an apple-and-nut salad, and cherry pie (from a bakery, to be heated). A down-home meal, for his girlfriend, and his daughter, and her friend.

From the kitchen, which is at one end of the living room, he can hear the pleasant sounds of the three women's voices, in amiable conversation, as he blends butter and flour in the pan in which he has browned the chops, and begins to add hot milk. And then he notices a change in the tone of those voices: what was gentle and soft has gone shrill, strident—the sounds of a quarrel. He hates the thought of women fighting; it is almost frightening, and, of course, he is anxious for this particular group to get along, if only for the weekend.

He had meant, at just that moment, to go in and see if anyone wanted another glass of wine; dinner is almost ready. And so, reluctantly, he does; he gets into the living room just in time to hear Rose say, in a shakily loud voice, "No one who hasn't actually experienced rape can have the least idea what it's like."

Such a desperately serious sentence could have sounded ludicrous, but it does not. Graham is horrified; he thinks, Ah, poor girl, poor Rose. Jesus, *raped*. It is a crime that he absolutely cannot imagine.

In a calm, conciliatory way, Susannah says to Carol, "You see, Rose actually was raped, when she was very young, and it was terrible for her—"

Surprisingly, Carol reacts almost with anger. "Of course it's terrible, but you kids think you're the only ones things happen to. I got pregnant when I was fifteen, and I had it, a girl, and I put her out for adoption." Seeming to have just now noticed Graham, she addresses him in a low, defiant, scolding voice. "And I'm not thirty. I'm thirty-five."

Graham has no idea, really, of what to do, but he is aware of strong feelings that lead him to Carol. He goes over and puts his arms around her. Behind him he hears the gentle voice of Susannah, who is saying, "Oh Carol, that's terrible. God, that's *awful*."

Carol's large eyes are teary, but in a friendly way she disengages herself from Graham; she even smiles as she says, "Well, I'm sorry, I didn't mean to say that. But you see? You really can't tell what's happened to anyone."

And Susannah: "Oh, you're right, of course you are . . ."

And Rose: "It's true, we do get arrogant . . ."

Graham says that he thinks they should eat. The food is hot; they must be hungry. He brings the dinner to them at the table, and he serves out hot food onto the heated plates.

Carol and Rose are talking about the towns they came from: Vallejo, California, and Manchester, Vermont.

"It's thirty miles from San Francisco," Carol says. "And that's all we talked about. The City. How to get there, and what was going on there. Vallejo was just a place we ignored, dirt under our feet."

"All the kids in Manchester wanted to make it to New York," Rose says. "All but me, and I was fixated on Cambridge. Not getting into Radcliffe was terrible for me—it's why I never went to college at all."

"I didn't either," Carol says, with a slight irony that Graham thinks may have been lost on Rose: Carol would not have expected to go to college, probably—it wasn't what high-school kids from Vallejo did. But how does he know this?

"I went to work instead," says Rose, a little priggishly (thinks Graham).

"Me too," Carol says, with a small laugh.

Susannah breaks in. "Dad, this is ab-

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solutely the greatest dinner. You're still the best cook I know. It's good I don't have your dinners more often."

"I'm glad you like it. I haven't cooked a lot lately."

And Rose, and Carol: "It's super. It's great."

Warmed by praise, and just then wanting to be nice to Rose (partly because he has to admit to himself that he doesn't much like her), Graham says to her, "Cambridge was where I wanted to go to school, too. The Harvard School of Design. Chicago seemed second-best. But I guess it's all worked out."

"I guess." Rose smiles.

She looks almost pretty at that moment, but not quite; looking at her, Graham thinks again, If it had to be another girl, why her? But he knows this to be unfair, and, as far as that goes, why anyone for anyone, when you come to think of it? Any pairing is basically mysterious.

Partly as a diversion from such unsettling thoughts, and also from real curiosity, he asks Carol, "But was it worth it, when you got to the city?"

She laughs, in her low, self-depreciating way. "Oh, *I* thought so. I really liked it. My first job was with a florist on Union Street. It was nice there then, before it got all junked up with body shops and stuff. I had a good time."

Some memory of that era has put a younger, musing look on Carol's face, and Graham wonders if she is thinking of a love affair; jealously he wonders, Who? Who did you know, back then?

"I was working for this really nice older man," says Carol, in a higher than usual voice (as Graham thinks, *Ah*). "He taught me all he could. I was pretty dumb, at first. About marketing, arranging, keeping stuff fresh, all that. He lived by himself. A lonely person, I guess. He was—uh—gay, and then he died, and it turned out he'd left the store to me." For the second time that night tears have come to her eyes. "I was so touched, and it was too late to thank him, or anything." Then, the tears gone, her voice returns to its usual depth as she sums it up, "Well, that's how I got my start in the business world."

These sudden shifts in mood, along with her absolute refusal to see herself as an object of pity, are strongly, newly attractive to Graham; he has the sense of being with an unknown, exciting woman.

And then, in a quick, clairvoyant way, he gets a picture of Carol as a twenty-year-old girl, new in town: tall and a little awkward, working in the florist shop and worrying about her hands, her fingers scratched up from stems and wires; worrying about her darkening blond hair and then deciding, what the hell, better dye it; worrying about money, and men, and her parents back in Vallejo—and *should* she have put the baby out for adoption? He feels an unfamiliar tenderness for this new Carol.

"You guys are making me feel very boring," says Susannah. "I always wanted to go to Berkeley, and I did, and I wanted to go to L.A. and work in films."

"I *think* you're just more direct," amends Rose, affectionate admiration in her voice, and in her eyes. "You just know what you're doing. I fall into things."

Susannah laughs. "Well, you do all right, you've got to admit." And, to Graham and Carol: "She's only moved up twice since January. At this rate she'll be casting something in August."

What Graham had earlier named discomfort he now recognizes as envy: Susannah is closer to Rose than she is to him; they are closer to each other than he is to anyone. He says, "Well, Rose, that's really swell. That's *swell*."

Carol glances at Graham for an in-

TORONTO MEANS THE MEETING PLACE

This is an age where limits are required.
Douane: The first twenty-five dollars are duty free.
After that it depends how long you stay
And certain things are better undeclared.
In a meeting place people understand the terms,
Though it's acceptable if they want to pretend
They don't, as in: "Why are you holding me?"
Do you want to put a Canadian out of work?

When the Huron brought furs the Iroquois
Offered belts. Economies briefly stabilized
But eventually they had to come to terms.
They slaughtered the Huron
And drove the Ojibway farther north.

The frontier moves. We were nostalgic
Because it disappeared but the frontier moves.
It cuts inland, it darts behind a lake, it lies
In wait for us in places where we've been.
We will turn someday and we will deal with it.
There are frontiers everywhere. I never
Expected, for instance, to find you here.
It's a nickel on your dollar, sir. Important,
Important to agree on the medium of exchange.

In a meeting place people decide on the exchange.
The Iroquois needed the furs to give to the Dutch
To get the guns to slaughter the Huron with,
Though this was disputed by modern historians.

Look, there are limits to what I require
You to believe. A meeting place means
You'll be able to pretend if the exchange
Takes place in the limits you're meeting within.
But where shall they be? The blue hollow
That turns in your turning wrist,
The edge of a lie I offered you,
The smell of your body behind a flannel shirt?
A meeting place is distinguished
By these things, a sense of the limits limiting
The exchange. These limits apprise you
Of where things are likely to end. Desired,
You must find where these limits begin.

—Douglas Crase

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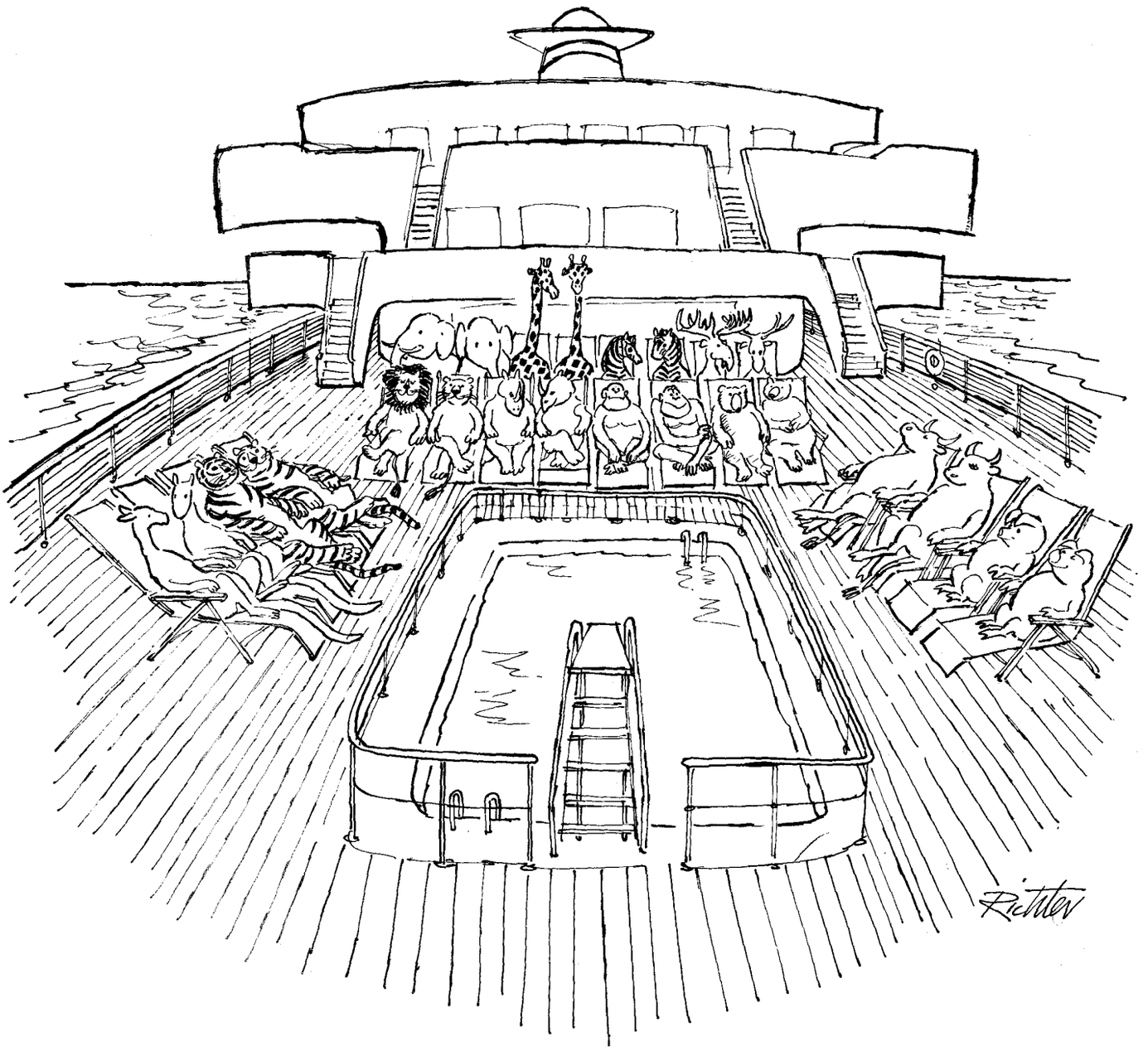

stant before she says, "Well, I'll bet your father didn't even tell you about his most recent prize." And she tells them about an award from the A.I.A., which Graham had indeed not mentioned to Susannah, but which had pleased him at the time of its announcement (immoderately, he told himself).

And now Susannah and Rose join Carol in congratulations, saying how terrific, really great.

DINNER is over, and in a rather disorganized way they all clear the table and load the dishwasher.

They go into the living room, where Graham lights the fire, and the three women sit down, or, rather, sprawl—Rose and Susannah at either end of the sofa, Carol in an easy chair. For dinner Carol put on velvet pants and a red silk shirt. In the bright hot firelight her gray eyes shine, and the fine line under her chin, that first age line, is just barely visible. She is very beautiful at that moment—probably more so now than she was fifteen years ago, Graham decides.

Susannah, in clean, faded, too tight Levi's, stretches her legs out stiffly before her. "Oh, I'm really going to feel that skiing in the morning!"

And Carol: "Me too. I haven't had that much exercise forever."

Rose says, "If I could just not fall."

"Oh, you won't; tomorrow you'll see. Tomorrow. . . ." says everyone.

THEY are all exhausted. Silly to stay up late. And so as the fire dies down, Graham covers it and they all four go off to bed, in the two separate rooms.

Outside a strong wind has come up, creaking the walls and rattling windowpanes.

In the middle of the night, in what has become a storm—lashing snow and violent wind—Rose wakes up, terrified. From the depths of bad dreams, she has no idea where she is, what time it is, what day. With whom she is. She struggles for clues, her wide eyes scouring the dark, her tentative hands reaching out, encountering Susannah's familiar, fleshy back. Everything comes into focus for her; she knows where she is. She breathes out softly, "Oh, thank God it's you," moving closer to her friend. —ALICE ADAMS

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MORE STATE AID
FOR CRIME URGED
—Headline in the Atlanta Journal.

Those damned liberals, at it again!

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PROFILES

ENDLESS POSSIBILITIES

Patrick Oliphant

ON the main floor of the spectacular new East Building of the National Gallery of Art in Washington, D.C., this fall afternoon, clusters of visitors are gazing up and around at the great marble walls, the dramatic interplay of geometric shapes, the high-tech girders of the ceiling, the blue sky visible in slices through the lofty windows; they are riding the escalators and strolling along the balconies, their faces reflecting various degrees of astonishment, delight, and awe. One visitor, however, is unimpressed—a tall man wearing steel-rimmed glasses and, over a mass of curly black hair, a buff-colored Stetson cowboy hat. "It's a damn monument to I. M. Pei," he growls to a companion. "All right for a corporate headquarters, but where's the art? Tucked to one side in dingy little galleries." The man is in his forties, but he looks younger by at least ten years; he wears a well-cut brown suit, a brown tie over a checked shirt, and half boots. He strides into a small gallery and peers at a Kandinski. "The light is inadequate," he says impatiently, and he walks out. His voice has a slight Australian lilt and twist to it. He goes into a room displaying sculpture by Miró and Picasso. "This is the only room I like," he says. He pats the air with one hand. "The light is so even. The sculpture seems to float." He passes quickly through other rooms, then goes downstairs and outside. On the Mall, most of the trees are still green; the old rust-brown Smithsonian buildings beyond are permanently autumnal. There is a nice breeze. The man in the Stetson studies a huge Henry Moore bronze at the new building's entrance. "That's a beauty," he says. He walks back and forth, looking at it from various angles; runs a hand over the burnished surface. Then he crosses the modern cobblestone pavement of Fourth Street to the original National Gallery and immediately cheers up. "*This* is designed to show art," he declares, and he goes in and out of the Impressionist rooms, pausing at a Monet meadow, a river scene by Sisley. He asks a guard the whereabouts of the Daumier exhibit—his main purpose in coming to the National Gallery this afternoon is to see it—and hurries downstairs to the show. He reads the signs at the entrance:

> In his lifetime, Daumier produced almost four thousand lithographs, over eight hundred drawings, three hundred paintings. . . .
>
> Daumier's lithographs . . . adroitly ridiculed the political figures and social foibles of the day.

The man enters, and begins examining the pictures in sequence, reading the notes beneath each one—standing close, standing back, moving in again. Occasionally, he makes a comment to his companion. " 'Pen and watercolor over chalk,' " he remarks. "I wonder how he did that. You'd think it would turn to mud." He moves on. "Look at those blacks!" he exclaims about a lithograph with bold, strong contrasts. He looks at a drawing that has numerous squiggly lines flying about. "He must have felt he was getting too tight," the man says, "so he went—" He waves his left hand back and forth briskly in demonstration, holding an imaginary pencil. He moves slowly along through the four rooms of the exhibit, gazing at the succession of corrupt legislators, fatuous deputies, scheming lawyers, pompous judges, and sleepy tribunals of a hundred years ago. He laughs when he comes to a drawing that contains some rather uneven hand-lettered words. "I can see he didn't like lettering any more than I do," he remarks. At a picture labelled "Crayon and watercolor heightened with gouache," he tries to figure out where the gouache has been applied; it is hard to decide. "That's nice," he says about the next one. "Loose as hell!" He steps back from "Interior of the Third Class Coach." "Terrific!" he says. "You stand back and the balance of the thing is *beautiful*." In the background of a picture called "Sunday at the Botanical Garden," a man is shown yawning. "That's hard to do," he comments. "A yawn without putting it in the context of sleep. It can look like a scream." An 1867 lithograph depicts a woman representing Europe trying to keep her balance on a large, round, black smoking bomb. "The first smoking-bomb cartoon!" exclaims the man, laughing delightedly. He looks closer. "Except it doesn't say 'The World' on the bomb." When he has seen all the pictures, he adjusts his Stetson and departs, well pleased. "Going to museums gives me a sense of perspective," he says, standing on the sidewalk. "It's restorative, and it prevents stagnation." He pauses. "And when you see Daumier," he says, "you know there's lots to be done yet."

The man—a political cartoonist named Patrick Oliphant—has done quite a lot already; at forty-four, he has published more than eight thousand political cartoons over twenty-four years, has won a Pulitzer Prize and a number of other awards, and currently produces a daily cartoon—five days a week—that appears in over four hundred newspapers in the United States and also in papers in places like

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Paris, Bangkok, and Tokyo. For the past four years, he has been the political cartoonist for the Washington *Star*. His caricatures are merciless, his views lack charity, but his work is probably more visible, and more widely copied, admired, and deplored, than that of any other political cartoonist in America.

AT ten-thirty that morning, Oliphant parked his car, a tan Datsun pickup, in front of the *Star*, which occupies a government-type five-story office building at 225 Virginia Avenue, in the depressed southeast section of Washington, and, as a succession of blue-and-white delivery trucks rolled out of the building carrying big stacks of the *Star's* Home Final edition (it contained an Oliphant cartoon about aid to Cambodia), walked inside to begin drawing the next day's cartoon. He was an hour or so later than usual, having had to drop off a number of his original cartoons at a gallery on P Street, where a one-man show of his work was to open the next week. He entered the *Star's* marble lobby; passed a glass case that displayed old newspapers, including an 1865 *Evening Star* ("THE CHOLERA IN EUROPE" was the lead story); exchanged greetings with the security guard; and took an elevator to the third floor. He unlocked his office; went in; hung up his coat, tie, and Stetson; and gave the morning mail a quick glance. He cackled with pleasure at an abusive anonymous letter. "I get at least one of these a day," he told his companion. "Sometimes people just call up the paper. About five million Catholics called up about my Kissinger cartoon." (Oliphant had portrayed a petulant Henry Kissinger in full papal attire, saying, "I don't know why we had to import a Pope when we have me.") He crossed to his desk—a large, tilted drawing table near the window. On the desk were a telephone, a Scotch Tape holder, an electric pencil sharpener, a metal T-square, and copies of *Time*, *Life*, and other magazines, all more or less buried under piles of letters, notes, and messages. "I like getting an immediate reaction," he said. "That's a good thing about working in Washington. Although it's a strange trait of politicians that they don't care what you say about them as long as you spell their names right. They often ask for the original drawing, no matter how critical it is, and I generally give it to them. That's the only contact I have with politicians; I carefully avoid meeting them. A few years ago, I met Barry Goldwater, and, to my horror, I found I liked him enormously, so I don't do that anymore."

Oliphant puts a piece of rough copy paper—there is a quick sketch of an idea on it—near the back of his desk, and in front of it he lays a clean sheet of heavy, chemically treated illustration paper. He picks up the metal T-square and, measuring carefully, outlines the regular dimensions of his cartoons (eight inches by twelve) on the illustration paper. This morning's cartoon deals with the swift rise in interest rates, and will show a rocket going up inside a bank while a man is trying to obtain a loan. "I usually do ideas early in the morning," says Oliphant. "I watch the CBS News, read the *Times* and the *Wall Street Journal*, and do some roughs. I tried this idea about three different ways, and none of them worked. What the hell can you do with a subject like the economy, which is usually dull, heavy, and boring? I find the best way is to work out a situation everybody can recognize. Ideas are the toughest part—ideas that

"I may be making it, but, by God, there's still a side of me that wants to run off and join the guerrillas in the hills!"

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"I just hope 1980 is half as good as 1911."

• •

suit you and your manner of expression. You can never work ahead on ideas. The stockpile thing doesn't work. I sometimes make notes on my calendar, or carry ideas around in my head, but they go stale. There is no shelf life to an idea." He goes to a washbasin in a corner of the office and washes his hands. "Often you open the paper and it says 'No news today,' and that's hard, but I've always managed to do something. I work best with a deadline, and the deadline here is to get the cartoon photographed by the end of the day. The *Star* keeps one negative, and the other goes to the Galvanic Printing Plate plant in Moonachie, New Jersey." Returning to his desk, he stands gazing down at the rough sketch; then, leaning on his right hand, he picks up a pencil in his left, holding it between his thumb and his first finger, and begins sketching the idea on the illustration paper. "I've got to make that rocket look like a rocket," he says, half aloud. After that, he is silent. It is 10:40 A.M.

The office is cheerful and light, full of plants. It has a salt-and-pepper wall-to-wall carpet, on which stand a sofa, several chairs, a coffee table heaped with more letters and messages, a small desk with a portable typewriter, filing cabinets large enough to hold big drawings, and, on separate tables, an old dictionary and a record-player. There are shelves of illustrated reference books on such subjects as architecture, flight, tanks, warships, trains, artillery, regiments, carnival strippers, and the history of cartooning. Various awards that Oliphant has received are scattered about. On the walls are two large prints of Picasso paintings, original cartoons by John Fischetti and Tony Auth, a Naval Aviation poster, a joke bullfight poster featuring El Cordobés and Oliphant, an original Oliphant cartoon in color showing the Pulitzer Prize selection committee (and reflecting poorly on it), and a couple of pictures of airplanes. There is no sound in the room except the soft, brisk *fwhut* of Oliphant's pencil strokes on the illustration paper.

As he draws the faces of the characters in the cartoon, he unconsciously twists his face into the expressions that they should have. By eleven o'clock, he has finished pencilling in the drawing, and he picks up a reducing glass—it looks just like a magnifying glass—and peers down at the cartoon. "Looking through this has the same effect as standing back," he says. "You can see if the perspective is screwed up." He slices an Artgum eraser in half with an X-Acto knife and erases the bottom of the rocket. Then he sketches it in again, with minor changes. He looks through the glass once more, and goes to wash his hands. Back at his desk, he sits now, and selects a bottle of black Pelikan ink from among a dozen bottles on a table to his left. He unscrews the top, picks up a Winsor & Newton, Ltd., Series 7 sable watercolor paintbrush—a No. 4 (its point is about like that of a sharpened pencil)—and dips it into the ink, twirls the brush, then drags it across a blank scratch pad several times, until the point is very fine. He starts inking in the drawing, his hand moving swiftly. He stabs the brush into the ink bottle, twirls the brush, wipes it across the scratch pad, swings it over to the paper, paints without hesitancy. When the office door opens suddenly and a *Star* employee tells him he has missed a meeting scheduled for that morning, Oliphant chats briefly, apologizing for the oversight, but continues to work placidly and steadily. The man goes out; the door closes.

By eleven-ten, the faces and the rocket are inked in, and Oliphant is working on dark clouds of smoke from the rocket, making loose, circular puffs. Then he begins lettering the words "National Bank"—partly obscured by the clouds—backward on the bank window. He frowns. "I don't much care for lettering any time," he says mildly, "but lettering backward—Jazus!" He accomplishes it quickly, however, and with apparent ease. The marks on the scratch pad now resemble Japanese calligraphy. He goes back to the clouds of smoke, peering at them from time to time through the reducing glass, then strengthening the blacks. His hand darts back and forth, hardly

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It's time to honor some of our national resources:

Aaron Copland
Ella Fitzgerald
Henry Fonda
Martha Graham
Tennessee Williams

They've created music for us. They've sung. Acted. Danced. And written masterpieces. And when they did, it moved us. Lifted our spirits. And changed our lives.

Their lifelong contributions, through the performing arts, enriched the quality of our lives and American culture.

For their life's work, each has received the coveted Kennedy Center Honor. Now, you can witness the ceremony and celebration as you join hundreds of their famous colleagues in paying tribute to these five individuals.

It will be a gala evening of performances and remembrances inside our national cultural center, The Kennedy Center for the Performing Arts in Washington, D.C.

Don't miss any of it. Because stars like these don't come out every night of the year.

The Kennedy Center Honors
A Celebration of the Performing Arts

Saturday, December 29, CBS-TV

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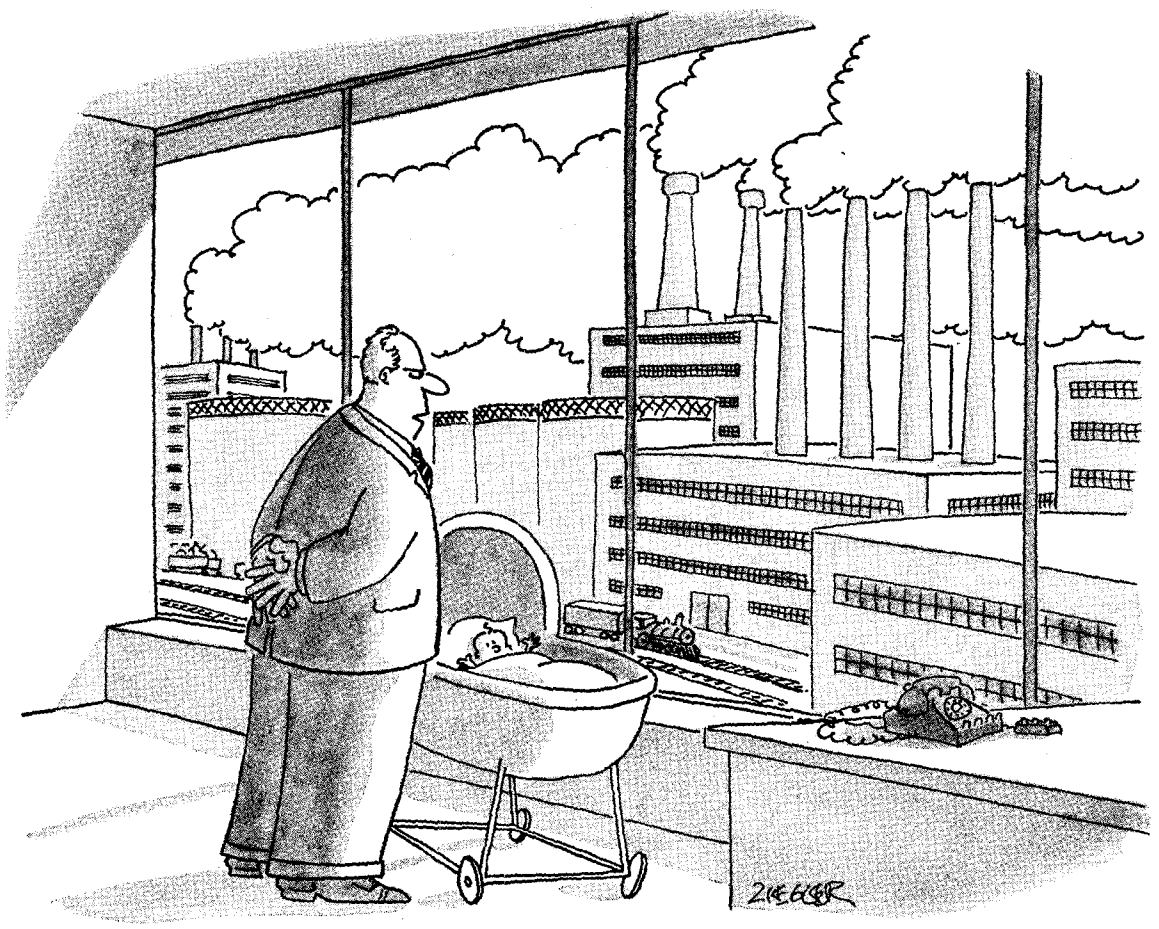

"I brought you up here today, son, because I wanted you to get a feel for the scope of this damned thing."

touching down as it goes from ink bottle to scratch pad to cartoon and back to the ink bottle.

At eleven-twenty, he exclaims, "I always forget to sign it! I didn't leave myself any space." He sticks the brush in his teeth and picks up another brush. He opens a jar of white paint and whites out the bottom left-hand corner of the cartoon. Then he goes to the washbasin and washes the white paint from the brush. While the white part of the drawing is still drying, he adds some details to the rocket and he letters in the caption—"Look, if this is a bad time to ask for a loan, just say so!"—at the bottom. (Oliphant usually includes a small character in his cartoons—a penguin who makes a remark about the situation. "I started doing that years ago," he says. "It was a chance to make two comments at once and, sometimes, a way of putting in an opinion that the publisher wouldn't allow in the cartoon itself." Today, there is no penguin.) He peers at the white paint from an angle to see if it has dried, then signs his name there. It is eleven-twenty-nine.

Oliphant picks up a cardboard box that holds two bottles of a chemical called Grafix Duo-Shade, and opens one of them. The chemical, when it is brushed onto the illustration paper, will bring out a light halftone—a diagonal grain that has been treated to respond to it. The other bottle contains a liquid that will bring out a darker halftone—a second grain in the paper, going in the opposite direction. Together, they produce a dark halftone that will appear gray in a newspaper; otherwise, the cartoon would have to be simply black and white, without gradations. (In earlier years, halftones in newspaper cartoons were often obtained through the use of benday—a transparent sheet of acetate with black dots of varying density. Parts of the sheet would be glued to a drawing at certain places, creating a wash effect.) By eleven-forty-five, Oliphant has finished with the Grafix and is scraping away at some blacks with his knife. *Skeek . . . skeeek . . .* "Sets your teeth on edge, doesn't it?" he remarks. He looks through the glass, then adds a final touch of black, and the drawing is done. It is eleven-fifty. He goes to his typewriter, sticks a piece of yellow paper in the machine, and types the caption near the bottom. Then he tapes the paper over the drawing, and cuts a small rectangle in it. The part of the cartoon that appears in the rectangle will be reproduced on the front page of the *Star*, to announce Oliphant's presence on the editorial page within. Then he takes the drawing and carries it down the hall to the office of the *Star's* editor, Murray Gart. "He likes to see it," Oliphant explains. "Mostly for protection reasons. I don't blame him."

Gart, a man with quick movements and an amused expression, greets Oliphant and examines the cartoon. "Not bad," he says. "Not bad."

"Damned by faint praise again," says Oliphant cheerfully, and he departs. He carries his cartoon through the corridor to the art-production department, where he drops it off. He is feeling good. "I really get into it," he says, returning to his office and picking up his Stetson. "It's a workout!" He puts on his hat and heads for lunch.

JENKINS HILL, a bar-restaurant that bears the original name of the hill on which the United States Capitol now stands, is behind the Library of Congress, on Pennsylvania Avenue; it is a dim, pleasant, old-fashioned-looking place with a very long bar. Its customers come mostly from Capitol Hill and from the *Star*. Walking toward it, Oliphant says, "I don't much like Washington. It's unreal, and you don't have any idea what's going on in the rest of the country. I love the West, and I spend as much time as I can out there." Oliphant is divorced; his former wife and their three children live in Virginia. "I just got back from a vacation, staying at a friend's cabin in the mountains outside Denver. I didn't do much of anything—watched the aspens change color, walked around. I lived in Denver for eleven years, when I was at the Denver *Post*. I used to fly a plane for fun. I'd started because I didn't like flying and I thought maybe

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I could overcome the fear by taking acrobatic lessons. It worked, and I bought a plane with somebody else—a Cessna. I used to fly early every morning, and see the dawn coming up on the Rockies. It was glorious. Flying in the mountains is very dangerous. You learn to anticipate, and you always keep looking for places to land. I miss flying here, but there isn't much here to see."

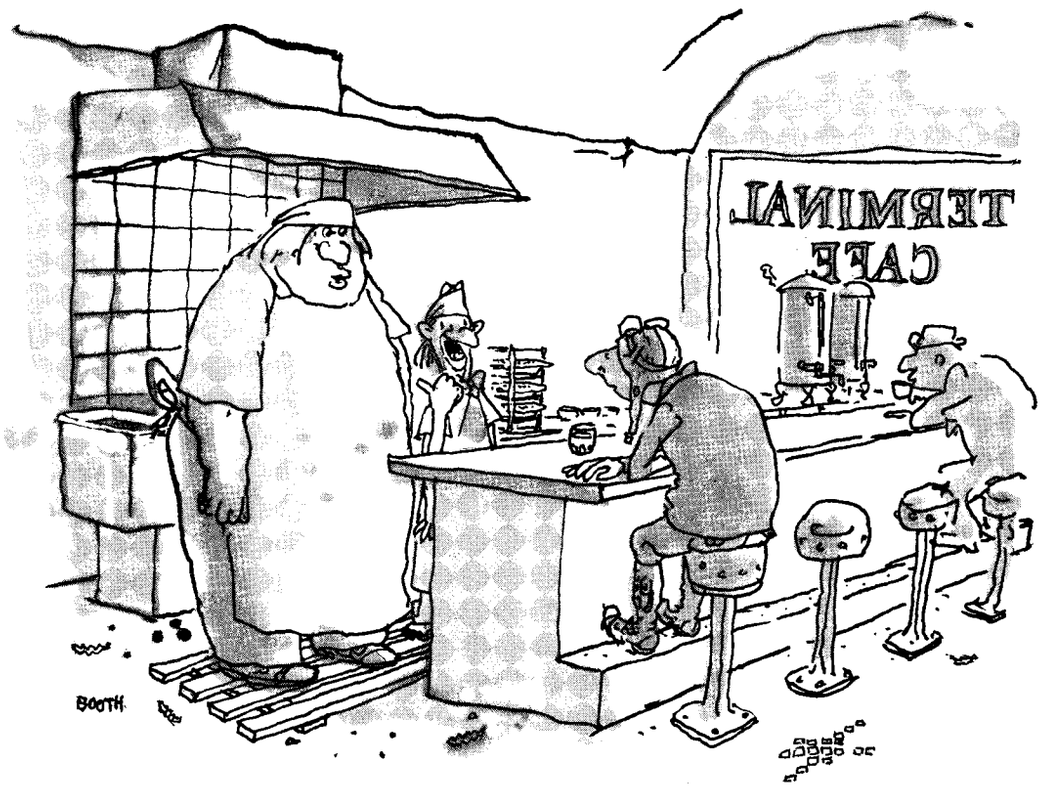
He goes into Jenkins Hill and is greeted warmly by several customers and employees. He waltzes a waitress around in circles, then sits down at the bar and orders a drink. The Stetson remains in place. After a couple of drinks and some small talk with the bartender, Oliphant speaks about his earlier years.

"I was born in Adelaide, Australia, in 1935," he says. "Adelaide was a garden city—the City of Churches, they called it—and it had a Washington feeling to it. In my childhood, we lived up in the hills, about an hour away by train. It was a primitive area, sort of like Virginia, but with eucalyptus trees and a touch of Arizona. It rained all winter, and the summers were extremely hot—a hundred, hundred ten degrees. There were scorpions, poisonous blacksnakes, trap-door spiders, centipedes, but none of them ever got me. We lived in a three-room holiday house—no telephone, no radio, no electricity, no running water. My mother cooked over a wood stove and did washing in a copper pot heated by a wood fire. We caught rainwater in a large steel tank all winter, and it had to last through the hot summer. My father was a draftsman for the Ministry of Lands, and he commuted to Adelaide. He made maps for irrigation projects, land development—things like that. I always had access to paper and pencils and paint, and he encouraged me toward art. Sometimes we'd visit art galleries together.

"The hill people were mostly small farmers, and very poor. We had no neighbors. I think we were regarded as interlopers from the city. It was not an area where you made friends. If you're forced into a lonely situation when you're young, it's not great at the time, but it helps you develop a lively imagination. I went to a one-room schoolhouse that had one fireplace, a headmaster who stood warming himself in front of it, and two other teachers. There were about eighty kids, and a lot of them came to school in the dead of winter with no shoes. One of the teachers was nice, but the two others gave me a lifelong distaste for teachers. I didn't pay much attention—I used to draw a lot—and when the teachers noticed, they'd hit you with sticks or rulers, or whatever. It was somewhat like being aboard a British man-o'-war during press-gang days.

"During the Second World War, we had a blackout every night. I remember my father putting up the shutters—frames of linoleum—in the evening. I remember lying in bed in 1942 worrying about the Japanese coming. We had a slit trench in the back yard, covered with branches. Then, I remember the Americans coming through. That was the beginning of my Americanization. When I was eleven, I began taking the steam train in to Adelaide to high school every day. The train was always derailing or being put off on a siding. There was no social life in high school. Males were segregated from females; we sat on opposite sides of the room. Fraternization was not allowed during school hours, and as soon as school was over, I had to get back on the train to go home. No sports, no extracurricular activities, no friends. What fun I got was from painting and reading, and that was all part of shaping my thinking toward a solitary occupation like cartooning.

"I made no effort to go to college. I wanted to get on with what I wanted to do. I got a job on the Adelaide *News* as a copyboy for three pounds a week—seven dollars. The *News*, an evening paper, was published by Rupert Murdoch—it had been left him by his father, a greatly admired publisher—and he had turned it into a paper that looked almost exactly the way the New York *Post* looks now. It was a grungy place. You went up one flight of a tight staircase and went through swinging doors into a maze of cubicles and offices where it was all noise and bustle. It was like 'The Front Page.' Writers with bylines were heroes, and people yelled 'Boy!' in the newsroom. I liked the chaos and the smells. It smelled of ink—a smell that no longer exists. The only time I've smelled it recently was in the lobby of the Chicago *Tribune;* they must have a vat of ink hidden away somewhere. It was a big kick for me to go into the pressroom at the *News* and deafen myself while I watched the papers thunder off the presses. The composing room was full of hot-lead linotypes—a cacophony. It all had a drama to it. Today, newspapers are an I.B.M. operation:



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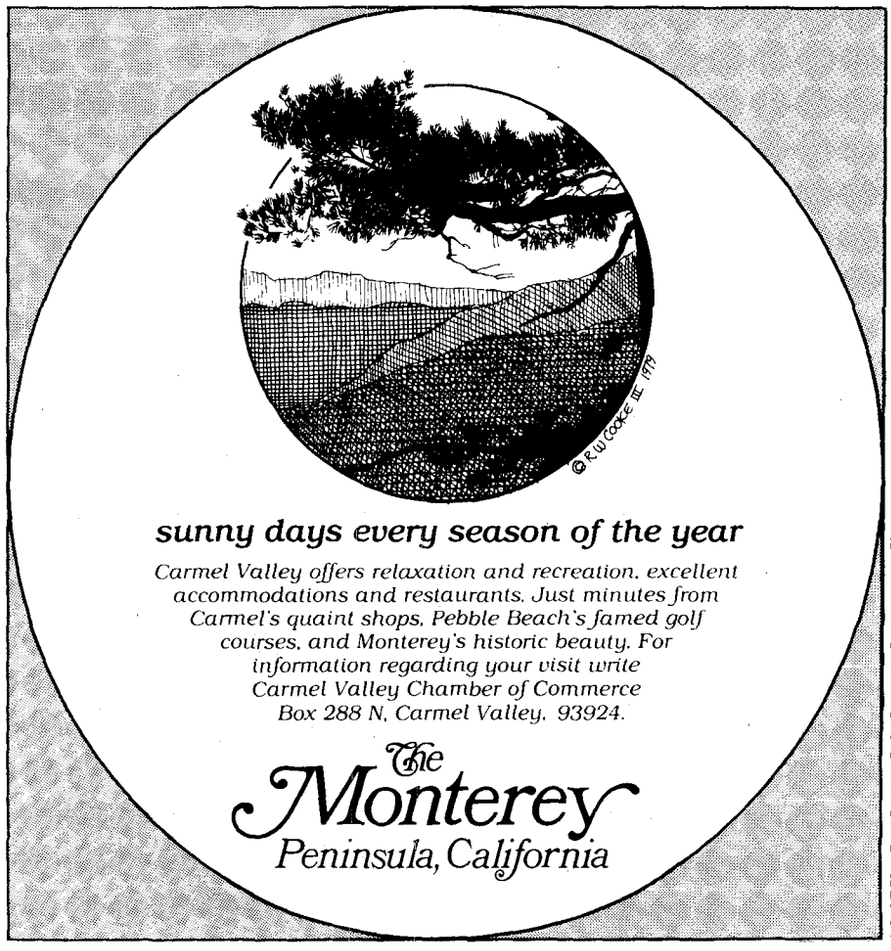

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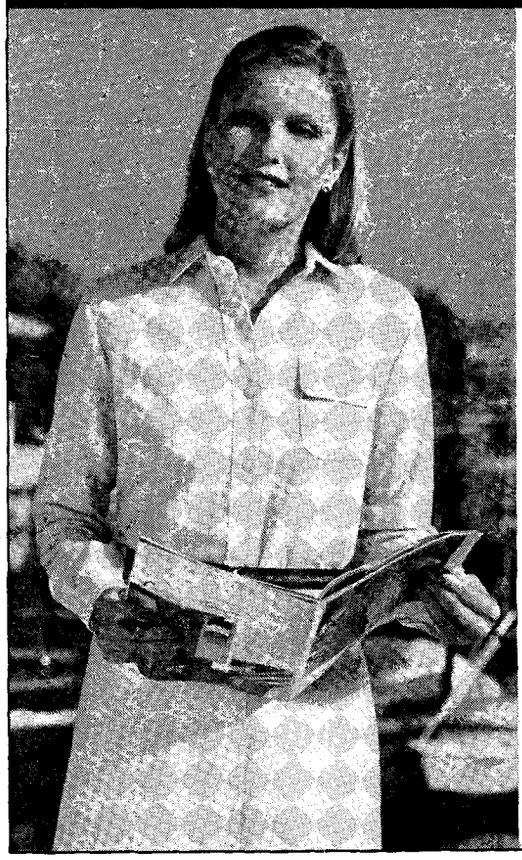

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no clatter, no noise at all, no smell, no typewriters—reporters type on video terminals—no carbon paper, not even much copy paper. I don't know if there are any craftsmen left. The cuts for drawings are no longer made in metal, they're made on plastic from a photograph. In the old days, you had to know who the engraver was—had to have a feeling about him.

"As a copyboy, I was mostly a gofer. You'd take long treks to pick up a crate of booze that was being given to the sports editor as a Christmas present. The *News* had a good cartoonist named Norman Mitchell, and I liked to watch him work. He was Quick Norman—in by eight-thirty, out by ten. I never saw anybody work faster in my life. He had a loose line, which I admired, and his cartoons looked as though they'd just jumped out of the ink bottle. Total ease and freedom. It looked like fun. I decided it was the thing I wanted to do more than anything else. It combined writing and drawing, and that gave me all the outlets I could imagine. Endless possibilities. Mitchell was getting published; he was popular; he was read; he had an audience. I liked the idea of having a vehicle for what I wanted to say. In those days, I was full of human rights, and I could see clearly what was wrong with the world—no shades of gray whatever. The cartoonist I admired most was Paul Rigby, who drew for a little gem of a newspaper in Perth, in Western Australia, called the *Daily News*. He was the one cartoonist in Australia who could say what he wanted without fear of correction or retribution. The publisher believed in using talent and paying for it. Rigby's work was incomparable. His architectural scenes—bridges, arches—were wonderful: something I've tried to emulate. But mostly his was a vision of artistic freedom—what I've always worked toward. But it took me twenty years to achieve it." He sips his drink.

"After four months," he continues, "several other copyboys and I heard that the *Advertiser*, the morning paper in Adelaide, paid a dollar more, so we quit and we went over there. We got our dollar raise, but it turned out we had to work nights. The *Advertiser* was very conservative. The offices looked like an old insurance company. It was deathly quiet, and full of oak panelling, rippled glass, and potted palms. People called each other 'Mr.' and spoke in whispers. Decorum. I became a copyboy for the photographic department. It was next to the art de-

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partment, and I talked to the people there a lot. Gradually, I became a press artist, working on an agricultural supplement called the Chronicle. It came out once a week, with awful country news from every awful place in every bad part of the state. I did weather maps and retouched photographs. I took undesirables out of society photographs—somebody with booze in his hand, for example. I'd cut him out and move the people on either side together. The *Advertiser* had hired a cartoonist from Sydney. He worked for a few years, but he wasn't too happy, and he left. They saw the chance for some cheap labor and asked me to do it. Hell, yes, I'd do it! I let myself in for a number of years of hell and frustration—1955 to 1964—doing five cartoons a week, with no syndication. The news was mostly local. But I was exposed to the work of all the foreign cartoonists, and I was influenced by a lot of British artists, like Ronald Searle and David Low, Michael Cummings, Carl Giles, and Emmwood—that's John Musgrave-Wood. I was also affected by Ben Shahn. But the American cartoonists at that time—except for Herblock and Bill Mauldin, mainly—were mostly doing doves on olive branches, putting labels on everything, and having a glimmer of sun over the horizon with the word 'Hope' on it. There wasn't a humorous approach. It's my feeling that you shouldn't insult the viewer; you should assume your reader has read what you've read. It gives you an opening for subtlety and nuance. I began emulating Rigby and the British cartoonists, and it was in my mind that this style might translate into the U.S. when the time was right. I've always believed that when the time is right things will work.

"One day in 1964, I read in *Time* that Paul Conrad was leaving the Denver *Post*. I applied, got the job, and moved to the United States. Palmer Hoyt, who ran the *Post*, was one of the last great, crusty editor-publishers, a wonderful old bastard—everything that I'd hoped an American would be. He had a bulldog face and a bulldog manner, a gruff voice—bark, bark! He had a paternalistic attitude toward a number of people, including me—and maybe toward the whole world. I liked him a great deal, and I kept him as a friend after he left. He died this year. I had some brawls at the *Post*. Hoyt liked getting invited to the White House, and he didn't want to malign L.B.J. Sometimes when I'd do a Johnson cartoon he'd call me over and growl, 'We

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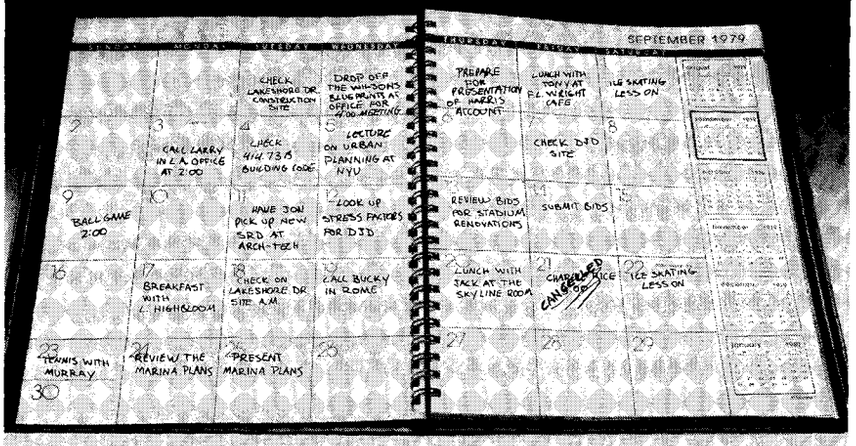

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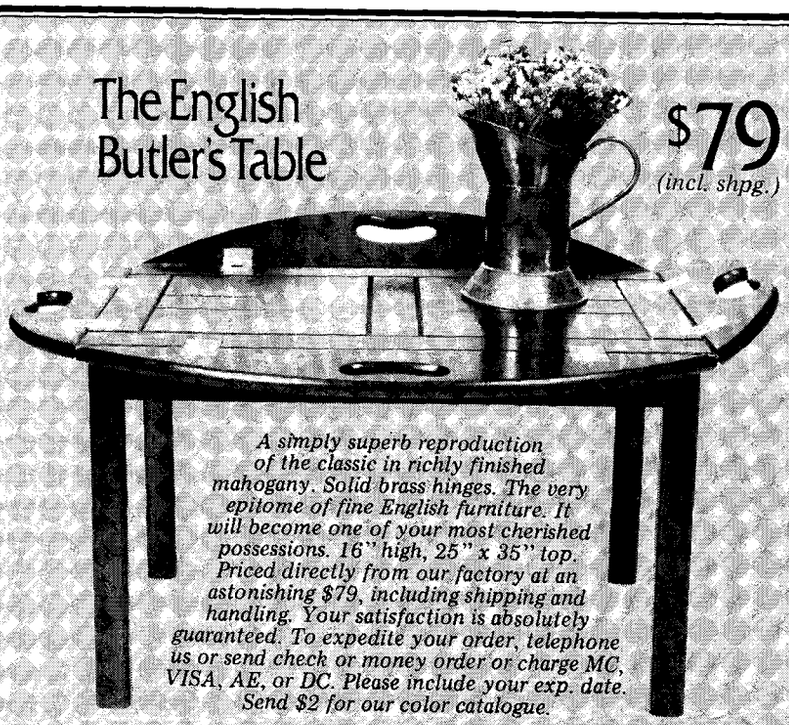

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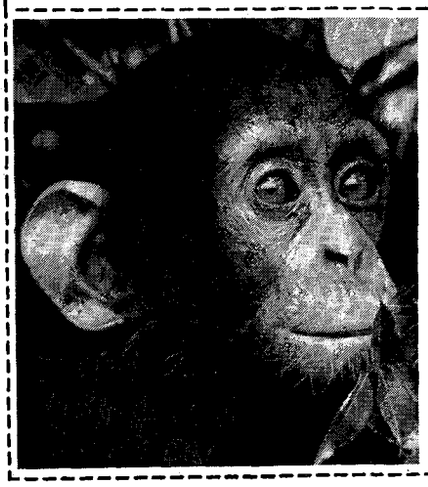

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don't want to do that.' They'd change captions on me, or run me in one edition and drop me the next, and I had to scream all the time. You can reach a nice rapport with editors, but sometimes you've got to educate them. They've got to realize you're not going to take crap any more than they are, or screw up your livelihood by jeopardizing yourself. You're an independent contractor, within your work, and the price of liberty is eternal vigilance. Many cartoonists don't have the luxury of liberty—and they won't have it until they go through the process of training editors and publishers. I've had a good relationship with the editors of the *Star*—Jim Bellows when I came, in 1975, and now Murray Gart—and the need for vigilance is not so much a day-to-day worry. I tend toward the liberal most of the time, but not always. There are no sacred cows for me, no forbidden areas. You have to decide 'good taste' for yourself, and you're always going to offend somebody. When you sign your work, you really have to believe what you've said. Sometimes deciding what you believe is the exhausting part. With political figures, I think there's no such thing as a good one, and I go on from there. I suppose my position is negative. If you're going to be in favor of something, you might as well not be a cartoonist." He pauses, then says, "The impact of a cartoon is useful in that it may start a dialogue. Whether it changes people's minds, I'm not sure." He hails the bartender and orders lunch. —JAMES STEVENSON

•

FUEL TIPS

As gasoline prices continue to spiral, motorists must take advantage of every measure that will result in immediate savings at the gas pump. Here are a few simple ones that taken alone might have only nominal savings but together can have a significant impact on your pocketbook.

The U.S. Department of Agriculture recommends that the average person consume the equivalent of at least two cups of fruits and vegetables a day.—*Andover (Mass.) Townsman.*

The U.S.D.A. can butt out.

•

And both schools have changed, Rutgers more dramatically. From the unobtrusive, quaint little Queens College to the sprawling, four-city and six-campus University that it now is, Rutgers has provided the State of New Jersey with a great dearth of history, culture and tradition.—*Rutgers Daily Targum.*

And done it all so quietly and without fanfare.

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THE THEATRE

Love in the Dark

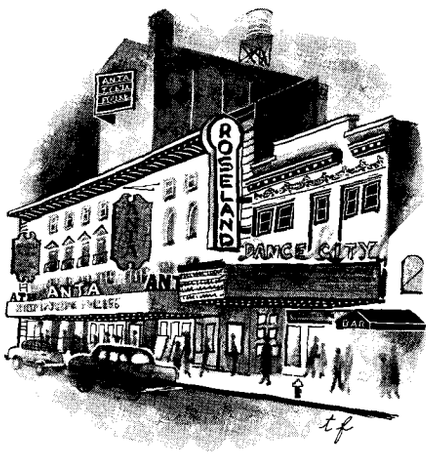
"TEIBELE AND HER DEMON," at the Brooks Atkinson, is a dramatization by Isaac Bashevis Singer and Eve Friedman of one of Mr. Singer's characteristically merry and dark short stories. In the program, the play is subtitled "A Fable," and I confess that the moment I encounter the word "fable" my heart quails, for in my experience it nearly always means that we are being asked to treat a work more gently and with less critical skepticism than we would normally feel inclined to do. Outrageous improbabilities abound as of right in fables, and if we cavil at them, then we are being, in effect, poor sports, not to say louts—cannot we let our spirits soar into that happy empyrean in which anything goes? The fact is, I cannot; when it comes to works of art, and especially to dramatic works of art, I remain earthbound. Robert Frost said once that writing free verse was like playing tennis with the net down, and I feel the same way about plays: if a character is voyaging from A to C, I count on his passing through B, and not preposterously turning up at X or P. All of which serves as a preamble to my saying that I found the Singer-Friedman fable highly unsatisfactory, in spite of an admirable production. Like Nabokov, Mr. Singer is a master of literary sleight of hand, and, like Nabokov, he is in jeopardy on a stage, where the sleight of hand is physical as well as literary, and subject to a constant, intense scrutiny.

Teibele is a good-looking young woman living in a small village somewhere in Poland in the eighteen-eighties. Her husband has disappeared, and by Jewish law she may not marry again until she has obtained proof of his death. She is loved by a local do-nothing scholar named Alchonon, whom she despises. Luckily for Alchonon, Teibele is fascinated by an ancient tradition which holds that if a woman is seduced by a demon her giving way to him reflects no discredit upon her. Alchonon contrives to reach Teibele's bed in the guise of a demon, and they have a fine time making love, but soon Alchonon decides that he wishes to be loved in his own person and to make Teibele his bride. The plot thickens round and round this greedy hope, with episodes of an increasingly implausible nature, and the play comes to an end not, like most fables, with a victory scored against heavy odds but with Teibele's death.

In literary fables, it's a convention that people well known to each other may fail to recognize each other under certain circumstances, just as it's a convention for a king, say, to assume that the perfect stranger lying beside him at night is his wife, to whom he then makes love without detecting anything awry. Such conventions become nonsensical in a theatre, and though F. Murray Abraham, who plays Alchonon, does his best to keep the character of Alchonon and the character of the demon discrete, Teibele (played by Laura Esterman) would surely have been quick to see through Alchonon's mischievous game; then, instead of a fable, we might have wound up with a charming comedy à la Molnár's "The Guardsman." An objection to the play separate from my inability to suspend disbelief was the reminders throughout the evening of the lowly place that a woman once held—in some cases, still holds—in Jewish law and customs. For Teibele to be asked as a matter of course whether she is "clean" is, even in its nineteenth-century context, an odious question.

Also in the cast are Barry Primus, Lee Lawson, and Stefan Schnabel, who give excellent support to the lively Mr. Abraham and the sensual Miss Esterman. The romantic setting and costumes are by Desmond Heeley, the lighting is by Duane Schuler, and the direction is by Stephen Kanee.

"PARIS WAS YESTERDAY," at the Harold Clurman, is a monologue drawn from the writings of Janet Flanner, who for fifty years served as the Paris correspondent of this magazine. Under the nom de plume Genêt, she took care to provide her readers with an accurate account of Paris as it existed from day to day in its ravishing hurly-burly of shops, cafés, art galleries, bookstalls, and fishermen along the quais; she also offered her readers the Paris of her imagination—a heightened and intensified Paris, which no ordinary tourist could hope to discover by tramping its streets. She wrote superbly about people—her sedulously rendered portraits of Matisse, Picasso, Hemingway, Fitzgerald, and Gertrude Stein, among hundreds of others, are indispensable to historians of the period. She wrote equally well about the seasons; like her friend Colette, she was a scrupulous recorder of nature—every flower had to have its name. As a storyteller, she was fearless and unrivalled; I wrote of her once that, having set forth upon an anecdote, not for a moment would she lose her way or let us be tempted to follow any way but hers, "and all the while she has held us bound to her not alone by her beautiful low voice but by her beautiful dark eyes, immense with the adventure of high, fanciful talk."



Flanner died a year ago, at the age of eighty-six. Now, in a deft patchwork compiled and directed by Paul Shyre, Celeste Holm impersonates a Flanner ranging over several decades. Miss Holm is very unlike Flanner in appearance, but she works hard to bring out the well-remembered words with the elegant, calm fierceness of address that made them seem to be fashioned of steel as well as of silk. There's a good deal of humor in the show, and a good deal of sadness, for as the years of the century mount up, many of the great living falter and turn aside to join the great dead. Flanner saluted them with praise as they passed, and it is good to hear that praise in our ears again. —BRENDAN GILL

•

INFATUATION WITH SOUND OF OWN IMAGERY DEPARTMENT

Nicole had a caustic look. She was tiny, she had a neat trim figure and good bones but some unhappy trick of genetic fate had kneaded and creased the skin of her face until at forty-five she looked as if she must have slept with her face pressed against a rabbit-wire screen.

—"*Deep Cover*," *by Brian Garfield.*

Draper had always been cadaverous and he'd put on no weight, but the years had engraved deep brackets around his mouth and had crosshatched his skin as if he'd been using a rabbit-wire screen for a pillow.—"*Recoil*," *by Brian Garfield.*

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MUSICAL EVENTS

Giant Handel

PERFORMANCES of Handel's "Messiah" hit New York like a snowstorm during the fortnight before Christmas. This yearly ritual may be unavoidable, but it is scarcely justifiable. "Messiah" is not a Christmas piece. Handel first performed it in April, and usually revived it around Easter. Only the first part of the oratorio deals with the Christmas story; Part II is a meditation on Christ's life, death, and Resurrection, and Part III is a vision of the Second Coming ("I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that He shall stand at the latter day upon the earth"). Charles Jennens' contemplative libretto, with its extensive use of Old Testament texts, is more appropriate to the celebration of the Passion and Resurrection than to that of Christ's birth—a story that is essentially narrative. A great choral work of Christmas celebration may be built from the six cantatas that Bach wrote for the Nativity and the days after, yet I see only one "Christmas Oratorio" in a major hall this year (and that shorn of a whole cantata and assorted bits and pieces). Wrong, too, that these yearly "Messiah"s should so often provide the excuse for a sing-in on the largest possible scale. A few organizations—Richard Westenburg's Musica Sacra, for one—have presented the work with a small number of singers and players, such as Handel himself had available (though with women choristers rather than boys, and with modern instruments rather than their baroque equivalents). But, on the whole, Christmas "Messiah"s reinforce a view of Handel as a composer of inflated grandeur—that aspect of Handel celebrated by Pope in "The Dunciad":

Strong in new Arms, lo! Giant Handel stands,
Like bold Briareus, with a hundred hands;
To stir, to rouze, to shake the Soul he comes,
And Jove's own Thunders follow Mars's Drums.

Yet the scale of such a description is comparative. If the picture it conjures up for us is something like a performance of Berlioz's "Messe des Morts" with seven or eight hundred voices, choirs of brass, and eighteen timpani, then one can only object that Pope was writing of eighteenth-century grandeur. Handel did not need a hundred voices, or a hundred violins, to stir, to rouse, and to shake his audiences' souls; and I am convinced that (even though music has passed through the age of the Victorian oratorio) we do not need huge forces in order to recognize Handel's genius.

In the masque "Acis and Galatea," there is a chorus that, for emotional power, is not surpassed in any of Handel's later works. A slow, elegiac fugue announces the words "Wretched lovers, quit your dream;" in agitated, insistent rhythms the voices announce, "Behold the monster Polypheme!" (while the opening lament persists in the music); there is a pause; in jagged, separated chords the monster's steps are depicted; and then a tumult breaks out as his effect on nature is described—"The waves run frighten'd to the shores." In these few pages, what has been a mellow pastoral drama is transformed: issues of life and death are suddenly raised. Now, in the original conception of the piece this overwhelming section requires no more than twelve performers: the chorus, one to a part, consists of a soprano, three tenors, and a bass; the orchestra consists of two oboes, two violins, two cellos, and harpsichord. And, perhaps more startling, the whole of "Acis and Galatea" may be done with these twelve performers: four of the chorus singers take the solo parts; the oboists also play recorders in some numbers. There is strong evidence for believing that this is how the piece was done in the summer of 1718, when it was first performed. The singers were certainly one to a part, for they are named in the score; perhaps a couple of extra string players were used. "Acis and Galatea" stirs and rouses and shakes the soul as Monteverdi's madrigals or Byrd's motets or Machaut's lais do, with a concentration that owes much to its miniaturism.

In the Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium of the Metropolitan Museum, earlier this month, the New York Chamber Soloists presented "Acis and Galatea" in its original form. There were small modifications of Handel's scheme: an alto rather than a high tenor supplied the non-soloist chorus part, and, in deference to modern specialism, an extra musician was brought in to play the recorder. (There should have been two recorders for the bubbling fountain of Galatea's last aria.) It is difficult to imagine how the original "Acis" was staged: all the singers had to be onstage all the time, moving into prominence when they assumed solo roles. Here the singers were ranged on a low platform behind the players, and walked onto a slightly higher platform for their solo numbers. There is, of course, no verisimilitude in the action: it is Polyphemus who in the roulades of the chorus bass part heralds his own approach. The Chamber Soloists jibbed at having Acis sing in the chorus that immediately follows his death: an understandable but sentimental decision, since he has to sing a few moments later when, in the plot's dénouement, he has just been turned into a fountain.

The performance was hard-driven and vital. Modern instruments were used, and it was good to hear two oboes duetting on equal terms with two violins. (In so many Handelian orchestras, winds are lost behind a haze of string tone.) Ornamentation was essayed in great quantity, with varied success. In Galatea's "As when the dove," the libretto's "melting murmurs" were changed into a tumultuous babble of decoration; and in Acis' "Where shall I seek" the whole rhythmic character of the aria was altered in the reprise—which is going too far. In several of the arias, speeds verged on the uncomfortable; in future performances a little relaxation in the pastoral numbers would not come amiss. Direction seemed to be shared between the first violinist and the cellist; neither the position nor the playing of the harpsichord was prominent enough. Keep the players in their three-sides-of-a-square formation, but put the harpsichord in the middle of them, with the player's back to the audience, so that (as in countless eighteenth-century pictures) it forms the focus and directing force of the ensemble.

THE pastoral evocations in "Acis and Galatea" are an extraordinary product of a composer who had lived in England for only some six years. Pastoral conventions did not change much in eighteenth-century music between Italy and England, and Handel had doubtless heard the drone basses of Stradella, Corelli, and others while visiting Italy. Yet it would be dangerous to throw aside the notion that there is something specifically English in Handel's depiction of the countryside. He returned often to pastoral themes, taking the slightest encourage-

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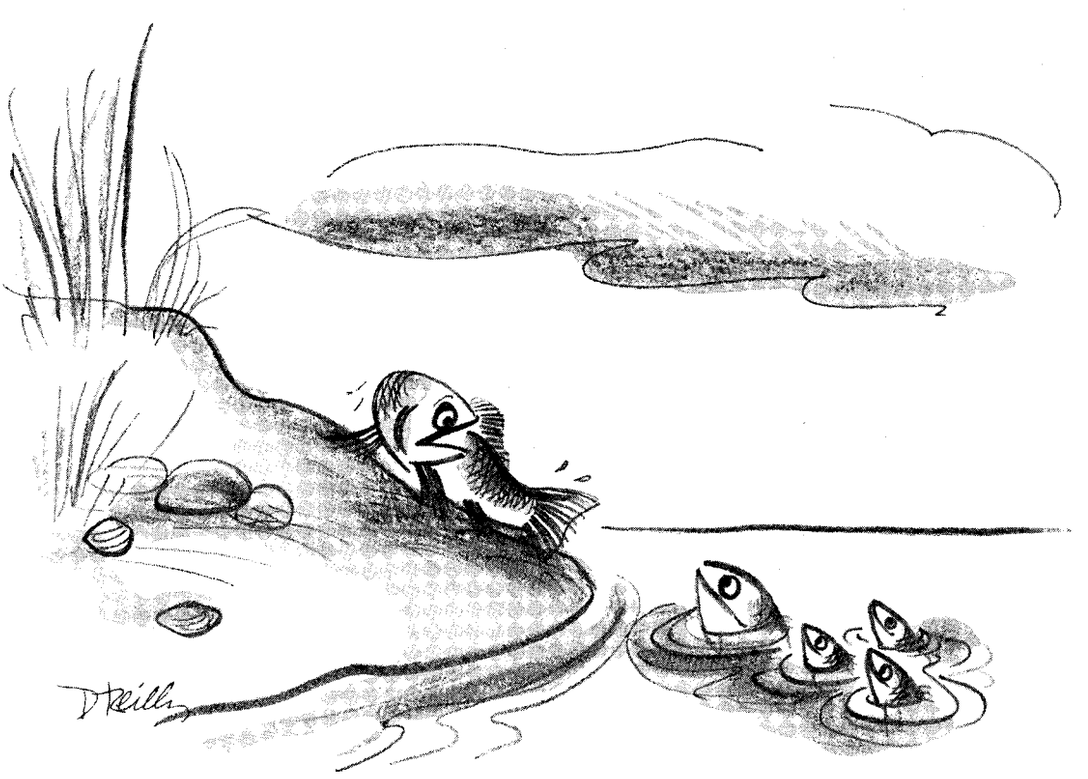
ment from his librettos to depict sunlight, darkness, flowing streams, and verdant landscapes in the most magical and subtle musical language. And in one notable case he created a whole oratorio out of English pastoral. "L'Allegro, il Penseroso, ed il Moderato," of 1740, is a setting of Milton. (The depiction of Moderation is by Jennens, and was dropped after the first performances.) Milton draws his contrasts strongly between the personifications of Joy and Melancholy, but Handel, no doubt sensing that such a contrast would not fuel a whole oratorio, responds far more immediately to Milton's pictures of the surroundings where the characters act out their self-conscious passions. In "Handel's Dramatic Oratorios and Masques" (one of the most comprehensive and perceptive books on any musical subject), Winton Dean comments, "Milton's two humours disappear into the background; we are conscious, not of their alternation, but of the unity in which the kaleidoscopic view of fields, rivers, hills and towns . . . is lovingly comprehended."

The oratorio, which was given at the Metropolitan Museum a week before "Acis," has close parallels with the earlier work. A musical one will suffice to show how varied was Handel's use of pastoral musical conventions. "Acis" opens (after its overture) with a chorus depicting "the pleasures of the plains." It is in B flat, and the ingredients of its orchestral material are a drone bass and flowing pairs of eighth notes, falling downward and then becoming entwined in dancing sixteenth notes. The mood is sunny. In "L'Allegro," there is a short evocation by Il Penseroso of the "far-off curfew sound" that he hears from "a plat of rising ground." Again the key is B flat, but here the mood is dark and the tempo is slow. Handel uses pairs of thirds, falling downward in the strings. There is no bass line, but the same drone as in "Acis" is implied. Then Handel's genius for changing the material he borrows becomes apparent: the thirds fade, and the bass note appears, but as a plucked, rhythmic note depicting the curfew bell. The bell sounds again as the singer begins, and the material is expressively developed in the few bars that follow. The last phrase of Milton—"Where glowing embers, through the room, Teach light to counterfeit a gloom"—stimulates Handel to an ethereal conclusion, in which the echo of the curfew is heard while a flattened seventh and sixth of the scale conjure up a gloom of deathly hue. In "Acis," that same intensifying use of flattened intervals occurs in the orchestra's chord sequence after Acis' death. The pastoral expectations of the listener, happily fulfilled in the "Acis" opening chorus, are unexpectedly contradicted.

There are many other effective evocations in "L'Allegro." The soprano aria "Sweet bird," with obbligato flute, looks and sounds like a conventional bird aria of exceptional elaboration and tedious length. But the central section, in complete contrast, sets the couplet "To behold the wand'ring moon Riding near her highest noon" so that for nine bars the vocal line does nothing but rise, two semitones to a bar, through an octave and a fourth—an unprecedented effect of eloquent simplicity. There are cheerful hunting horns; triple-time dancing choruses; and a skipping aria ("Mirth, admit me of thy crew") in which Handel audaciously fills bar after bar in the ritornello with one high repeated note and a little run up to it—a chirruping pastoral noise.

The Museum performance was by Musica Aeterna, under Frederic Waldman. The forces were small and professional: six first violins, five seconds, five violas, four cellos, two double-basses, balancing a chamber choir of twenty voices. Mr. Waldman's conducting was affectionate but heavy. I longed for more lightness of touch in the orchestra; the notes were dug into the strings, without respite. The continuo cello failed to phrase, to show a difference between on-beat and off-beat notes. Consequently, this sounded like a "large-scale" performance on a small scale. The method worked best in the big choruses such as the active "Populous cities please us then;" elsewhere the result was too reverential. One exception came in the glorious sequence that ends the oratorio's first part. A lovely siciliana for tenor, done with easeful lyricism by John Aler, and a powerful accompanied recitative for baritone (Leslie Guinn) lead to a splendid chiming song for tenor, "Or let the merry bells ring round." (Handel used a carillon here in some performances, and also added it to the "Acis" score in a later revival.) The chorus takes up the strain in a bouncing number, "And young and old come forth to play," but, with a suddenness like that of Polyphemus' approach, the daylight fails, and the revellers creep to bed—"by whisp'ring winds soon lull'd asleep"—to music that fades into the minor mode and is blown along on



"As soon as I get established, I'll send for you."

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wisps of gentle sequences. Here Mr. Waldman's careful pacing and unobtrusive response to the music made the last transition wonderfully affecting. Benita Valente bore the brunt of the demanding soprano arias. Her legato was too sustained and unvaried for my taste; though her phrasing was always firm, she dragged the recitatives. A glorious opportunity was missed by the continuo player at the climax of the second part, where the chorus summons the pealing organ to blow. Handel marks (as he often did when he played the part himself) "*organo ad libitum*," but we heard just the couple of desultory bars that Friedrich Chrysander added in his edition. A little later, where the soprano asks to be dissolved into ecstasy—for the choir and organ to "bring all heav'n before mine eyes"—Handel instructs the organist to improvise on the two subjects of the choral fugue that follows: a tall order indeed, though one that Handel himself would have doubtless carried out with what Sir John Hawkins described as "stupendous art." Here the passage was simply omitted.

THERE was livelier organ playing in the last of the Metropolitan Museum's Handel concerts in December, when Anthony Newman brought his Brandenburg Collegium for an evening of concertos and chamber music. Mr. Newman's virtuosity was impressive, though it was scarcely of Handelian proportions; in particular, his flourishes of passagework—commendably adding extra elaboration to Handel's structures—had not always the "spirit and firmness" that Hawkins praised in Handel's playing. Where Handel called for improvisation, as in two concertos (Nos. 1 and 4) from Opus 7, Mr. Newman supplied something not spontaneous but well worked out. More worrying was his treatment of his orchestral colleagues. The Rogers Auditorium organ is a fine instrument, but it needs to be controlled if it is to sound like one that Handel used. The Brandenburg Collegium played baroque instruments, only one to a part (demonstrably too few: Handel himself played these works with his oratorio orchestras, in the intervals of those pieces). There were not even the two cellos demanded by the dark, dismal opening of the D-Minor Concerto, Opus 7, No. 4. To make matters worse, Mr. Newman did not disdain the organ's reeds, or even its pedal board (Handel wrote for pedals only in Opus 7, No. 1). Too often the supporting instruments were drowned out, and Mr. Newman's not very steady playing was left. The moral was clear: Handel did not require a great volume or a thick texture of sound to make his effect on the organ. He probably used an organ with just seven stops, without reeds; yet Hawkins wrote of "his amazing command of the instrument, the grandeur and dignity of his style, the copiousness of his imagination, and the fertility of his invention." The performances I enjoyed most in this concert were those of two trio sonatas, by the violinists Bruce Berg and Linda Quan, with Myron Lutzke on cello and Mr. Newman at the harpsichord: the baroque bows flashed across the gut strings of the old violins with zest and precision, making a sound that was alternately spiky (in the Allegros) and glassy (in the slow movements). Rhythm was firm. The torrent of notes was restrained, and each was placed precisely and firmly in the framework of the piece.

BAROQUE instruments were also used in the most curious Handel performance I heard during the month. It was billed as "Judas Maccabaeus," and was directed by Johannes Somary, at Carnegie Hall. A more appropriate title would have been "Sundry Selections from Handel's 'Judas Maccabaeus.' " The work was violently edited: of the opening seven vocal numbers in Handel's score, four were performed—and three of those were choruses, giving an unbalanced view of the piece. The oratorio's three acts were truncated so as to provide a concert in two parts; thus the great final choruses of Acts I and II passed unemphasized during the sequence of selections, and a chorus from the middle of Act II concluded the concert's first half. This procedure is not dissimiliar to, let us say, giving Mozart's last three symphonies in the course of an evening and placing the intermission after the slow movement of No. 40. However, there were good soloists (especially the countertenor Jeffrey Dooley, who did the famous "Father of Heav'n" with rare nobility and restraint), and the huge Fairfield County Chorale sang with enthusiasm and vigor, though there was plenty of cotton wool around the edges of the choral sound. Mr. Somary is a conductor more entertaining than effective: he bursts with an enjoyment that expresses itself in the individual mannerism of using one hand to beat half a bar and the other hand to beat the other half, and then, for special emphasis, both together. Still, he succeeded in invigorating his choir, and he chose firm, lively tempi; the resulting accounts of some of Handel's less subtle triumphal choruses were fun. What was inexplicable was Mr. Somary's decision to use a very small orchestra of original instruments—the Levin Baroque Ensemble—to accompany these proceedings. The instrumentalists could scarcely compete with the massed force of the Fairfield Chorale. On their own, or accompanying the soloists, though, they had a precision and subtlety very different from the general enthusiasm of much of the rest of the performance. The ensemble was drawn from several of the original-instrument groups in New York, Boston, and Washington, yet its corporate style was well characterized. There should have been more wind instruments to match the strings, but the overture and the Act III march sounded sparkling and crisp. The natural trumpet had to cope with an obbligato in the unusual and difficult key of A minor. (Was Handel trying to highlight the aria's central section, where the music turns into a more trumpet-like D major?) Two natural horns were impeccable in their interlude to "See, the conquering hero comes." (I was astonished that there were no mistakes; to judge from the relieved smiles onstage, so was the orchestra.) In all, not a concert that led one to revise the opinion of "Judas Maccabaeus" as one of Handel's weaker oratorios, but an odd picture of contrasted approaches to his music.

"JUDAS MACCABAEUS" is scarcely a dramatic oratorio. Though there is a plot of sorts, there is little action, and many of the solos are given to anonymous, uncharacterized Israelite men and women. None of the works that I have mentioned is typical of Handel's fully developed dramatic style. "Messiah" has no characters, and is meditative; "Acis" is a miniature; "L'Allegro" swaps its characters from voice to voice. But "Jephtha," which Brooklyn College performed twice this month, is the last and—I think—the finest of Handel's great dramatic oratorios. It has a strong plot, similar to that of "Idomeneo": Jephtha, who has pledged to sacrifice the first creature he sees on returning from victory, en-

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counters his daughter, Iphis. Handel's huge time scale in the oratorio is such that he can make the first two acts appear to be a gradual growth toward the climax of Act II, the quartet that Winton Dean rightly calls "one of the finest concerted pieces in dramatic music." The conflict summed up in this ensemble is mental, not physical: Will Jephtha kill his daughter, as he has vowed? Each of the four musical lines expresses a character's reaction to that question, while in the continuo bass inexorable fate plods through the music. To conclude this quartet, Handel uses a striking phrase taken from a similar ensemble of conflict, the trio in "Acis." In the sublime aria following the quartet, Iphis accepts her fate; and then Jephtha, in one of Handel's most nightmarish recitatives, is driven to the borders of madness, and collapses. The chorus that follows, "How dark, O Lord, are thy decrees," is at once a lamenting of fate (in the opening dissonant, dotted-rhythm section) and a fierce acceptance of it (in the final, determined "Whatever is, is right").

The Brooklyn College performance, under Harry Saltzman, treated this piece of musical baroque architecture with respect. Cuts were kept to a minimum, and could be heartily approved: two of the empty celebratory arias from the last act went. Winton Dean's odd suggestion for reordering the end of the work was not followed, but every other instruction of his was observed, to good effect. The concert lasted over three hours. It unfolded at Handel's pace, with his own structure intact. The performers were almost all students or recent graduates. The chorus, a hundred or so, sang with vigor and good ensemble, though with little refinement of tone or pronunciation. The small orchestra held its own; Mr. Saltzman's rhythms always moved well, and there was some good harpsichord playing. I expected slightly more from the soloists. Both the Jephtha of Brian McGovern and the Storgè of Jennifer Lane were well tuned and neatly phrased but lacked the concentrated power needed for their most violent music. Bernadette Fiorello, however, was a radiant Iphis; she made the most of Handel's subtle and developing characterization. Mr. Saltzman only rarely miscalculated speeds and dynamics ("How dark, O Lord" should surely grow from nothing to *piano*); he maintained continuity between the numbers, and kept the recitative flowing. But, as in all these Handel performances except "Acis," final cadences were delayed until the end of the vocal line—a traditional practice, now proved to be incorrect: voice and continuo should move together, even if there is a harmonic clash.

This was billed as the first New York performance of "Jephtha" since the mid-sixties. Few enough of the dramatic oratorios have had a hearing recently. ("Saul" was given in October, but the performance was inadequate.) If just a little of the energy that has gone into producing Christmas "Messiah"s this year could in future be diverted to "Hercules," "Belshazzar," "Solomon," and "Semele," we might have a far broader and more realistic appreciation of Handel's dramatic genius.

—NICHOLAS KENYON

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LENINGRAD CEMETERY, WINTER OF 1941

That winter, the dead could not be buried.
The ground was frozen, the gravediggers weak from hunger,
the coffin wood used for fuel. So they were covered with something
and taken on a child's sled to the cemetery
in the sub-zero air. They lay on the soil,
some of them wrapped in dark cloth
bound with rope like the tree's ball of roots
when it waits to be planted; others wound in sheets,
their pale, gauze, tapered shapes
stiff as cocoons that will split down the center
when the new life inside is prepared;
but most lay like corpses, their coverings
coming undone, naked calves
hard as corded wood spilling
from under a cloak, a hand reaching out
with no sign of peace, wanting to come back
even to the bread made of glue and sawdust,
even to the icy winter, and the siege.

—SHARON OLDS

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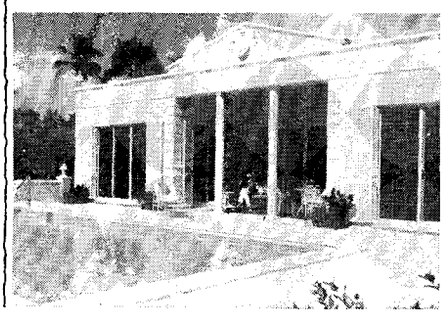

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

Candyland

IN "The Electric Horseman," Robert Redford plays Sonny Steele, a retired five-time All-Round World Champion cowboy, and in one of our first glimpses of him he is drunkenly riding a mechanical horsie at the grand opening of a Las Vegas shopping mart, with a crying baby in his lap. He is there, all in spangles and with a sloppy little black mustache, to sell a cereal, Ranch Breakfast, put out by a conglomerate called Ampco, which has bought him and almost everyone else in the movie. When we first see Jane Fonda (she is a network-TV reporter named Hallie Martin), she is hovering about the fringes of Ampco's company convention at Las Vegas, carrying a tape recorder and wearing big tinted glasses and heavy jewelry; she is citified and skinny-smart, with frizzy hair and a thin, corded neck. Two unhappy people. What will save them? Why, each other! This certain knowledge—that the two will get together and that everything will change—is the first in a series of silent, satisfying interior clicks that a lifelong moviegoer will feel while eating up this slick, silly, pleasant, moviegoer's movie. Another Ampco chattel brought to Vegas is a twelve-million-dollar race horse, Rising Star, who is soon to stand at stud, and when Sonny prepares to ride him onstage as part of an expensive corporate musical show, he finds that the noble beast has been shot full of penicillin and Butazolidin and steroids to keep him looking at peak form. Sonny eases into the saddle and plugs in their lights—horse and rider have been wired up like Christmas trees—but then rides Rising Star out through the audience, past the gambling tables (we're at Caesars' Palace), and into the street. There's a great long shot of the small, lit-up horse and small, lit-up cowboy—a classic American silhouette—loping past the white-and-ruby canyons of lights of downtown Vegas. Sonny has stolen the horse and means to set him free among the wild mustangs in a secret valley he knows about. Ampco is outraged and alarmed, for the news that Rising Star has been drugged will damage its image and perhaps mess up that impending thirty-million-dollar bank merger that the company wants to . . . Well, never mind. This ridiculous plot has only one purpose, and by the time Hallie tracks down Sonny out in the mesquite and films an interview (Sonny: "I'm nobody's story but my own now. . . . This horse has a heart the size of a locomotive. . . . He's earned a better life, and I'm going to see that he gets it"), we in the audience are clicking like Geiger counters.

Just before the big chase, in which police cars and helicopters and motorcycles go screeching and whirring and skidding about the desert after the horse and hero, Hallie climbs up next to Sonny in the front seat of his van, and Rising Star suddenly pokes his nose into the shot, between them, and we smile in spite of ourselves, for we have been used, exactly as we hoped we would be. Click!

There are a lot of contemporary social references in this film (save the land, save our privacy, save us from conglomeration), and some movie references, too (the chase reminds us a little of Dalton Trumbo's "Lonely Are the Brave," in which Kirk Douglas, as the last cowboy, shoots down a helicopter), but these are distractions—nuts in the candy. What we have here is an exact, perfectly restored specimen of the nineteen-thirties Frank Capra populist-political comedy—a "Mr. Smith Goes to Washington" with Frye boots and videotape. The bad guys now are thin-lipped conglomerateurs, with razor-cut hair and rimless eyeglasses (John Saxon, as the president of Ampco), instead of fat cigar-smoking pols like Edward Arnold and Charles Coburn, but once again the girl (Jane instead of Jean—Jean Arthur) is out there with the chump, pretending to be on his side, of course, but exploiting him (she *is* a reporter, after all), because she knows he can't win and it's a great story. But then she falls for him, watching captivated as he rubs Rising Star's ailing fetlock with witch hazel, and listening when he talks movingly about the fossil fish he has found in the Utah hardpan. (There's some stunning Utah scenery to look at behind the stars.) The picture doesn't even omit the obligatory charming business about her fear of horses ("Should I *pat* him?"), or her funny helplessness when she hobbles along the rough desert trails in her Bloomingdale's boots. He throws her city trappings—two big cases of expensive taping gear—into a creek, and by the time they settle down in their bedrolls at night (alone, with the horse) they have even learned their right names: "Good night, Norman." "Good night, Alice." And meanwhile, out there in the U.S. of A., the rest of the story is beginning to turn out all right, too, because even Ampco can't, by God, second-guess the American people.

Our pleasure in all this bushwa is partly awe of the people (Sydney Pollack directed the movie, and Ray Stark is the producer) who expected to get away with such a cornball story—and they do get away with it—but mostly it is just the fun of watching big, famous stars at work. Redford is older and more leathery than he used to be, which helps roughen some of his disconcerting prettiness; clearly, he wants to be an actor instead of just a winning face, but again, as has happened so often in the past, he seems a little stunned by the problem. Fonda has solved it, of course, because her intelligence always shows through—and her humor, too—and because she has such range. About a third of the way into the picture, when she calls up her network boss in New York to tell him the great story she is onto, her voice is suddenly quite different, vibrant with excitement, and we sense, for the first time, the real reporter we have been told that she is, and the real woman we are looking for in the plot. There are some other useful actors in the picture—most notably Valerie Perrine, as Sonny's cheerful, slightly past-it first wife, and Willie Nelson, as his faithful cowpoke pal—but this is a star vehicle, and we are not meant to think much about anyone except the famous pair.

The clicks continue, right to the end. Hallie kisses Rising Star on the nose before he canters off to freedom (Sonny: "Make something of yourself, now"), and the lovers part gently, instead of staying together for always, as they had to, against all likelihood, in Capraland. Part of our sadness, there in the dark, is because of that goodbye, and part of it, perhaps, is because our own movie trip is over, too—a little journey back to the time when movies meant so much and some of us first learned to love them.

"GOING IN STYLE" is a disarming, sentimental, and carefully put together minor comedy about three retired old gents (George Burns, Art Carney, and Lee Strasberg), sharing a shabby apartment in the outer reaches of Brooklyn, who begin to realize that

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they may die of boredom before age and infirmity finish them. To liven themselves up, they stage a successful bank robbery, and then two of them—Lee Strasberg has died by this time—make a quick trip to Las Vegas (the mecca of moviemakers just now) and enjoy a phenomenal day at the craps table. Described this way, "Going in Style" sounds like something out of any old middle-of-the-week TV situation comedy, but the actors are so accomplished and the writing and direction (both by Martin Brest; a co-producer is Tony Bill, who gave us "The Sting") are so painstaking that the picture skirts most of the manholes your mind puts down in its path, and the last trap of all ("How are they going to get out of this in the end?") is taken care of by a wry, funny wrapup that I won't give away here. Pace is almost everything in a movie about old people, and the picture is full of pleasing pauses; its beat is the same as George Burns' grave, old man's walk—patient and elegant, with that almost imperceptible arthritic forward lean at the waist.

Most of us know George Burns and Art Carney by heart, and it is to the credit of the old troupers that neither of them seems to step out of character here to play to our preconceptions or grab off some laughter left over from his last time on Johnny Carson. Well, there is one interpolated little street dance by Carney that I could have done without, but that's all. The two buskers know how good they are, though, and they can wrest a lot of pleasure out of some very minor moments: Burns' little sigh of pleasure as he settles, inch by inch, into a comfortable chair, and then his faint look of surprise when he feels an uncomfortable extra wad of newfound money (some of the Vegas loot) poking him in the side; or Art Carney bending at the knees in front of a fancy Vegas slot machine so that he can peer up at it through his bifocals before he puts in his coins. Earlier, when he begins to hit at the craps table while handling the dice for the first time in his life, he falls into a little caper of head twitches and flicks of the wrist and writhings of the belly, all done to the lovely inner Carney music, as he prepares to fling the bones again; in the middle of this, he leans toward George Burns and mutters, "I don't know what the hell I'm *doin*'." Funny man.

"Going in Style" has some sinking spells, especially when it tries to deal with loneliness and death, but it is resilient and quickly recovers itself. The beneficiaries of the geezers' illicit pelf are Art Carney's struggling young nephew and his family, and it is here, just when one would expect the picture to turn to sugar, that it surprises us most, for the brief scenes at Pete and Kathy's house are matter-of-fact and unsoftened by sentimentality. The mixed feelings of warmth and fatigue and poverty there come in great part from the small part of Pete, a big-faced garage mechanic who moonlights as a bartender and is played by a fine young actor named Charles Hallahan. The law does appear in the story, near the end, and I was pleased by a comic portrayal of an F.B.I. man (Anthony D. Call) as a falsely smiling con artist whom no crook or citizen would trust—pleased and startled, for I can remember a time when the F.B.I. was treated quite differently in the flicks. O tempora! O mores! O Lloyd Nolan!

Richard Lester's "Cuba," a nineteen-fifties adventure story about the last days of the bad old Batista regime, was filmed in Spain—in Cádiz, Seville, and Jerez de la Frontera—which gives it exactly the right sort of white sky and noble, crumbling architecture (including an astounding multistory antique cigar factory). Mr. Lester, whose movies ("The Knack," "Petulia," "The Three Musketeers," among others) are stuffed with energy and detail, puts in hundreds of excited, wonderful touches here—a priest hurrying along an avenue with a bag of golf clubs over his shoulder; President Batista watching a home screening of some tacky old B-picture "Dracula;" a plump general playing golf while platoons of infantrymen guard the fairways; a frightful local orchestra playing the Big Bopper arrangement of "Chantilly Lace" while a stripper works before a family audience in an enormous casino restaurant; a drunken American sailor vomiting in a back alley; an officers' banquet, splendid with a forest of white napkins and shining glassware, which is interrupted horribly by raiding guerrillas. All these seduce us with a thrilling sense of corruption and impending collapse, but unfortunately—almost unbelievably—Mr. Lester has pinned everything to a plot that is so unconvincingly presented and so imperfectly worked out (in the end, he just seems to give up on it,

"Tell me about yourself—your hopes, your dreams. But, for God's sake, don't string it out."

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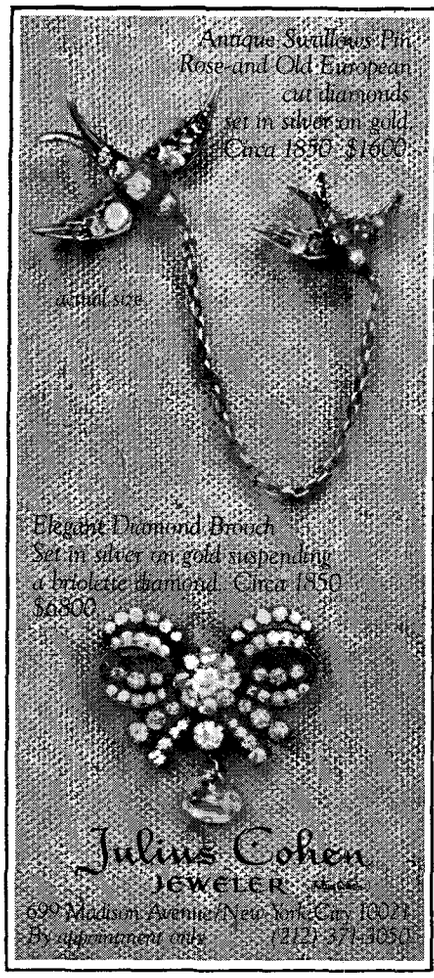
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letting it slip off into empty farce) that we are not simply bored and disappointed but almost affronted at the misuse of so much promising stuff. At the center of the story is Major Dapes (Sean Connery), a visiting British soldier of fortune who has been hired by one of Batista's henchmen—a general who supports himself with a parking-meter racket—to shore things up with a little last-minute counter-terrorism. But since the film simultaneously attempts to side with the Castro forces (in spirit, if not in politics: the Fidelistas often suggest campers involved in some sort of Outward Bound program) and to keep sympathetically on the side of the hero (a *moral* soldier of fortune, who warns his employers, "You can only defeat someone like Castro if you're *right*"), it has no place to wind up except in gunfire and ennui. The love story, which reunites Dapes with an old flame (Brooke Adams) who is now married to the wastrel scion of a millionaire Cuban industrialist, is so thin and improbable—like Miss Adams herself—that we never understand why the Señora doltishly chooses to remain in Havana amid the ruins of the old regime, instead of grabbing that last-minute DC-4 to freedom with her lover. Any woman who would pass up Sean Connery (he is in terrific shape here, in a trim tan business suit and a narrow fedora) in order to keep her white wide-wing Cadillac convertible deserves whatever fate the insurgents plan for her. A lot of interesting actors have gone down in the shambles of "Cuba," including Jack Weston, Martin Balsam, Hector Elizondo, Denholm Elliott, and Chris Sarandon. If Fidel Castro ever catches "Cuba," he will discover a ready-made subject for a three-hour speech about capitalist waste.

—Roger Angell

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CLEAR DAYS ON THE EXCHANGE

[*From the Times*]

It was a week when some little-known stocks fared far better than their big-name counterparts. One standout was Hess's Inc., a Philadelphia department store chain, which rose 70 percent in price on Thursday, thereby marking a single-day price surge of 70 percent.

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The Democratic State Central Committee also asked Democratic presidential candidates to refrain from participating in Michigan's May 20, 1980 presidential primary, saying it dwells too much on Faulkner's alcoholism.—*Detroit Free Press.*

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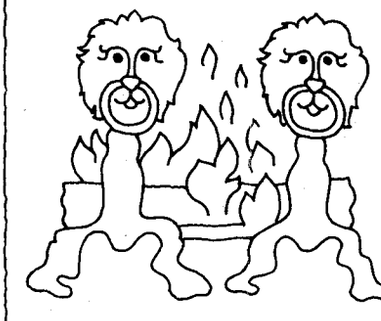

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AROUND CITY HALL

INTERVENTION

THE seizing of the American hostages in Iran was officially denounced by the Soviet Union, but Russian officials will no doubt continue to find it useful to mention the development in the same breath as two 1979 events in this city. A few weeks ago, the Soviet Ambassador to Canada made a speech in which he said of the Iranian takeover, "It is not the proper thing under any circumstances." He went on to say, "We understand the American feeling very well. Recently, the Americans captured our plane at Kennedy Airport with sixty innocent people." He was referring, of course, to the three-day international crisis at the airport in Queens last August, when American officials sought to satisfy themselves that the human rights of the dancer Ludmila Vlasova were not being violated, and that she was returning to Moscow voluntarily after the defection to this country of Alexander Godunov, her husband and fellow-dancer in the Bolshoi Ballet. Russian anger over the incident (it is now half forgotten that at the time there was real fear that it might lead to a military confrontation) may have been heightened by the fact that Orville Schell, who was Godunov's lawyer and was an active participant in the international dispute, is the vice-chairman of the U.S. Helsinki Watch Committee, the private agency, based in this city, that monitors and publicly reports on the treatment of Soviet dissidents, including Jews, and the degree to which their treatment is in violation of the 1975 Helsinki agreement protecting human rights. The Helsinki Watch Committee contributes to the conviction in some international quarters that New Yorkers, even more than most Americans, are forever meddling in matters that are none of their affair. The other 1979 event here that brought strong Russian protests was the explosion of a bomb earlier this month at the Soviet Mission to the United Nations, on East Sixty-seventh Street, which injured two Soviet women employees and four city policemen who had been assigned to guard the mission. The attack came at a particularly awkward time for the State Department, which had been charging other nations—not only Iran but also Libya and Pakistan—with an inability to protect American diplomats. The day after the bombing, Tass, the Soviet news agency, compared it with the Iranian invasion of the American Embassy and called it "a fresh link in the chain of bandit actions against foreign missions in the U.S.A., committed with the connivance of U.S. authorities." New York's Mayor Edward Koch, who went to the mission to express his regrets over the incident, said later that the Soviet officials he had talked to had told him angrily, "You have lost control of your people," implying, he suggested to reporters, that if there had been a bombing in the Soviet Union it would have been with the government's blessing. He said that in any case the officials had shown that they did not understand the way this country worked. The Mayor stopped just short of describing the bombing as a healthy exercise in democracy.

The Soviet Mission is on the same East Sixty-seventh Street block—between Lexington and Third Avenues—as the Nineteenth Precinct police station and the Park East Synagogue. In the first confused news flashes about the bombing, it was not clear which building had been the target, and so tense and disordered are the relations among races and ideological groups in this city that it seemed it might plausibly have been any one of these three structures. If the bomb had been set at the police station, many New Yorkers would have assumed—short of evidence to the contrary—that the culprits were renegade members of some of the black activist groups that have been demonstrating around town over alleged police brutality against blacks. Or the target could have been

the synagogue: according to a Department of Justice survey, the incidence of anti-Semitic attacks is on the rise all over the country, and particularly in the New York-New Jersey area (whose center is the largest Jewish city in the world). On the other hand, the synagogue might have been the target not because it was Jewish but because it was not Jewish enough. That same week, a conservative synagogue was vandalized in the Borough Park section of Brooklyn, where ultra-Orthodox Hassidim are the most active religious group. A year ago, three thousand Hassidim stormed a Borough Park police station, charging that the police had not given them sufficient protection, especially against harassment by blacks. In the attack on the synagogue, furniture was smashed, walls were splashed with paint, and stained-glass windows were broken. A few hours later, United Press International received a telephone call from a man who identified himself as a member of TORAH, which, he said, stood for "Tough Orthodox Rabbis and Hassidim." TORAH had no choice but to trash the synagogue, the caller explained, because the synagogue members were "heretical." They used a loudspeaker, for example; they permitted men and women to sit together in the congregation without a dividing partition; and they tolerated divorce. Moreover, the caller said, the attack was well deserved because "it was the reform movement that fought for blacks in the sixties, and now we have the blacks killing Jews in the street." A source of local pride in decades past was the joint effort of the major American Jewish organizations, whose headquarters are here, and the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People and the National Urban League, which are also based in this city, to provide funds and much of the direction for the civil-rights movement in the South. Last August, however, following the dispute over the role of Jews in the resignation of United Nations Ambassador Andrew Young, black leaders from all over the country, holding a meeting in New York, announced what one of them called a "declaration of independence" from their former Jewish allies, who, it was suggested, were often uncomfortable with the concept of black equality in their own world. Now, in Borough Park, the historic alliance was being used as a reason not only for dissension but also for destruction.

With the revelation that this month's bombing on East Sixty-seventh Street

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had been not at the police station or the synagogue but at the Soviet Mission, suspicion was briefly directed at local members of the Jewish Defense League, the paramilitary group that has a long history of threatening to do harm to Soviet diplomats because of the treatment of Jews in their country. It was recalled, however, that the J.D.L. was said to be currently concentrating its attention on the spokesmen here for the Palestine Liberation Organization, with whose cause—to further complicate local race relations and also, to a degree, the nation's foreign policy—blacks here and elsewhere have shown increasing sympathy. A claim of responsibility for the attack on the mission soon came not from the J.D.L. but from still another of the city's ideological precincts; Omega 7, an obscure local anti-Castro group, sent word that it had planted the bomb, presumably to punish the Russians for collaborating with Cuba's President Fidel Castro.

FREESTYLE interventionism by local residents in matters critical to the relations among nations was not limited this year to little-known bands of vigilantes. There was the intensive campaign of the Chase Manhattan Bank's chairman, David Rockefeller, and former Secretary of State Henry Kissinger, New Yorkers both, to have Shah Mohammed Reza Pahlavi of Iran admitted to this country—a drive whose ultimate success, signified by the supposedly dying Shah's October 22nd arrival at New York Hospital-Cornell Medical Center for medical treatment, led, of course, to the storming of the American Embassy in Teheran and the present international crisis. The Shah has other friends in this city, among them Representative John Murphy, one more New Yorker given to conducting his own foreign policy. In Murphy's congressional district, which takes in Staten Island and part of lower Manhattan, the Iranian vote is not an appreciable political factor. Nevertheless, last January, when Murphy sought the chairmanship of the House Commerce Committee's Subcommittee on Oversight and Investigations, which would have allowed him to preside over inquiries into questionable actions by officials in federal regulatory agencies, he was voted down on the ground that the Justice Department was investigating his own outside financial activities, including an unusual degree of helpfulness to the interests of the Shah. This support was said to have been so extensive that one of the questions at issue was whether he had broken the law by failing to register as an agent of a foreign government. Murphy has the distinction of being the last Irish-American in the city's House delegation, whose roster many newly elected congressmen from other parts of the country expect to find filled with Irish names, in the old Tammany Hall tradition. After the fall of the Shah, last January, Murphy's primary concern with foreign affairs did not shift to the troubles in Northern Ireland, which worry many of his constituents: James Smith, of Staten Island, is now the city's only Democratic boss of Irish descent, the others being Jewish or, in one case, Italian. Instead, Murphy concentrated on the civil war in Nicaragua. By mid-June, it was evident that the Sandinista forces there were about to overthrow the dictatorial regime of Anastasio Somoza, who did not have the support even of other far-right Latin-American governments. As the Sandinistas closed in, Murphy was in frequent communication with his old friend. Late in June, he flew to the Central American country in a Nicaraguan military plane to advise Somoza after the American request that Somoza resign to make way for a new broad-based government. Murphy had first met Somoza on the basketball courts of the La Salle Military Academy, on Long Island, when both were students there before the Second World War. Many observers believed that Murphy's support strengthened Somoza's determination to hold out against the American proposal, and thus prolonged the bloody conflict. After Somoza finally departed, in mid-July, to take refuge in the Bahamas and then in Paraguay, he put the blame for his government's fall on "a personal declaration of war" against him by President Carter, whom he called "the greatest killer." At a press conference early in August, Murphy, Carter's fellow-Democrat, introduced several recent Nicaraguan émigrés who reported that since the takeover more than three thousand Nicaraguan national guardsmen had been shot by the new government leaders. A high-level aide in the State Department, which views the Nicaraguan situation as an important opportunity to improve United States relations with Latin America, insisted that this account "flies in the face of everything we have heard from there." Murphy predicted that Somoza might well decide to settle in New York—a prospect that sends shudders through those members of the New York Police Department who are responsible for the security of foreign visitors. Murphy pointed out that Somoza had once lived in Flushing, Queens, and that "he always calls himself 'the Latin from Manhattan.' "

ANOTHER member of the city's House delegation who was actively engaged this year in trying to change United States policy in a controversial matter was Robert Garcia, whose district is in the South Bronx. Garcia's cause *was* of interest to *his* constituents, many of whom are Hispanic. The House's only voting member of Puerto Rican background, Garcia was intent on winning the release of four Puerto Ricans serving time in federal prisons. In the cause of Puerto Rican nationalism, one of them had tried to assassinate President Harry Truman in 1950, and in 1954 the others had shot up the House of Representatives, wounding five of its members. Previous American Presidents had resisted all efforts to have the prisoners freed, and the Governor of Puerto Rico openly opposed it, as an encouragement to further terrorism. At the mid-term Democratic Convention, in Memphis, last December, Garcia was one of the founders of the Hispanic-American Democrats, an alliance designed to create a politically effective Hispanic bloc by ending the regional rivalries among Cuban-Americans, who are centered in Miami; Puerto Ricans, who have come north and are mostly in New York; and the Chicanos, who are primarily in the Southwest. "This is a very historic day . . . the day we, as a group, are putting our act together," Garcia said in the opening address at the first Hispanic-American Democrats' Convention, in Denver, this month. Fortunately for Garcia's campaign to free the prisoners, Carter advisers were disturbed by many Hispanic leaders' charges that the President was indifferent to their interests. Carter took eighty-one per cent of the Hispanic vote in 1976, and is concerned about where those votes will go next year, particularly in the primaries—or, at any rate, that was believed to be one of the reasons for the President's announcement on September 6th that he was commuting the sentences of the four nationalists. Said Garcia, who was widely congratulated for his role in this decision, "It's a chapter in the history of Puerto Rico that should be over." On their way back to Puerto Rico, the four released prisoners—three men and a woman—made a brief stopover in this city, and promised to

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return. In speeches at La-Guardia Airport, the United Nations, and during an appearance at an upper-West Side church, where a crowd of three thousand hailed them as heroes, they vowed that the Puerto Rican people would soon be liberated from their American oppressors, by whatever means it took. One of the nationalists, Lolita Lebrón, said, "I hate bombs, but we might have to use them." Oscar Collazo, the would-be Truman assassin, told the crowd that the United States had not become a nation "by throwing flowers." Of the talk of coming violence, Garcia said, "I hope this will be a chapter that passes quickly."

"It's not twelve o'clock yet, damn it!"

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THROUGHOUT the Shah's forty-two-day visit here, crowds of Iranians sympathetic to the revolution regularly massed across the street from the hospital to shout "Send the Shah home!" and "Death to the Shah!" After the take-over of the Embassy in Teheran, there were occasional brief clashes between them and local patriots shouting such messages as "Death to Ayatollah Khomeini!" As the noises got uglier, city policemen not only worked to keep order in the streets but were stationed inside to supplement the protection provided the Shah by his own and the hospital's security forces. Among the Shah's visitors while he was here was Tricia Nixon Cox, daughter of the former President. In a few weeks, Richard Nixon will again become a New York resident. A whole political generation may not recall that when he was first elected to the Presidency, in 1968, he had been living here for five years, in an apartment house on Fifth Avenue at Sixty-second Street, in which one of his neighbors was Nelson Rockefeller. Nixon's purchase of the seven-hundred-and-fifty-thousand-dollar town house he will now occupy, on East Sixty-sixth Street, was encouraged by David Rockefeller, who lives next door, and who, since his brother Nelson's death, last January, has seemed to enjoy being the most visible Rockefeller. If Somoza should formally move to become a Latin *in* Manhattan, perhaps he and Nixon could form an exclusive ex-Presidents' club. They would presumably be congenial: just before Somoza fled Nicaragua, Nixon denounced Carter for America's treatment of the threatened President, predicting that Somoza's successor would be another Castro. Thus, after next month New York will have still another local citizen ever ready to take a hand in the nation's foreign policy, knowing that whatever the consequences someone else will have to deal with them.

ALTHOUGH Nixon will bring his own Secret Service men with him, his presence here will mean one more responsibility for the city's Police Department, which has had a heavy dose of security duty this fall. The Shah arrived just eight days after Fidel Castro departed. Castro's stay in mid-October turned the area around the Cuban Mission, on East Thirty-eighth Street, into an armed camp as anti-Castro demonstrators sounded off against him and periodically made gestures as if they were about to storm the building. Castro had flown in just eight days after the departure of Pope John Paul II, whose extensive travels about the city—he made appearances in all the boroughs except Staten Island—posed immense security problems in such a volatile town. In a petition for federal reimbursement, the Koch administration has put the total cost to the city of the visits of Castro and the Pope at six million six hundred thousand dollars. The bill for the Shah's stay has not been fully calculated. Rockefeller and Kissinger—whose numerous post-State Department assignments include that of consultant to the Rockefellers' bank—are said not to be amused by suggestions that it be sent to the Chase Manhattan. An attempt will be made to have the federal government also contribute more to the expense of day-to-day protection for United Nations missions in the city. Since the attack on the Soviet Mission, the police have been providing additional guards for that headquarters as well as for the Cuban Mission, which has been bombed four times in recent years; for the Venezuelan Mission, which has been threatened by anti-Castroites; and for the Paraguayan Mission, which is being picketed by Nicaraguans who want the Paraguayans to persuade their visitor Somoza to give back several hundred million dollars in government funds that they claim he took away with him.

The choice of legal representative made by the Islamic Republic of Iran in its effort to retrieve fifty billion dollars that the Iranians claim the Shah removed from their country was a surprise: Paul O'Dwyer, the former City Council President and veteran local politician, who in the past has been associated with the causes of the Irgun in Israel, the civil-rights struggle in Mississippi, and the Irish Republican Army. Soon after the choice was announced, in late-November, O'Dwyer made an exploratory trip to London—not his

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favorite place. On one occasion, a few years ago, when former Mayor Abraham Beame, who was born in London, held a fund-raising party on the Queen Elizabeth 2, which was docked at the foot of West Forty-fourth Street, O'Dwyer, otherwise a Beame ally, declined to attend. On his return from London this month, O'Dwyer calculated that the Shah's holdings were spread among some six thousand corporations in countries all over the world. The suit to recover, however, has been filed in Supreme Court in Manhattan, which O'Dwyer estimates will thus be the center of the great Iranian financial battle for at least five years. As he explains it, he was selected as the lawyer in the case because the Iranians were impressed by his recent autobiography, "Counsel for the Defense." The book dwells at length on his boyhood in Ireland and on ancient groupings and regroupings in the city's Democratic reform movement. O'Dwyer insists (in what could be a particularly wily example of book-promotion hype) that reading it persuaded the friends of Ayatollah Khomeini to name him counsel for the complainant.

IN another local surprise, vociferous opposition to the Shah turned up in a quarter that President Carter hadn't expected. When he announced his candidacy for reëlection this month, it was understood that, preoccupied as he is with the Iranian crisis, he would not immediately hit the campaign trail, as he had once planned, but would be represented by surrogates—Rosalynn Carter and Vice-President Walter Mondale. Carter is said to be worried about where the black vote will go next year; apparently, he listens when black leaders assure him that without their support in 1976 he would never have made it to the White House. Harlem calls itself the capital of black America, and a number of worthwhile federal projects have been steered to the Harlem area, especially since its representative in the House, Charles Rangel, began showing a disposition to support Carter for reëlection. The first out-of-town stop that Mrs. Carter and Mondale made on the day after the President's announcement of his candidacy was the Salem United Methodist Church, at 129th Street and Adam Clayton Powell Boulevard. The speeches of Mrs. Carter and the Vice-President were not delivered, however. Both were shouted down by demonstrators, dispersed throughout the crowd, whose most fervent messages were "Send the Shah back!" and "What about the civil rights of the Iranians?" The disturbance was a particular surprise and embarrassment to Rangel, who had organized the meeting—or thought he had organized it. Blaming "outside agitators" (in a phrase from another time and place) for the trouble, Rangel said, "Sending the Shah back is not a very high-priority item at 129th Street and Adam Clayton Powell Boulevard," and added that the major concerns there are jobs, crime, and better medical care. Many of the demonstrators were followers of the Reverend Herbert Daughtry, of Brooklyn, who has also led protest marches against both police brutality and what he believes to be Mayor Koch's indulgence of the Hassidim. The Carter surrogates' visit to New York this month could hardly be called a disaster, however. After the scene in Harlem, they went downtown, where the money is, and, at a thousand-dollar-a-plate dinner at the Sheraton Centre, raised more than a million dollars for the Carter campaign. Although New York has long been touted as Kennedy country, this was more than twice as much as the Senator from Massachusetts raised when he appeared at a fund-raiser at the Pierre a week later.

THE dramatic relevance and the turbulence of New York as an international center during the last twelve months were in sharp contrast to its record as a municipality in the same period. At City Hall, 1979 was the year when nothing happened—or, at any rate, the year when little of importance changed from the way things had been the year before. The Mayor continued to put on a good show on City Hall's front steps and to have his picture taken in politically winning poses: Koch hugging a giant Paddington Bear, Koch with his chin out announcing that he will not be intimidated by some group of demonstrators who, like more amenable New Yorkers, are also his constituents. These entertainments tended to divert attention from the fact that a great many of the city's severe problems, social, racial, and financial, remain unsolved. Koch kept crediting his own upbeat attitude for having pulled the city through, and, no doubt partly in response to all the good news, his standing in the polls remains extraordinarily high. In the matter of change at City Hall, Koch could point to the number of revisions in his table of organization this year, but in reality this was no change: rapid turnover has characterized his administration from its earliest months. Of the twelve Deputy Mayors he has sworn in amid showers of admiring rhetoric since he took office, in January of 1978, nine no longer hold these posts—in most cases because their admirer, the Mayor, showed them the door. Of the three who remain, only one has been around longer than four months. It is not the kind of employment record that results in a smoothly operating administration. It takes a while for officials who just got there to know what they're doing—and by then they may be on their way out. At the beginning of this year, the city's only black Deputy Mayor had just resigned. Since then, another black deputy has come to City Hall and left, and this one has not been replaced. There is now no black with significant power in the Koch administration. A year ago, there was a Puerto Rican Deputy Mayor, Herman Badillo, but local Hispanics were complaining that they, along with Badillo, were being denied any real influence at City Hall. After Badillo was asked by Koch to leave, last August, he was not replaced by another Puerto Rican, and Hispanics now feel that they are shut out of local government almost entirely. The support of New York black and Hispanic leaders, whose good will greatly concerns the President of the United States, is evidently not a high-priority item with the Mayor of their city. Though Koch's reëlection number comes up the year after Carter's, the Mayor isn't worried about Republican opposition (the Republican candidate in the last mayoral election took just over four per cent of the vote), and in the Democratic Party there is no challenger in sight from the local equivalent of Camelot, or even Sacramento. Under the circumstances, Koch is free to concentrate most of his political attention on the views and needs of members of the local white majority, among whom the conviction seems to be growing—as, sadly, it is said to be growing among white Americans all over the country—that the civil-rights movement may have gone too far.

The Mayor's popularity among all New Yorkers would be shaken, of course, if the talk of another fiscal crisis, which is being heard in the background of discussions of the city's financial circumstances, were to become more audible. Late in October, a new book on the city's finances—edited by Raymond Horton, of the Columbia Graduate School of Business, and

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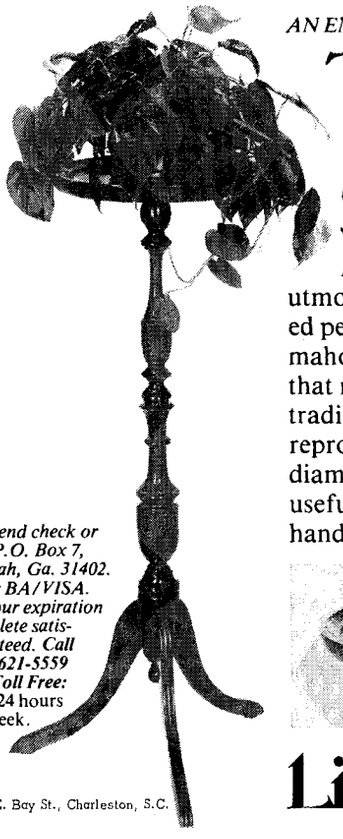
Charles Brecher, of the New School for Social Research—concluded that such a crisis was inevitable unless the city government immediately began cutting its expenses. At a conference on the book's conclusions, City Comptroller Harrison Goldin said out loud for the first time that the city might not be able to return to the public bond market by 1982—as it had promised Congress it would, in return for federal loan guarantees. Koch dismissed what was said at the conference as the usual talk of "the gloom-and-doom crowd." Last December, Sidney Schwartz, the Special Deputy State Comptroller who monitors the city's books for both the state and the federal government, was insisting that the city's figures on its probable gaps for the years until June of 1982, when the federal guarantees will run out, were many millions of dollars too low, even if one ignored the fact that the estimates included no provision for settlements of new contracts with the municipal labor unions, which come up for renewal in 1980. In his report this month, Schwartz's message was still that the city's estimates were far too low, and he added that the labor settlements might well bring the 1982 gap not to the projected eight hundred and thirty million dollars but to two billion. Last year, grim predictions for 1982 might have seemed to the ordinary New Yorker—and perhaps to the Mayor—so far away that one could put off thinking about them. But 1982 is now a year closer, and the labor-union negotiations are almost upon the city: the first major contract to run out—that of the Transport Workers Union—expires next March 31st.

In the interests of a settlement acceptable to their members, the union leaders, and particularly the union consultant Jack Bigel, have been trying to paint the rosiest possible picture of the city's finances. At a press conference earlier this month, Koch said that Bigel's optimism made him New York's Mr. Bubbly—amusing some of his listeners, who had thought of Koch himself as New York's Mr. Bubbly. Schwartz, said Koch, was the gloom-and-doom man, or Mr. Cassandra, always predicting the worst. In between, he said with satisfaction, was Mr. Rational—James Brigham, the director of the city's Office of Management and Budget, whose reasonable predictions, the Mayor said, had proved to be correct on every occasion. Unfortunately, the point of the old myth is that, although condemned to be scorned by nonbelievers, Cassandra had it right.

—ANDY LOGAN



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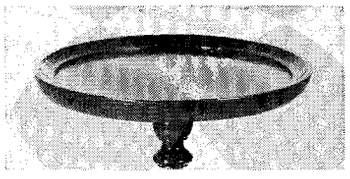

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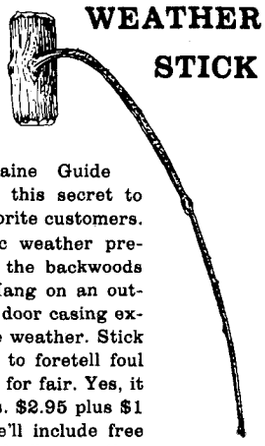

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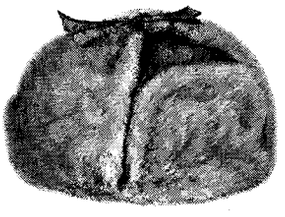

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BOOKS

Dead Letters

THE recipe for John Barth's novel "Letters" (Putnam; $16.95) is of scant elegance. The first step is to take any of a number of historical-literary compendiums and, after assiduous cross-reference, spangle a seven-hundred-and-seventy-two-page text with passages like the following:

It is the birthday of John Calvin, Giorgio de Chirico, James III of Scotland, Carl Orff, Camille Pissarro, Marcel Proust, James McNeill Whistler. The Allies are landing in Sicily, Apollo-11 has sprung a leak, Vice-President Fillmore has succeeded Zachary Taylor to the U.S. presidency, the first contingent of U.S. Marines is leaving Viet Nam, Ben Franklin is proposing a Colonial Union modeled after the Iroquois League of Six Nations, the Germans have begun their bombing of Britain and ratified the Versailles Treaty, Thor Heyerdahl's *Ra* is swamping again in rough seas and may not make it to Barbados, Korean truce negotiations have begun, the stock market continues its decline, and Woodrow Wilson has presented his League of Nations proposal to the U.S. Senate.

The purpose of these synchronic lists is to suggest that past and present, memory and dream, the material and the fictive are part of a single cat's cradle. Our being, the fugitive shadows in our thoughts are one long *Wiedertraum* (Mr. Barth's word), or dream redreamed. *Everything* connects in the pulsing spiderweb of time. Bertrand Russell asked with arch economy: What evidence is there that the entire past of the universe has not been fantasized by the mind in the latest fraction of a second? Borges can bring home this possibility in a single tranquil sentence.

Second step: You assume that the reader is perfectly familiar with the entirety of your previous works—that he has their plots, allusions, dramatis personae, and stylistic devices at his fingertips. You insert in every page more or less tricksy, more or less coy references to "The Floating Opera," "The End of the Road," "The Sot-Weed Factor," "Giles Goat-Boy," "Lost in the Funhouse," and "Chimera." In an ecstasy of mandarin narcissism, you go further. You have the main character in "Letters" discover, read, and comment upon all these previous stops in the hall of mirrors. And then, with a high-wire leap into the safety net of the self, you introduce into your new novel one Jacob Horner, a transparently autobiographical mask from an earlier and better book. Nay (to echo Professor Barth's pastiche of Augustan epistolary idiom), you divide the said Horner into a dual form: Jacob Horner, the inmate of Remobilization Farm, pens letters to Jacob Horner, the inmate of Remobilization Farm, in autistic abandon. A character from one's own previous novel redreams himself. Alas, Pirandello was here first, and with mastery.

Third step: Being an unquestionably learned professor of English and American literature, and having more than a passing familiarity with European letters of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, you bake your huge brick ("Letters" is longer than "The Idiot," "Ulysses," or "The Magic Mountain") with carefully prepared academic straw; i.e., it becomes a palimpsest of literary-historical-stylistic sources and allusions. Underlying this tome are Samuel Richardson's "Clarissa," Goethe's "Werther," and that greatest, coldest of epistolary fictions Laclos's "Liaisons Dangereuses." Passage after passage is carpentered of quotations, of double-acrostic allusions, of acronymic play on names, incidents, and citations out of English and American literature from Chaucer to T. S. Eliot. Defoe, Swift, and Johnson abound in what is primarily a pastiche of an eighteenth-century epistolary novel. But so do the Metaphysicals, Shakespeare, and the American humorists. When April is come, it is, of course, "the cruellest month;" when genealogies are detailed, interminably, they astutely echo the dark catalogues of inheritance in Faulkner, notably in "The Bear." But the warp and woof are not only literary in the strict sense. They are wound around arcane spools of biography. It is scarcely possible to make sense of "Letters" without close

"What I wouldn't give to be young and liquid again."

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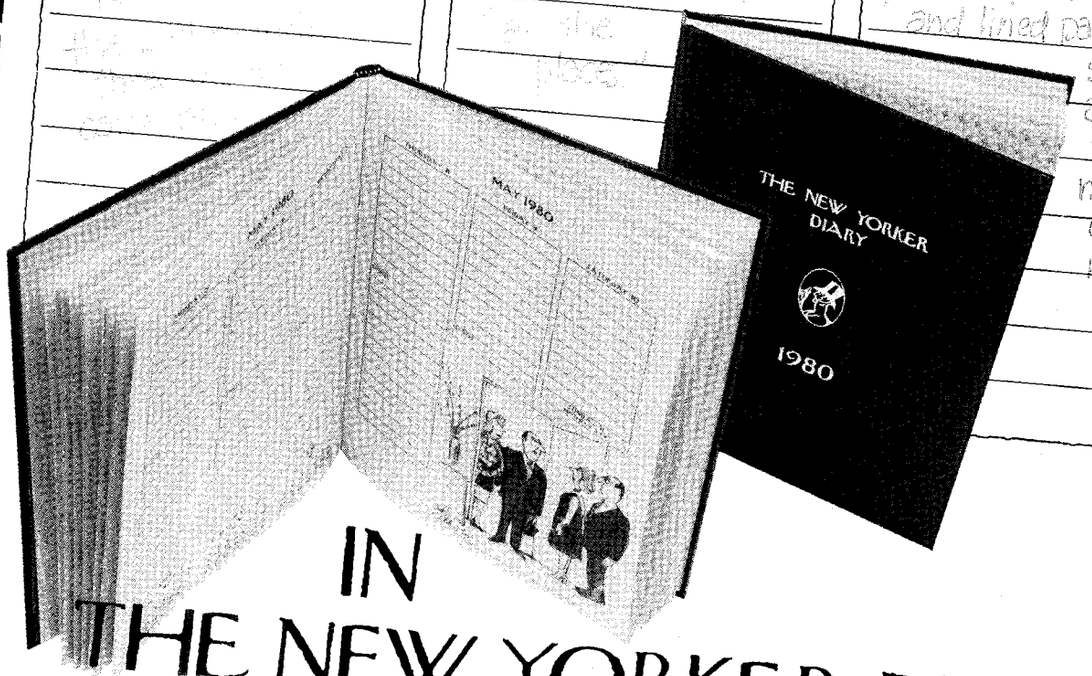

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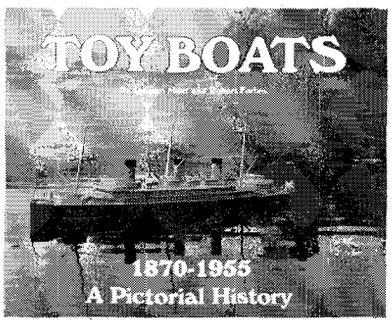

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knowledge of the life, loves, and opinions of Mme. de Staël and her tormented lover Benjamin Constant. Intimacy with the erotic peregrinations of Lord Byron is equally requisite. (Mme. de Staël and Byron met.) Knowing the vital role of Napoleon in the lives and imaginings of George Noel and Corinne, one proceeds to a formidably erudite set of allusions to Napoleon's putative flight to the United States in 1815, to Jérôme Bonaparte's actual American sojourn, and to Yankee witnesses or descendants of this illustrious visitation. Re-animations of historical-literary figures are nothing new or illicit. But Barth is out of luck. Titans have been there before him, and on his exact ground. The Mme. de Staël-Byron world, on the lustrous banks of Lake Geneva, weaves its phantom spell in Nabokov's "Ada;" "Werther" is reborn, with the vitality of complete self-control, in Thomas Mann's "Lotte in Weimar."

In themselves, such ingredients will make a more or less indigestible classroom soufflé. Nary a page here, sirrah, unworthy of exegesis, gloss, footnotes, hermeneutics, explication, semiotic analysis, psychohistorical and seminar-cabalistic commentary. Let timbrels sound in the warrens of academe, for not only is Professor Barth's text a cento of echoes but these echoes are frequently doubly, triply teasing. Ambrose Mensch proposes to "do a verbena." Ah! Transposition of Proust's famous *faire cattleya*, signifying "to make love." Freshman stuff, that. But wait: it is not to Proust that Dr. Barth now directs us. He asks in a parenthesis, "Do you know Maupassant's tale 'La Fenêtre,' about the verbena-scented lady who invites her suitor to her country château?" Scuttle of footsteps from the classroom to the stacks, where, indeed, a complete edition of Maupassant's tales awaits us. End of chase? Not at all. "Verbena-scented" ought to ring a bell. Egad, sir, we've cottoned on. That haunting tale "An Odor of Verbena," from Faulkner's collection "The Unvanquished." Of course. How could we have been so slow? John Barth, Alumni Centennial Professor of English and Creative Writing at Johns Hopkins University, member of the National Institute of Arts and Letters and the American Academy of Arts and Sciences (all this and more on the flap), sits smiling.

John Barth has been an exceedingly clever, if self-indulgent, writer. His ear for parody, pastiche, *rifacimento*, satiric takeoff is exceptional. His knowledge of literature and of history, of the War of 1812 and of the development of American film, of the fauna and flora of Maryland is awesome. Crass though it so often is, his verbalization of sexuality and of the erotic pulse in human flesh carries intense conviction. No doubt he will again write better books, but in this one the virtuosities of perception and verbal technique end in mountainous waste. If Professor Barth does not wish to curtail his own prolixity, was there no one with the nerve or affection required to tell the author that a book one-third as long and stripped of its blatant mechanics of self-reference would have been funny and effective? The sadness of the whole affair goes well beyond the particular case. It involves the current climate of "big time" publishing—the hunt, at once arrogant and spineless, for the "blockbuster." It engages the absence of an authoritative body of reviewing, especially of "big-name fiction." How many harried reviewers can have had the time to plow through, let alone give critical thought to, this "new comic masterpiece"? (Blurb writers *have* to say such things.) Yet it is only where criticism is stringent and unashamed that literature is honored. Narcissism is, just now, the fashionable tag attached to the American situation. Much in that ascription is obviously modish and oversimplified. But to a degree at once precise and grotesque "Letters" seems to document such a view.

Letter to the Author: Dear John Barth, In France—where (as is said by one of your favorite masters, the Sterne Laurence) they order these matters better—there is a proverb: A bad book is the death of a good forest.

—GEORGE STEINER

BRIEFLY NOTED

GENERAL

ROYAL CHARLES: CHARLES II AND THE RESTORATION, by Antonia Fraser (Knopf; $16.95). An absorbing and persuasive biographical reconsideration of the English king who, as Prince of Wales, fled England in 1646, was called to the throne in 1660 at the age of thirty, after the death of Oliver Cromwell, and died in bed in Whitehall in 1685. (His father had been beheaded in 1649, and his successor—his brother, James II—was driven from the throne in 1688.) Charles's ability to survive has been admired by historians, though few of them have offered an explanation of the hows and whys of his longevity as assured as this author's. She demonstrates that Charles's intelligence and cour-

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age were tested by years of impoverished exile, during which he also developed a melancholy distrust of men. He pursued diversion in sport, art, and science, and sought consolation from women. He carried out his political balancing act, Lady Antonia believes, in permanent fear of another revolution, and his lasting achievements were not political but cultural.

CHINA CALLED ME: MY LIFE INSIDE THE CHINESE REVOLUTION, by Percy Chen (Little, Brown; $15). The author was born in 1901 in Trinidad into one of the world's great diaspora communities, the overseas Chinese. In 1911, his father, a successful solicitor, went to China to assist Sun Yat-sen, and in time he became Foreign Minister of the Chinese republic. While his father was away, Percy Chen was educated at an English public school and the Inns of Court, and he returned to Trinidad as a barrister; in 1926, he joined his father in China, placing his British education and anglicized personality at the service of his ancestral homeland. Both Chens, on the outs with Chiang, left China for Russia in 1927. Percy served in the Red Army; his father eventually returned to China to work against Chiang. During the Second World War, Percy Chen worked in the coalition Chinese government; when civil war followed Japan's defeat, he resumed his legal career in Hong Kong. His political odyssey was punctuated by daredevil automotive feats (he drove across the Gobi Desert and over the Burma Road), and the gusto with which he attacks every form of outdoor sport is matched only by his devotion to China. Chen's memoirs are jammed with famous personages, but there is no one in this book quite as fascinating as its author, a model Old Boy—imperturbable, decisive, and cheerful, a gentleman among warlords and commissars.

MY OXFORD, MY CAMBRIDGE, edited by Ann Thwaite and Ronald Hayman (Taplinger; $12.50). From Lord Boothby reminiscing about Lord Birkenhead, who was a frequent speaker at Oxford just after the First World War ("One day he arrived with a straw hat on the back of his head, and a large pink carnation in his buttonhole . . ."), to Martin Amis (who "embraced the life of a gnome" at Exeter and won a First in 1971), and from Sir Nevill Mott recalling Cambridge

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during the mid-twenties ("As I remember, it was mainly reading all sorts of books and talking to friends") to Arianna Stassinopoulos (who went up to Girton in the sixties, an era of "War-on-Want lunches and world-saving, bring-a-bottle parties and breast-beating"), these two dozen portraits, arranged chronologically, of one university and then the other make an elided Oxbridge hard to imagine. The twelve Oxford entries abound with merry pranksters and alarming eccentrics, as if both students and dons had been admitted to the university only on the understanding that their first duty was to generate anecdotes for future memoirs. Most of the twelve Cambridge contributors, on the other hand, strain their analytical powers to prove that three years' worth of confusion and boredom can be credited for their subsequent professional successes. Inevitably, sadly, the pictures of the two campuses grow brighter and harsher as hansom cabs turn into motorcars and dining halls go self-service, and the lawns and halls shrink to—*almost* to—the scale of those at any other university.

QUEEN VICTORIA'S SKETCHBOOK, by Marina Warner (Crown; $17.95). Queen Victoria started drawing and painting in watercolor when she was a very young princess, and kept at it until old age, when her eyesight failed. She drew girlhood portraits of herself and her half sister; of Baroness Lehzen, her governess; of her horses and dogs; of Prince Albert and their nine children. As her talent flowered, nurtured by a succession of drawing masters, she took on complicated landscape compositions. (The landscapes of other nineteenth-century sketchers often contained castles seen at a distance; Victoria's landscapes were generally the other way around—from inside the castle looking out.) This charming and rather poignant book is Victoria's graphic autobiography, and it reveals her as a passionate and disciplined amateur with a reporter's sharp eye and a feeling for line and color.

•

Roger Moore, the actor Ian Fleming originally envisioned to play his character James Bond, will be on hand at 7:30 p.m. on Ch. 5 in *The Man with the Golden Gun*. The network has issued a warning the movie may be suitable for all family members.—*Ames (Iowa) Daily Tribune*.

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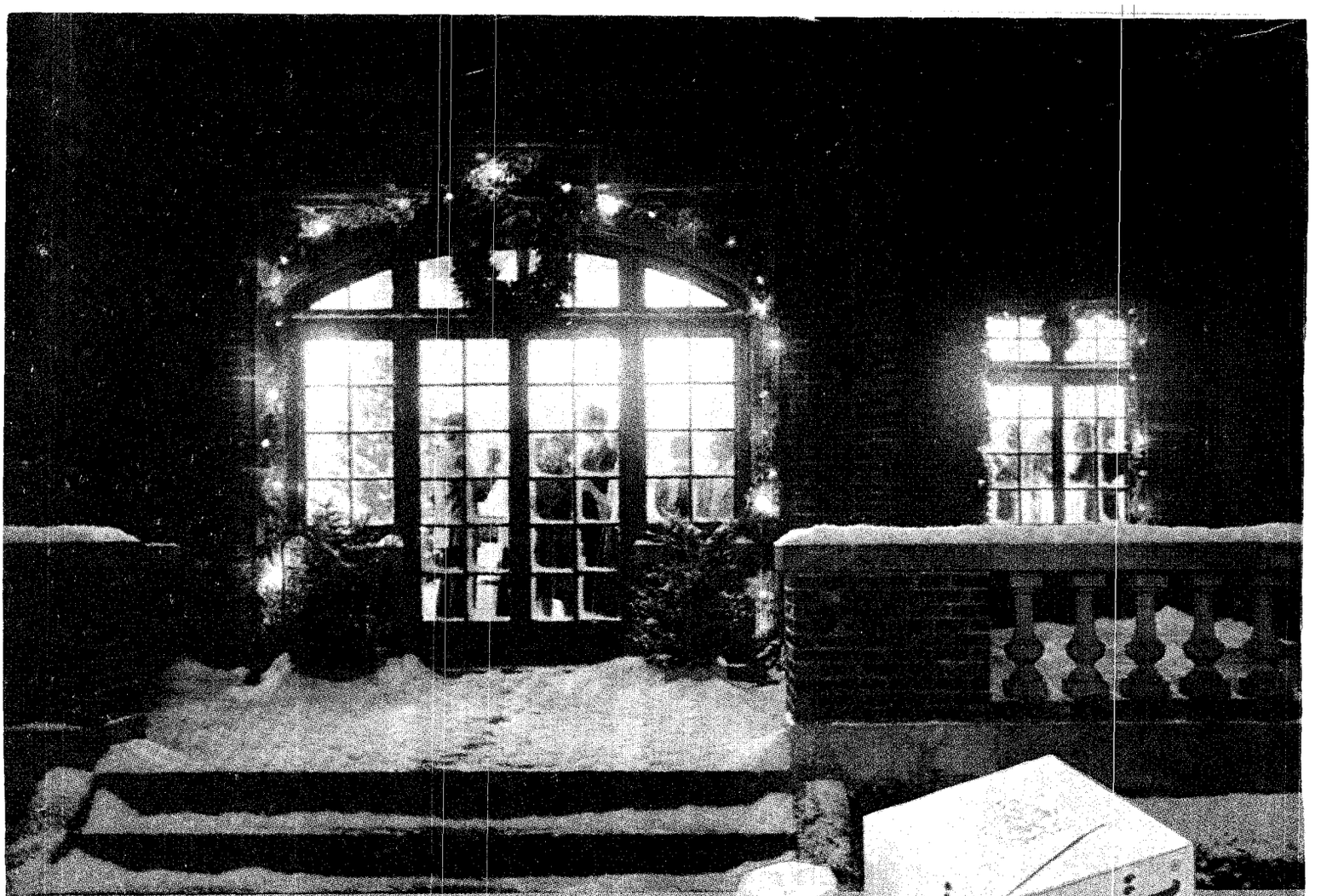

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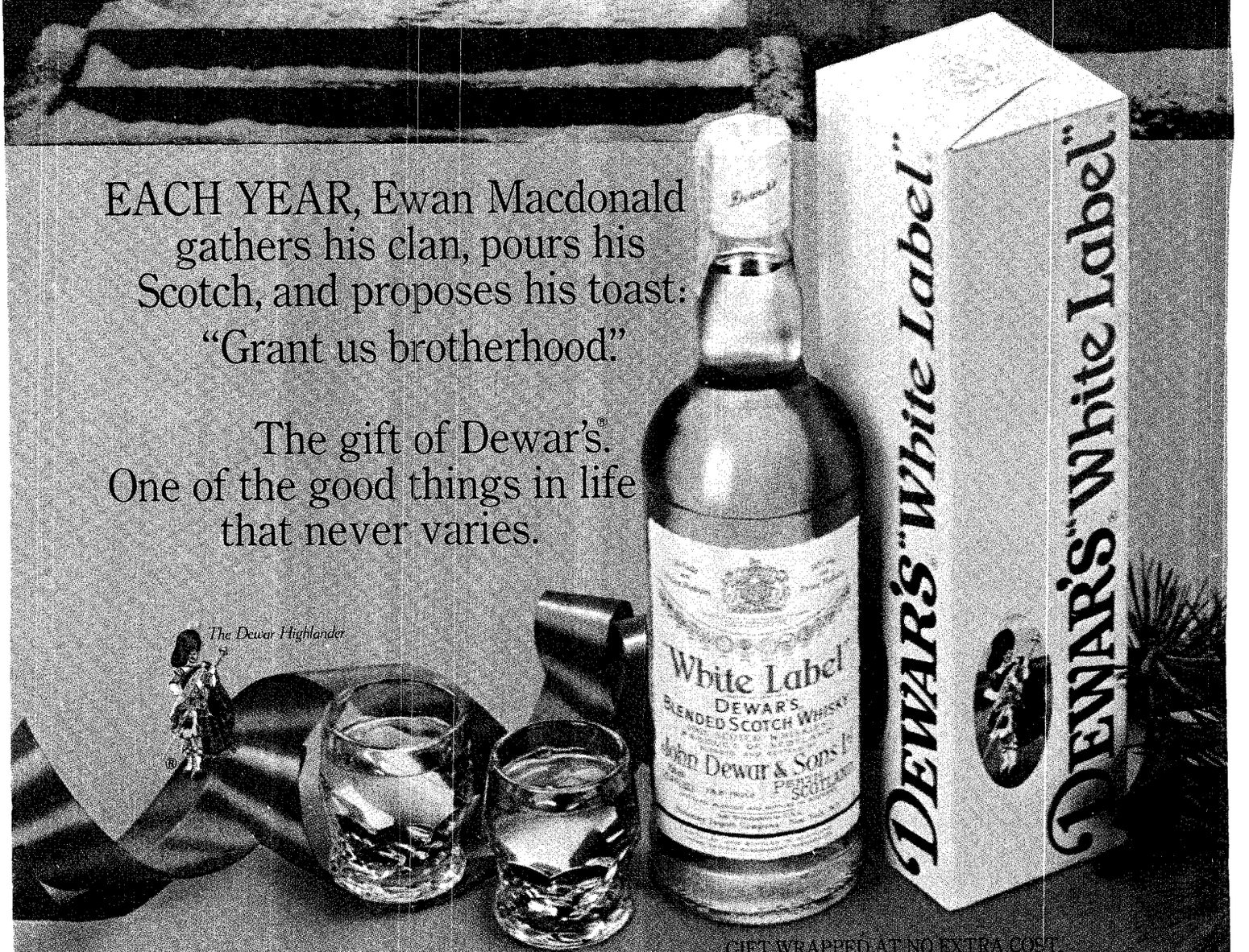

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